

THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED  
BY  
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KING JOHN.

## KING JOHN.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Though some critics have fancied that they could discover certain “notes of time” in this play, there are, in fact, none: we only know that it was written before 1598, as it is enumerated among works by Shakespeare in Meres’s *Palladis Tamia*, &c., which was published during that year (see the Memoir of Shakespeare).—*King John* is founded on an older play, in Two Parts, entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne* (vulgarly named, *The Bastard Ranconbridge*): also *the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey*, &c.,—first printed in 1591, afterwards in 1611, and 1622:—the earliest edition is without an author’s name: but the publisher of the second edition put on the title-page the name “W. Sh.”; which in the third edition became “*W. Shakespeare*.” By whom it was really written is a vain inquiry: more than one poet would seem to have been concerned in its composition. (See it, reprinted by Steevens, among *Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c., 1766, and by Nichols among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, his son; afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, son to Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne,  
the elder brother to King John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, earl of Essex, chief-justiciary of England.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Falconbridge.

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE, his half-brother, bastard son to King  
Richard the First.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Falconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, king of France.

LOUIS, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, widow of King Henry II. and mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, king of Castile, and niece to King  
John.

LADY FALCONBRIDGE, mother to the Bastard and Robert Falcon-  
bridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,  
and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

# KING JOHN.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Northampton. A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY,  
and others, with CHATILLON.

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with  
us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,  
In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories,—  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
T' enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :  
 So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
 And sullen presage of your own decay.—  
 An honourable conduct let him have :—  
 Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

*[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.]*

*Eli.* What now, my son ! have I not ever said  
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
 Till she had kindled France and all the world  
 Upon the right and party of her son ?  
 This might have been prevented and made whole  
 With very easy arguments of love ;  
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession and our right for us.

*Eli.* *[aside to K. John]* Your strong possession much more  
 than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me :  
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
 Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
 That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

*K. John.* Let them approach.— *[Exit Sheriff.]*  
 Our abbays and our priories shall pay  
 This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP his  
 bastard brother.*

What men are you ?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
 Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
 As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,—  
 A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
 Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou ?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,—  
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:—  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it,—  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a' pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:  
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger  
born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:—  
But whêr I be as true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—  
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him,—  
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent<sup>(1)</sup> us  
here!

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examinèd his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father,  
With that half-face<sup>(2)</sup> would he have all my land:  
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!



*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much,—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land :  
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there with the emperor  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak,—  
But truth is truth : large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,—  
As I have heard my father speak himself,—  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;  
And if<sup>(3)</sup> he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,—  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him ;  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers ;  
Which fault lies on the hazards<sup>(4)</sup> of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;  
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes,—  
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall, then, my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Falconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir Robert his,<sup>(5)</sup> like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,—  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face;  
I<sup>(6)</sup> would not be Sir Nob in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—  
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eld'st son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou  
bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—  
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.<sup>(7)</sup>

*Bast.* Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—  
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?  
Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;  
And have is have, however men do catch;

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Falconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;  
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
Come, madam,—and come, Richard; we must speed  
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all except the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—  
“Good den, Sir Richard:”—“God-a-mercy, fellow;”—  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names,—  
’Tis too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize  
My pickèd man of countries:—“My dear sir,”  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,  
“I shall beseech you”—that is question now;  
And then comes answer like an Abcee-book:—  
“O sir,” says answer, “at your best command;  
At your employment; at your service, sir:”  
“No, sir,” says question, “I, sweet sir, at yours:”  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,—  
Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,—  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack<sup>(8)</sup> of observation,—  
And<sup>(9)</sup> so am I, whether I smack or no;  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;  
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs ?  
What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,  
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

*Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

O me ! it is my mother.—How now, good lady !  
What brings you here to court so hastily ?

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother ? where is he,  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

*Bast.* My brother Robert ? old Sir Robert's son ?  
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man ?  
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so ?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son : why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert ?  
He is Sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile ?

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip ?—sparrow !—James,

There's toys abroad : anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son ;  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast :  
Sir Robert could do well : marry, to confess,  
Could he<sup>(10)</sup> get me ? Sir Robert could not do it,—  
We know his handiwork :—therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholding for these limbs ?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother too,  
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour ?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like :  
What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;  
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert ; and my land,  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone :  
Then, good my mother, let me know my father,—

Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,<sup>(11)</sup>

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand:

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before the walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, PHILIP, king of France, LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Forces; on the other, the Archduke of Austria and Forces.*

*K. Phi.*<sup>(12)</sup> Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave :  
And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance hither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death  
The rather that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war :  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love :<sup>(13)</sup>  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*K. Phi.*<sup>(14)</sup> A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love ;—  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,—  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,—  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
To make a more requital to your love !

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well, then, to work : our cannon shall be bent  
Against the brows of this resisting town.—  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages :  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.<sup>(15)</sup>

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady,—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd !

*Enter CHATILLON.*

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;  
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms : the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I ;  
His marches are expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Até,<sup>(16)</sup> stirring him to blood and strife ;  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd :  
And all th' unsettled humours of the land,—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here :  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.  
The interruption of their churlish drums . . . [*Drums within.*]  
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,  
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France, if France in peace permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England, if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace!  
England we love; and for that England's sake  
With burden of our armour here we sweat.  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
This little abstract doth contain that large  
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,  
And his is Geoffrey's:<sup>(17)</sup> in the name of God,  
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission,  
France,  
To draw my answer from<sup>(18)</sup> thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast<sup>(19)</sup> of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;



And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

*Const.* Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,  
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true  
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey  
Than thou and John in manners,—being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think  
His father never was so true begot:

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
And 'a may catch your hide and you alone:  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' shows<sup>(20)</sup> upon an ass:—  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—  
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

*K. Phi.* Women and fools, break off your conference.—<sup>(21)</sup>  
King John, this is the very sum of all,—  
England and Ireland, Anjou,<sup>(22)</sup> Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John* My life as soon — I do defy thee, France —  
 Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;  
 And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win  
 Submit thee, boy

*Elk.* Come to thy grandam, child

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child,<sup>(28)</sup>  
 Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
 There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!  
 I would that I were low laid in my grave:  
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me

*Elk.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whér she does or no!  
 His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
 Draw these heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
 Which heaven shall take in nature of a foo,  
 Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
 To do him justice, and revenge on you

*Elk.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!  
 Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp  
 The dominions, royalties, and rights  
 Of this oppress'd boy: this is<sup>(24)</sup> thy eld'st son's son,  
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee  
 Thy sins are visit'd in this poor child;  
 The canon of the law is laid on him,  
 Being but the second generation  
 Remov'd from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bodlan, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—  
 That he's<sup>(25)</sup> not only plagu'd for her sin,  
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
 On this remov'd issue, plagu'd for her,  
 And with her plagu'd,<sup>(26)</sup> her sin his injury,  
 Her injury the bondle to her sin;  
 All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 And all for her; a plague upon her!<sup>(27)</sup>

*Elk.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;  
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:  
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim  
To these ill-tunèd repetitions.—  
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

*First Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself:—  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

*K. John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us first.  
These flags of France, that are advancèd here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamage:—  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:  
All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confront your city's eyes,<sup>(28)</sup> your winking gates;  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance<sup>(29)</sup>  
By this time from their fixèd beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—  
Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—  
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears :  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town ;  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
In the relief of this oppress'd child  
Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd, then,  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince :  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven ;  
And with a bless'd and unvox'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruise'd,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,<sup>(30)</sup>  
'Tis not the rondure<sup>(31)</sup> of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*First Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects :  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in.

*First Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?  
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

*First Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

*Bast.* Saint George, that swinge'd the dragon, and e'er  
since

Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence!—[*To Austria*] Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace! no more.

*Bast.* O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth  
In best appointment all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so;—[*To Louis*] and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c.*]

*After excursions, enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to  
the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day :  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest  
That is remov'd by a staff of France ;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes :  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*First Cit. Heralds,*<sup>(32)</sup> from off our towers we might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies ; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censur'd :  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power :  
Both are alike ; and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Re-enter, on one side, King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces ; on the other, King PHILIP, LOUIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?  
Say, shall the current of our right run on ?<sup>(33)</sup>

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
 Unless thou let his silver waters<sup>(34)</sup> keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,  
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
 Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
 Or add a royal number to the dead,  
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
 Why stand these royal fronts amaz'd thus?  
 Cry "havoc," kings! back to the stained field,  
 You equal-potent, fiery-kindled spirits!<sup>(35)</sup>  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

*First Cit.* The king of England, when we know the  
 king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
 And bear possession of our person here;  
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*First Cit.* A greater power than we<sup>(36)</sup> denies all this;  
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock  
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;  
 King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,  
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.<sup>(37)</sup>

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,  
 kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point'  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me :—  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon, charg'd to the mouths,  
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenc'd desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again ;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point ;  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?  
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other, and, poll-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault ?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunders<sup>(38)</sup> from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.



*Bast.* [*aside*] O prudent discipline ! From north to south,—

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :  
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away !

*First Cit.* Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league ;  
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field :  
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

*First Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,  
Is niece to England :<sup>(39)</sup>—look upon the years  
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid : •  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—  
If not complete, O,<sup>(40)</sup> say he is not she ;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not,<sup>(41)</sup> that she is not he :  
He is the half part of a blessèd man,  
Left to be finishèd by such a she ;<sup>(42)</sup>  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closèd gates ; for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance : but without this match,  
The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,

Lions more<sup>(43)</sup> confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion ; no, not Death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,<sup>(44)</sup>

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas ;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
He speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce ;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue :  
Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his  
But buffets better than a fist of France :  
Zounds, I was never so bethump'd with words  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* [*aside to K. John*] Son, list to this conjunction, make  
this match ;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough :  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now-unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition,  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.* Why answer not the<sup>(45)</sup> double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
To speak unto this city : what say you ?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read " I love,"  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :  
For Anjou,<sup>(46)</sup> and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea—  
Except this city now by us besieg'd—

Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions,  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

*Lou.* I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :  
 I do protest I never lov'd myself,  
 Till now infix'd I beheld myself  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*]

*Bast.* [*aside*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—  
 And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor :—this is pity now,  
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be  
 In such a love so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is mine :  
 If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will ;  
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,  
 That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones ?—What say you,  
 my niece ?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, Prince Dauphin ; can you love this  
 lady ?

*Lou.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well.—Young princes, close your  
hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for I am well assur'd  
That I did so when I was first assur'd.<sup>(47)</sup>

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?  
I know she is not; for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much:  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lou.* She's sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league that we have made  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow<sup>(48)</sup> lady? In her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all;  
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne  
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all except the Bastard. The Citizens  
retire from the walls.*]

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part ;  
And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;  
That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word “maid,” cheats the poor maid of that ;  
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—  
Commodity, the bias of the world ;  
The world, who of itself is peisèd well,  
Made to run even upon even ground,  
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,<sup>(49)</sup>  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
And why rail I on this commodity ?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say, There is no sin but to be rich ;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say, There is no vice but beggary :  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee !

[Exit.]

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## ACT III.

SCENE I. *France. The French King's tent.**Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !  
Shall Louis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?  
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :  
It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so :  
I trust I may not trust thee ; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man :  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears ;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;  
A woman, naturally born to fears ;  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?  
Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true as I believe you think them false  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;  
And let belief and life encounter so  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which in the very meeting fall and die !—

Louis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art thou ?  
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—  
Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight ;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless<sup>(50)</sup> stains,  
Lame, foolish, crookèd, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content ;  
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
And with the half-blown rose : but Fortune, O !  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;  
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,—  
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !—  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,  
And leave those woes alone which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou mayst, thou shalt ; I will not go with thee :  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.<sup>(51)</sup>  
To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up: here I and sorrow<sup>(52)</sup> sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

*[Seats herself on the ground.*

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, the  
Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,  
Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy day!— *[Rising.*  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides in the calendar?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;  
No bargains break that are not this day made:  
This day, all things begun come to ill end,—  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit  
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tried,  
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,<sup>(53)</sup>  
And our oppression hath made up this league.—  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!



Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day<sup>(54)</sup> in peace ; but, ere sunset,  
 Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !  
 Hear me, O, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace !

*Const.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.  
 O Limoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !  
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art<sup>(55)</sup> thou,  
 A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?  
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me !

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !  
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is.  
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do in his name religiously demand,  
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce,  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?  
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?<sup>(56)</sup>  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,  
So, under Him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;  
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:  
And bless'd shall he be that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canóniz'd, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!  
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen  
To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too : when law can do no right,  
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;  
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law :  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil ; lest that France repent,  
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
 Because—

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

*Lou.* Bethink you, father ; for the difference  
 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
 Or the light loss of England for a friend :  
 Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Louis, stand fast ! the devil tempts thee here  
 In likeness of a new-uptrimmèd bride.<sup>(57)</sup>

*Blanch.* The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
 But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
 That need must needs infer this principle,—  
 That faith would live again by death of need !  
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;  
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down !

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well !

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstay'd  
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incens'd kings:  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so!  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and<sup>(58)</sup> then we shall be blest  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—  
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chaf'd lion<sup>(59)</sup> by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;  
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,  
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—  
 That is, to be the champion of our church !  
 What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,  
 And may not be performed by thyself :  
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss  
 Is not amiss when it is truly done ;  
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done, not doing it :<sup>(60)</sup>  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is to mistake again ; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire  
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
 It is religion that doth make vows kept ;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion :  
 By which<sup>(61)</sup> thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st ;  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;<sup>(62)</sup>  
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear !  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore thy later vow<sup>(62)</sup> against thy first  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;  
 And better conquest never canst thou make  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy-loose suggestions :  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them ; but if not, then know  
 The peril of our curses light<sup>(63)</sup> on thee,  
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But in despair die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion !

*Bast.*

Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

*Lou.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day?  
Against the blood that thou hast married?  
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,—  
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?  
O husband, hear me!—ay, alack, how new  
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Forethought by heaven!

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love: what motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!

*Lou.* I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from  
thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  
hour.

*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,  
Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?  
I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder and dismember me.  
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;  
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;  
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
Assurèd loss before the match be play'd.

*Lou.* Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.<sup>(64)</sup>

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay't,<sup>(65)</sup> nothing but blood,—

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.<sup>(66)</sup>

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie !

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.*

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,<sup>(67)</sup>

And pours down mischief.—Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes.

*Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* Hubert, keep thou this boy.<sup>(68)</sup>—Philip,<sup>(69)</sup> make  
up :

My mother is assailèd in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

*Bast.* My lord, I rescu'd her ;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not :

But on, my liege ; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the plains.*

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR,  
the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.*

*K. John.* [*to Elinor*] So shall it be ; your grace shall stay  
behind,

So strongly guarded.<sup>(70)</sup>—[*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad :  
Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief !

*K. John.* [*to the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England :  
haste before :

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots ; set at liberty  
Imprison'd angels :<sup>(71)</sup> the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now<sup>(72)</sup> be fed upon :  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray—  
If ever I remember to be holy—  
For your fair safety ; so, I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*K. John.*

Coz, farowell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*Takes Arthur aside.*]

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much ! within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love :  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherish'd.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.<sup>(73)</sup>  
By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :  
But thou shalt have ; and creep time no'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say,—but let it go :  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds  
To give me audience :—if the midnight bell



Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;<sup>(74)</sup>  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,  
 Which else runs tickling<sup>(75)</sup> up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—  
 A passion hateful to my purposes;  
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded<sup>(76)</sup> watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldst?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way;  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:  
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.  
*Eliz.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin, go:  
Hubert shall be your man, t' attend<sup>(77)</sup> on you  
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's tent.*

*Enter* KING PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado of convented<sup>(78)</sup> sail  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lou.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,<sup>(79)</sup>  
Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.—  
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ;  
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;  
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust ;  
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :  
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st ;  
 And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,  
 O, come to me !

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace !

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—  
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;  
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy  
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy<sup>(80)</sup> to belie me so ;  
 I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;  
 My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :  
 I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !  
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself :  
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :  
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note  
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs !  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends<sup>(81)</sup>  
 Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.<sup>(82)</sup>

*K. Phi.*

Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,  
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;<sup>(83)</sup>  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague-fit;<sup>(84)</sup>  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.—  
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Disheveling her hair.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*]

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

*Lou.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy :  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.<sup>(85)</sup>

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest ; evils that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil :  
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

*Lou.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly you had.  
No, no ; when Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won :  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?

*Lou.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark.  
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain one<sup>(86)</sup> hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :  
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lou.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

*Pand.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lou.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world !  
John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.  
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scape<sup>(87)</sup> of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them metcours, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lou.* May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you  
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king:—'tis wonderful  
What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
Now that their souls are topful of offence:  
For England go:—I will whet on the king.

*Lou.* Strong reasons make strong<sup>(88)</sup> actions: let us go:  
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Northampton.*<sup>(89)</sup> *A room in the castle.*

*Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and look you<sup>(89\*)</sup> stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*First Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince, having so great a title  
To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry<sup>(90)</sup> as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* *[aside]* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you :  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* [*aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !  
Turning dispiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
I knit my handkercher about your brows,—  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—  
And I did never ask it you again ;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"  
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning :—do, an if you will :  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I've sworn to do it ;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the water of mine innocence ;<sup>(91)</sup>



Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
 An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth! [*Stamp's.*]

*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,  
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert;  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use but still to look on you!—  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy which fierco fire and iron extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguis'd.

*Hub.* Peace; no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  
I'll fill these dogg'd spies with falso reports:  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: go closely in with me:  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the palace*

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and others.  
The King takes his state.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again<sup>(92)</sup> *ce*  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness *plea*  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd-for change or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new-told;  
And in the last repeating troublesome,  
Being urg'd at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigur'd;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;  
Startles and frights consideration;  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than *w*  
They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—  
As patches set upon a little breach  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd

We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear 't; and we are all well pleas'd,  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;  
And more, more strong, when<sup>(93)</sup> lesser is my fear,  
I shall indue you with : meantime but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I—as one that am the tongue of these,  
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them<sup>(94)</sup>  
Bond their best studies—heartily request  
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument,—  
If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
Why should your fears—which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong—then move you<sup>(95)</sup> to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise?  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask, his liberty ;  
Which for our goods we do no further ask  
Than whereupon our weal, on you<sup>(96)</sup> depending,  
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so : I do commit his youth  
To your direction.

*Enter HUBERT; whom King JOHN takes aside.*

Hubert, what news with you ?

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed ;  
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his

Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;  
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:<sup>(97)</sup>  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pem.* And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—  
Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was  
Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.  
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold:—bad world the while!  
This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I repent:  
There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England.—Never such a power

For any foreign preparation  
 Was levied in the body of a land.  
 The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
 For when you should be told they do prepare,  
 The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
 Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's ear,<sup>(98)</sup>  
 That such an army could be drawn in France,  
 And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
 Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died  
 Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
 The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
 Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue  
 I idly heard,—if true or false I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
 O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
 My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!  
 How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—  
 Under whose conduct come<sup>(99)</sup> those powers of France  
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
 With these ill tidings.

*Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world  
 To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd  
 Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
 Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
 The sums I have collected shall express.  
 But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
 I find the people strangely fantasied;  
 Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :  
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;  
And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety ; and return,  
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

*Bast.* The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :  
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury  
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies :  
I have a way to win their loves again ;  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.  
O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

Go after him ; for he perhaps shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;  
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons!

*Hub.* Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—  
Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattailèd and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* No had, my lord! <sup>(100)</sup> why, did you not provoke  
me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth



Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation !  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by,<sup>(101)</sup>  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind :  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposèd,  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
And<sup>(102)</sup> bid me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;<sup>(103)</sup>  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And consequently thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—  
Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reign  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;  
And you have slander'd nature in my form,—

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
Throw this report on their incensèd rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul-imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords with all expedient haste!  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the castle.*

*Enter, on the walls, ARTHUR, disguised as a ship-boy.*

*Arth.* The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
There's few or none do know me: if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I got down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*]  
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*]

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:  
It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love<sup>(104)</sup>  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!  
The king by me requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us :  
We will not line his thin bestain'd cloak  
With our pure honours,<sup>(105)</sup> nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.  
Return and tell him so : we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man<sup>(106)</sup> else.

*Sal.* This is the prison :—what is he lies here ?

*[Seeing Arthur.]*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !  
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,<sup>(107)</sup>  
Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another ? This is the very top,<sup>(108)</sup>  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this :  
And this, so sole and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time ;<sup>(109)</sup>  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damn'd and a bloody work ;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,—  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand!—  
We had a kind of light what would ensue :  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;  
The practice and the purpose of the king :—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this head,<sup>(110)</sup>  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* }  
*Big.* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :  
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say ;  
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours :  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

*Hub.* Not for my life : but yet I dare defend  
My innocent self against an emperor.<sup>(111)</sup>

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so ;  
Yet I am none : whose tongue soo'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renownèd Falconbridge?  
Second a villain and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bast.* Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?  
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir:—

*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
Th' unowèd interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth doggèd war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now powers from home and discontents at home  
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture<sup>(112)</sup> can  
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

---

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Northampton.*<sup>(113)</sup> *A room in the palace.*

*Enter* King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and* Attendants.

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.

*Pand.* Take't again<sup>(114)</sup>

[*Giving King John the crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;  
And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented counties do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience;  
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified:  
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:  
But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.]

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out

But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets;  
An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours<sup>(115)</sup> from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glisten like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said!—Forage,<sup>(116)</sup> and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors,  
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the Pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play offers,<sup>(117)</sup> and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,



A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *Near St. Edmund's-Bury. The French camp.*

*Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and  
Soldiers.*

*Lou.* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent to these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal and unurg'd<sup>(118)</sup> faith  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound  
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker! O, and there  
Where honourable rescue and defence  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confus'd wrong.—

And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;  
Wherein we step after a stranger-march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spur<sup>(119)</sup> of this enforcèd cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here ?  
What, here ?—O nation, that thou couldst remove !  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple<sup>(120)</sup> thee unto a pagan shore ;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !

*Lou.* A noble temper dost thou show in this ;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou<sup>(121)</sup> fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect !  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation ;  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,  
And with a great heart leave away this storm :  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full of warm blood,<sup>(121\*)</sup> of mirth, of gossiping.  
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Louis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

*Pand.* Hail, noble Prince of France !  
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome :  
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up ;  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
That, like a lion foster'd-up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lou.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back :  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;  
And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?  
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,  
What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action ? Is't not I  
That undergo this charge ? who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roi!* as I have bank'd their towns?  
Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
No, on my soul,<sup>(122)</sup> it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lou.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promis'd  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.— [*Trumpet sounds.*]  
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair-play of the world,  
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties;<sup>(123)</sup>  
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should:  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque and unadvis'd revel,  
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troop,<sup>(124)</sup>  
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these<sup>(125)</sup> pigny arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,  
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;

To dive, like buckets, in concealèd wells ;  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;  
 To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill and shake  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,<sup>(126)</sup>  
 Thinking his<sup>(127)</sup> voice an armèd Englishman ;—  
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?  
 No : know<sup>(128)</sup> the gallant monarch is in arms ;  
 And, like an eagle o'er his aery, towers,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame ;  
 For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,—  
 Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets chang'd,<sup>(129)</sup>  
 Their needls<sup>(130)</sup> to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lou.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ;  
 We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a brabblor.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lou.* We will attend to neither.—

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
 Plead for our interest and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;  
 And so shall you, being beaten : do but start  
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand—  
 Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need—  
 Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lou.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. *The same. A field of battle.*

*Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me;—O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are<sup>(131)</sup> wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.  
This news was brought to Richard but even now:  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news!—  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say King John sore-sick hath left the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the Count Melun.

*Sal.*

Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,<sup>(132)</sup>  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet ;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means<sup>(133)</sup> to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible ? may this be true ?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?  
I say again, if Louis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east :  
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Louis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king :  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace, and part this body and my soul  
 With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee:—and beshrew my soul  
 But I do love the favour and the form  
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
 We will untread the steps of damnèd flight;  
 And, like a bated and retirèd flood,  
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
 And calmly run on in obedience,  
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Right in thine eye.<sup>(134)</sup>—Away, my friends! New flight;  
 And happy newness, that intends old right.  
[*Exeunt, leading off Mehun.*

SCENE V. *The same. The French camp.*

*Enter LOUIS and his Train.*

*Lou.* The sun of heaven methought was loth to set,  
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
 When th' English measur'd backward their own ground<sup>(135)</sup>  
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
 And wound our tattering colours clearly up,<sup>(136)</sup>  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lou.* Here:—what news?

*Mess.* The Count Mehun is slain; the English lords,  
 By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;



And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

*Lou.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—beshrew thy very heart!—  
I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lou.* Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *An open place near Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter, severally, the Bastard and HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend.—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee?

*Bast.* Why may not I demand  
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?  
Hubert I think?<sup>(137)</sup>

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.  
Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless<sup>(138)</sup> night  
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then; and what's the news?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,—  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news :  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon<sup>(189)</sup> at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :  
I left him almost speechless ; and broke out  
T' acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolvèd villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king  
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

*Hub.* Why, know you not the lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company ?  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !—  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—  
These Lincoln washes have devourèd them ;  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;  
I doubt he will be dead or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. *The orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter* Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

*P. Hen.* It is too late : the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure<sup>(140)</sup> brain—  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house—  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief  
That, being brought into the open air,

It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*]

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible;<sup>(141)</sup> and's siege is now  
Against the mind,<sup>(142)</sup> the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.—  
I am the cygnet<sup>(143)</sup> to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter Bigot, with Attendants carrying King John in a chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;  
It would not out at windows nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,<sup>(144)</sup>  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you !

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemn'd blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty !

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair :  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd ;  
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
And model<sup>(145)</sup> of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where heaven he knows<sup>(146)</sup> how we shall answer him ;  
For in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes all unwarily  
Devour'd by the unexpected flood. *[King John dies.]*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—  
My liege ! my lord !—but now a king,—now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

*Bast.* Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers ? show now your mended faiths ;  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems you know not, then, so much as we :  
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewèd to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already ;  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal :  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so :—and you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.<sup>(147)</sup>

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it, then :  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land !  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul that would give you<sup>(148)</sup>  
thanks,  
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This<sup>(149)</sup> England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them : naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.]

P. 7. (1)

"lent"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 117) would read "sent."

P. 7. (2)

"With that half-face"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "With half that face."

P. 8. (3)

"And if"

Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 153) would read "An if,"—as Hammer does.

P. 8. (4)

"hazards"

Qty. "hazard" ?

P. 9. (5)

"Sir Robert his,"

*i.e.* Sir Robert's.—The folio has "Sir Roberts his," which several of the earlier editors retain, inserting, with the fourth folio, the apostrophe in the word "Roberts."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 117) would read "Sir Robert's, his,"—δεκρυκῶς.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note, *ibid.*) believes the reading "Sir Robert's his" (a double genitive) to be the right one.

P. 9. (6)

"I"

The folio has "It."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 9. (7)

"but arise more great,—  
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet."

The folio has "but rise more great," &amp;c.

P. 10. (8)

"smack"

The folio has "smoake."

P. 10. (9)

"And"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "E'en."

P. 11. (10)

"he"

Not in the folio.

P. 12. (11) "*Thou art the issue of my dear offence,*"

The folio has "*That art the,*" &c. (The words "thou" and "that,"—being often written " $\frac{u}{y}$ " and " $\frac{t}{y}$ ,"—were not unfrequently confounded.)—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 12. (12)

"K. Phi."

The folio has "Lewis."—The late Mr. W. W. Williams (in *The Parthenon* for August 16, 1862, p. 506) observes: "This speech is given [in the folio] to Louis, although the line 'At *our* importance hither is he [*i.e.* Austria] come,' is alone sufficient to show to whom it should belong [to King Philip]. Again, after a few words from Arthur to the Duke, Louis patronisingly commends him as

'A noble *boy*! who would not do thee right?'

Yet we know that these young princes were about the same age, and had been educated together. This blind adherence to the prefixes of the folio (elsewhere admittedly most inaccurate) appears to have arisen from Shakespeare having crowded into this drama the events of several years. In the later acts Louis plays a conspicuous part, and heads the invasion of England; but at the period in question he was a mere youth, and was evidently so considered by the dramatist. If we read the whole of this scene carefully, we can hardly fail to perceive that Louis is not intended to speak until called upon to express his sentiments with regard to marrying the Lady Blanch. When King John proposes the marriage to King Philip, the latter addresses his son by

'What say'st thou, *boy*? look in the lady's face;'

and King John afterwards asks, 'What say these *young* ones?' How, consistently with real or dramatic decorum, could 'a beardless boy,' 'a cockered silken wanton,' as Louis is described by Philip Falconbridge, be *the first* to welcome the Duke of Austria before Angiers, and this in the presence of his father, the King of France? The first speech given to King Philip in the received text commences with 'Well, then, to work,' &c., and implies that he had previously spoken. With a few unimportant exceptions, Shakespeare invariably makes his monarchs and great personages open and conclude the dialogue, whenever they appear. This further exception in 'King John' would be a strange and most suspicious instance of the reverse. I may add, too, that in the old play—'The Troublesome Raigne of King John of England'—upon which Shakespeare founded his drama, the corresponding speech is assigned, and with undeniable propriety, to King Philip."

P. 18. (13) "*But with a heart full of unstained love :*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "— unstained love ;"—against which very plausible alteration Mr. Knight (*Spec. of the Stratford Shakespeare*, p. 2) has adduced from *Pericles*, act i. sc. 1, "my *unspotted* fire of love." Compare, too, a passage towards the close of the present play, p. 76,

"And the like tender of *our love* we make,  
To rest *without a spot* for evermore."

P. 13. (14)

"K. Phi."

The folio has "Lewis."

P. 14. (15)

"so indirectly shed"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*So indiscreetly shed*," on which an anonymous critic writes as follows: "'Indirectly' is Shakespeare's word. The Ms. Corrector suggests 'indiscreetly'—a most unhappy substitution, which we are surprised that the generally judicious Mr. Singer should approve of. 'Indiscreetly' means imprudently, inconsiderately. 'Indirectly' means wrongfully, iniquitously, as may be learnt from these lines in *King Henry V.*, where the French king is denounced as a usurper, and is told that Henry

'bids you, then, resign  
Your crown and kingdom, *indirectly* held  
From him the native and true challenger.'

It was certainly the purpose of Constance to condemn the rash shedding of blood as something worse than indiscreet—as criminal and unjust—and this she did by employing the term 'indirectly' in the Shakespearean sense of that word." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept. 1853, p. 304.—According to Mr. Grant White, "*so indirectly*" means "so from the purpose, so extravagantly, and therefore wantonly."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom says; "Read '*indiscreetly*' with Collier's Corrector. Staunton would have it that '*indirectly*' may mean '*wrongfully*;' but '*wrongfully*' would make much worse sense here than '*indiscreetly*.'"

P. 14. (16)

"Até,"

The folio has "Acc."

P. 15. (17)

"And his is Geoffrey's:"

i.e. whatever was Geoffrey's is now *his* (*Arthur's*).—So Mason.—The folio has "*And this is Geoffrey's*,"—the transcriber or compositor having by mistake repeated the "*this*" which stands immediately above.

P. 15. (18)

"from"

Altered by Hammer to "*to*,"—rightly perhaps, as "*from*" may have been caught from the preceding line.

P. 15. (19)

"breast"

The folio has "beast."

P. 16. (20)

"shins"

The folio has "shoes."—Corrected by Theobald.—"The Var. argument [in defence of the old reading] amounts to this:—Some inferior writers have made an allusion with propriety; therefore we are warranted in believing that one infinitely their superior made the same allusion ridiculously." W. N. LETTSOM.



## P. 16. (21)

"Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?—  
 King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.  
 K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.—"

The folio has

"Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our cares  
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
 King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.  
 Lem. Women & tooles, breake off your conference:—"

and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 4), after remarking that in our poet "*Lewis* [*Louis*] is always a monosyllable," declares that Mr. Knight has here "properly restored" the reading of the folio,—the punctuation altered to "King,—Lewis,—determine," &c. But, since Walker wrote, Mr. Knight has agreed with other more recent editors that the word "*King*" is the prefix to the third line; and with that distribution of the speeches I allowed the passage to stand in my former edition;

"Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
 K. Phi. Louis, determine what we shall do straight.  
 Lou. Women and fools, break off your conference.—"

But I now feel convinced that the alteration (Theobald's) which I have adopted in my present edition is the right one. If the line,

"King Philip, determine what we shall do straight,"

be objected to as having a redundant syllable, it must be remembered that our early dramatists do not always adhere strictly to the laws of metre when proper names are introduced; see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* And compare the form of address which Austria uses to the same monarch in the next act, p. 84,

"King Philip, listen to the cardinal."  
 "Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt."

## P. 16. (22)

"Anjou,"

The folio has "Angiers."

## P. 17. (23) "Do, child, go to it grandam, child;" &amp;c.

Capell printed "Do, go, child, go; go to its grandame, child," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests, "Do, child, go, child, go to it grandam, child," &c.; and I fully agree with him when he says (note on Walker's *Crit. Dram.* &c. vol. iii. p. 118) that "Constance here is evidently mimicking the imperfect babble of the nursery."

## P. 17. (24)

"this is"

An interpolation?—Dr. Guest takes a very different view of the metre here. see his *Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. pp. 87, 264.

P. 17. (25) "he's"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "she's."

P. 17. (26) "plagu'd ;"

Roderick's correction.—The folio has "plague."

P. 17. (27) "And all for her ; a plague upon her !"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 119) conjectures, "And all for her, and by her ; a plague upon her !"

P. 18. (28) "All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confront your city's eyes,"

The folio has "Comfort yours Citties eies."—Corrected by Rowe.

P. 18. (29) "ordnance"

To be pronounced here (as spelt in the folio) "ordinance."

P. 19. (30) "But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,"

"The bad English ('proffer'd offer'), the cacophony, and the two-syllable ending, so uncommon in this play, prove that 'offer' is a corruption originating in 'proffer'd.' Read, I think, 'love.' Compare 1 *Henry VI.* iv. 2 ;

'But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,' &c. ;

and just below ;

'If you forsake the offer of our love.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 290.

P. 19. (31) "rondure"

Here the spelling of the folio is "rounder ;" but in our author's 21st *Sonnet* we have

"and all things rare

That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems,"

(Fr. *rondour*.)

P. 21. (32) "First Cit. *Heralds*," &c.

To this and to the subsequent speeches of the same person the folio prefixes "Hubert ;"—which Mr. Knight chooses to retain. "Possibly," as Mr. Collier remarks *ad l.*, "the actor of the part of Hubert also personated the Citizen, and this may have led to the insertion of his name in the Ms." That the *doubling of parts* was formerly not unusual, we have evidence in the early eds. of various old plays.

P. 21. (33) "*Say, shall the current of our right run on ?*"

So the second folio.—The first has "— rome on ?" (a misprint, I presume, for "runne," which is the spelling of the folio in act iii. sc. 4, act v. sc. 1,—or perhaps for "ronne," since the Ms. might have had that spelling).—Compare a later passage of this play, p. 71 ;

"And calmly *run on* in obedience,  
Even to *our ocean*, to our great King John."

P. 22. (34) "*waters*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "water."

P. 22. (35) "*You equal-potent, fiery-kindled spirits !*"

The folio has "*You equall Potents*," &c.—I adopt the reading of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 28), from whom Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector only differs in giving "fire-ykindled."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "fire-enkindled."

P. 22. (36) "*we*"

Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed "ye ;" which Hanmer and Capell also preferred.

P. 22. (37) "*King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.*"

The folio has "*Kings of our feare*," &c.—I adopt Tyrwhitt's reading : compare *Henry V.* act ii. sc. 4, "For, my good liege, she [*i. e.* England] is so idly *king'd*," &c. The citizens, as Mason remarks, "must suppose their fears to be kings before they could depose them."

P. 23. (38) "*thunders*"

Capell's conjecture.—The folio has "Thunder."

P. 24. (39) "*That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,  
Is niece to England :*"

The folio has "*Is neere to England :*"—but, since we find at p. 14, "With her her *niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain*," at p. 25, "Give with our *niece* a dowry large enough," &c., and at p. 26, "What say you, my *niece* ?"—in which passages the spelling of the folio is "*neece*,"—I make no doubt that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector is right in regarding the "neere" of the present passage as a misprint for "*neeces*."—Mr. Knight patronizes the old reading : "there is," he says, "a dramatic propriety in making a humble citizen speak indefinitely of the relationship." *Spec. of the Stratford Shakespeare*, p. 4. On the contrary, I think it quite natural that the Citizen should speak with precision on so important an affair as the proposed alliance, and describe the lady as "*daughter of Spain*" and "*niece to England*." (Lest some oversubtle critic should object to this very slight alteration, on the ground that the folio gives "*neece*" with a capital letter and "neere" without one, I may

observe that, as a matter of course, the compositor would not use a capital letter for a word which he erroneously supposed to be an adjective.)

P. 24. (40) "If not complete, O,"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "*If not compleat* of." (In the *Errata* to Somerville's *Chace*, 1735, 4to, we find, "Book I. Line 204, instead of, *Of Breasts*, read *O Breasts*.")

P. 24. (41) "not,"

Mr. Swynfen Jervis and Mr. W. N. Lettsom independently conjecture "but." (The two words are very frequently confounded by early printers.)

P. 24. (42) "a she,"

The folio has "as *shee*."

P. 25. (43) "more"

Here, and in the next line, this word was altered to "so" by Pope.

P. 25. (44) "stay,"

"I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of '*stay*,' which, though it may signify *an hindrance*, or *man that hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line," JOHNSON. "'*Stay*' is perhaps the last word that could have come from Shakespeare. Steevens and Malone defend it by the customary argument:—A crowd of ordinary writers have used '*stay*' properly; therefore Shakespeare must have used it improperly." W. N. LETTSOM. Johnson proposed "flaw;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 294) says "is indisputably right; '*flaw*'—'*stay*' is like the error in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 1, fol. p. 59, col. 1,—'*Prouant*, but Loue and *day*,' for '*Pronounce* but Loue and *doue*.'"—Mr. Spedding conjectures "storm."

P. 25. (45) "tho"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "ye."

P. 25. (46) "Anjou,"

The folio has "Angiers."

P. 27. (47) "for I am well assur'd  
That I did so when I was first assur'd."

The second "*assur'd*" means—*affianced*, contracted; and the repetition of the word is, I think, in Shakespeare's occasional manner. But Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 273) says; "It is impossible that this repetition of the same word in a different sense—there being no quibble intended, or anything else to justify it—can have proceeded from Shakespeare. Read '*when I was first affied*,' i. e. *betrotted*."

P. 27. (48) "widow"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "widow'd."

P. 28. (49) "aim,"

So Mason and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "ayd."

P. 30. (50) "and sightless"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "unsightly."

P. 30. (51) "I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout."

So Hanmer.—The folio has "— and makes his owner stoope."

P. 31. (52) "sorrow"

The folio has "sorrows,"—which cannot be right here, though the plural may stand in the second line of this speech.

P. 31. (53) "Is old in amity and painted peace,"

Hanmer altered "old" to "cool'd," Capell to "clad." Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "— and faint in peace."

P. 32. (54) "day"

The folio has "daies."

P. 32. (55) "art"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "wert."

P. 33. (56) "What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?"

The folio has

"What earthie name to Interrogatories  
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?"

P. 34. (57) "the devil tempts thee here  
In likeness of a new-uptrimmed bride."

The folio has "— a new vntrimmed Bride."—In support of the correction "*uptrimmed*" (which was proposed by me before it had been announced as the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—see *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. p. 6), compare the following line from another play of Shakespeare, where a bride is spoken of;

"Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up,"  
*Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 4.

So, too, Marlowe ;

"But by her glass disdainful pride she learns,  
Nor she herself, but first *trimm'd up*, discerns."

*Ovid's Elegies,—Works*, p. 335, ed. Dyce, 1858.

P. 35. (58)

"*and*"

"Seems," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "to have intruded from the line next below."

P. 35. (59)

"*A chafed lion*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*A cased Lion*,"—which could only mean "a lion stripped of his skin, flayed:" so in *All's well that ends well*, "We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we *case* him," act iii. sc. 6; and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*,

"then have you *cas'd*,

And hung up i' the warren." Act v. sc. 1.—

The alteration, "*A chased lion*," &c. is obviously wrong: nor is "*A caged lion*," &c. much better; for, as Mr. Knight *ad l.* remarks, "the paw of a confined lion is often held with impunity."—The right reading is undoubtedly "*A chafed lion*," &c. In the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, where the 4to of 1620 has "*Chaf'd*," the other eds. have "Chast" and (let it be particularly observed) "Cast;"

"And what there is of vengeance in a *lion*

*Chaf'd* among dogs or robb'd of his dear young," &c.

Act v. sc. 3.

Moreover, in our author's *Henry VIII.* we find

"so looks the *chafed* lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him," &c.

Act iii. sc. 2.

and in Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*,

"— he frets like a *chaf'd* lion,"

Act v. sc. 3.

P. 36. (60) "*For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss*

*Is not amiss when it is truly done;*

*And being not done, where doing tends to ill,*

*The truth is then most done, not doing it:"*

In the second line Hammer printed "*Is most amiss*," &c.; Warburton reads "*Is yet amiss*," &c.; Johnson conjectures "*Is't not amiss*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Is but amiss*," &c.—an alteration which also occurred to Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

"Pandolph, having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven, —to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss* (i.e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all); and being

*not done*, where it would be a *sin* to *do it*, the *truth* is *most done* when you *do it not*. So, in *Love's Labour's lost*;

'It is *religion* to be *thus forsworn*.'

RITSON.—

"Again, in *Cymbeline*;

'she is fool'd

With a most false effect, and *I the truer*  
So to *be false with her*.'

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first, the passage will appear perfectly clear. 'Where doing tends to ill,' where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act. The criminal act, therefore, which thou hast sworn to do, *is not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the sense I have now applied to *truth*; that is, if you do *not* do it." MALONE.—"The corruptions of the text introduced by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, absolutely invert their author's meaning, and stultify his whole argument, if Shakspeare may be his own interpreter. The adverb '*amiss*,' in the first line, expresses Pandulph's construction of the deed which K. Philip had sworn to do, but no part of K. Philip's purpose in swearing to do it: the deed the latter had sworn to do, was in his estimation, at the time of swearing, just and right: and the last two lines are Shakspeare's own exposition of the meaning attached by himself to the words '*truly done*,' in the second line, when applied to a deed, which, according to Pandulph's construction, it was *amiss* to do: so that Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, make Shakspeare say that a wrong deed is done *amiss*, when it is not done at all!!" &c. ARROWSMITH (*The Editor of Notes and Queries*, &c. p. 7).

P. 86. (61)

"*By which*"

Johnson's conjecture; and so Capell (who also added "by" to this line).—The folio has "*By what*."—Hanmer reads "*By that*."

P. 86. (62)

"*Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure*  
*To swear, swears only not to be forsworn*," &c.

Capell gives this very obscure passage thus;

"*Against an oath, the truth thou art unsure.*  
*Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn*," &c.

P. 86. (62\*)

"*vow*"

The folio has "vowes."

P. 86. (63)

"*The peril of our curses light*"

See note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 251.

P. 88. (64)

"*lies*."

Capell prints "*lives*,"—on account of "*lives*" in the next line.

P. 38. (65)

"allay't,"

Japell's conjecture; and so too Mr. W. N. Lettsom.—The folio has "allay."

P. 38. (66) "*The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 292) would read "*The best and dearest-valu'd,*" &c.

P. 38. (67) "*Some airy devil hovers in the sky,*"

Theobald, "by Mr. Warburton's direction," substituted "*Some fiery Devil,*" &c.; an alteration which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also makes; and rightly perhaps, notwithstanding the quotations in the *Var. Shakespeare* (from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*) to support the old reading.

P. 38. (68) "*Hubert, keep thou this boy.*"

So Tyrwhitt.—The folio omits "*thou.*"—Pope printed "*There, Hubert, keep this boy.*"—In Guest's *List. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 238, this line is cited from the old copy as right, and as resembling in metre certain lines of Anglo-Saxon poetry!

P. 38. (69)

"*Philip,*"

"Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name." STEEVENS. This impropriety (such as it is) did not escape the notice of some of the earlier editors: hence the alteration here of "*Philip*" to "*Richard*" by Theobald, and to "*cousin*" by Hammer.

P. 38. (70)

"*So . . . . .*  
*So strongly guarded.*"

"The second '*So*,' says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "should be '*More*.'"

P. 39. (71)

"*set at liberty*  
*Imprison'd angels:*"

The folio has

"*imprisoned angels*  
*Set at libertie.*"—

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 119) made the necessary transposition.

P. 39. (72)

"*now*"

Theobald gave Warburton's highly probable conjecture, "*war.*"

P. 39. (73)

"*time.*"

So Pope.—The folio has "*tunc.*" (The words are often confounded by our early printers.)



P. 89. (74)

"if the midnight bell

*Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;*"

The folio has "*Sound on into the drowsie race of night.*" But here (as in many other passages) "on" is merely (as Theobald first saw) the old spelling of "*one*;" and that "race" is a misprint for "*ears*" (which used almost always to have the final *e*,—as in the folio in the next scene, "Vexing the dull *ears* of a *drowsie* man"), I had felt confident long before Mr. Collier *ad l.* suggested the latter reading,—which, it now appears, was also that of his Ms. Corrector.—Here "*into*" is equivalent to "unto" (see note 9 on *The Tempest*, vol. i. p. 288, and note 50 on *All's well that ends well*, vol. iii. p. 296).

1864. I must add a word or two on the supposed contradiction of "the *midnight* bell sounding *one*."—Notwithstanding the judicious notes of Theobald and Steevens on this passage, Mr. Collier attempts to defend "*sound on*" by talking about the "twelve-times repeated strokes," &c. and "the prolonged vibration of the last blow on the bell," &c.: and the remark with which he concludes his note exhibits him at his "old trick" of misrepresentation and concealment; "It is almost droll to find the Rev. Mr. Dyce contending that 'the midnight bell' means the bell at one in the morning, and calling three witnesses to the fact, who none of them support him by their evidence," &c. In my *Few Notes*, &c., to which he alludes, I observed that "in such a passage [as 'the *midnight* bell sounding *one*'] a poet may be forgiven for not expressing himself according to the exact matter of fact, when even prose-writers, from the earliest times to the present, occasionally employ very inaccurate language in speaking of the hours of darkness," p. 88: and I gave three examples of that *inaccuracy of language*,—all three quite to the purpose; and the first of them, which I now subjoin (and which Mr. Collier, of course, ignores), serving to confirm the reading "*one*;" "It happened that *between twelve and one a clocke at MIDNIGHT*, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house," &c. *The Famous History of Doctor Faustus*, sig. K 3, ed. 1648 (a tract which originally appeared towards the close of the preceding century).

P. 40. (75)

"tingling"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "tingling."

P. 40. (76)

"brooded"

Pope substituted "broad-ey'd."—Here "*brooded*" is considered as equivalent to "brooding;" and Mr. Staunton cites from Massinger's *City Madam*, act iii. sc. 3, the expression "*brooding eye*,"

P. 41. (77)

"go:

. . . t'attend"

In this line "*go*" was most probably repeated by mistake from the preceding speech.—The folio has "*attend*:" corrected in the third folio ("*to attend*").

P. 41. (78)

"convented"

So Mason (*Comments*, &c. 1807, p. 558) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "conuicted,"—a word which (though it formerly meant "vanquished, overpowered") is here utterly improper.—Mr. Grant White rather strangely asserts that "the *manifest allusion* to the fate of the Spanish Armada, which was convicted or conquered quite as much by tempests as by its English enemy, sustains the old text."

P. 41. (79)

"course,"

So Hamer (Theobald's conjecture).—The folio has "cause."—Mr. Staunton, who here adopts "*course*," observes, "By '*course*' is no doubt meant the *carrière* of a horse, or a *charge*, in a passage of arms."

P. 42. (80)

"not holy"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "holy."

P. 42. (81)

"friends;"

The folio has "fiends."

P. 42. (82)

"To England, if you will."

"Neither the French King nor Pandulph has said a word of England since the entry of Constance. Perhaps, therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John: 'Take my son to England, if you will;' now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is, therefore, of no consequence to me where he is." MALONE. "Does she not rather apostrophize her hair, as she madly tears it from its bonds?" STAUNTON.

P. 43. (83) "If that be true, I shall see my boy again;"

"The metre requires '—I'll see,' or else—which I rather prefer—'*shall* see.'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 237.—Pope omitted "*true*."

P. 43. (84)

"ague-fit;"

The folio has "Agues fitte." (Mr. W. N. Lettsom compares "This *ague-fit* of fear is overblown." *King Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2).

P. 44. (85)

"the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness."

The folio has "the sweet words taste," &c.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 281) conjectures "—but gall and bitterness," remarking that "something is wanting that shall class with '*bitterness*'."

P. 44. (86)

"one"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "an : " but compare the next line.

P. 45. (87) "scape"  
The folio has "scope."—Corrected by Pope.

P. 45. (88) "strong"  
The folio has "strange."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 46. (89) "Northampton."  
"Such has been the usual locality assigned to this scene, but on no authority, though it will answer the purpose as well as any other. 'The fact is,' says Malone, 'that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death.' The old stage-direction is merely, 'Enter Hubert and Executioners;' and all that is clear seems to be, that in Shakespeare, as well as in the old 'King John,' the scene is transferred to England." COLLIER.—Mr. Halliwell marks the scene "Dover;" while Mr. Grant White fixes it at "Canterbury;"—each of them assigning "sundry good reasons" for his choice of a locality.—The Cambridge Editors give (with Mr. Staunton) "A room in a castle,"—here, as in some other parts of the play, not attempting (and wisely perhaps) to determine the exact place of action.

P. 46. (89\*) "you"  
The folio has "thou."

P. 46. (90) "be merry"  
The folio has "*Be as merry.*"

P. 47. (91) "his fiery indignation  
*Even in the water of mine innocence ;*"  
The folio has

"this fierie indignation,  
*Even in the matter of mine innocence.*"

The correction in the second line I owe to the late Mr. W. W. Williams: see *The Parthenon* for August 16th, 1862, p. 506. Compare, in scene iii. of the present act, p. 60;

"Trust not those cunning *waters* of his *eyes*,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like *rivers* of remorse and *innocency*."

Compare, too, in Wilkins's novel, *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1608; "While her eyes were the glasses that carried *the water of her mishap*," p. 66, reprint.

In the 7th line of this speech the folio has "*mine* eye," and again in Hubert's third speech, p. 48, it has "*thine* eye,"—which the context proves to be wrong.

P. 50. (92) "again"  
The folio has "against."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 51. (93)

"when"

So Tyrwhitt.—The folio has "then."

P. 51. (94)

"them"

"Is it possible that Shakespeare should have written so ungrammatically? 'they,' surely." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 279.—Pope printed "they."

P. 51. (95) "If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
Why should your fears . . . . .  
. . . . . then move you"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has

"Why then your feares . . . . .  
. . . . . should moue you."—

Steevens conjectured "*If what in wrest you have*," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom says, "Read '*Why*, then, no *fears*,' &c., and put a full-stop or a colon after '*exercise*,' where in the folio there is a comma, not a note of interrogation."—Mr. Staunton proposes, "*If what in rest you have*, not *right you hold*," &c., adhering to the old copy in the rest of the sentence.

P. 51. (96)

"you"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "yours."

P. 52. (97)

"set:"

Was altered by Theobald to "sent;" which Mr. Grant White adopts, observing that "the king's colour, *coming and going*, could not be compared to any thing *set*."—Mr. W. R. Arrowsmith (in *The Editor of Notes and Queries*, &c. p. 6) observes; "The Shakespeare scholar need not be told that the participle '*set*' agrees not with '*heralds*,' but with '*battles*,' or that '*battles set*' is a common phrase for '*armies in array*.'" I cannot but differ from Mr. Arrowsmith. I no more believe that here "*set*" agrees with "*battles*" than I believe that "*set*" agrees with "*battles*" in the following line of *King Henry V.* act iv. sc. 3;

"The French are bravely in their *battles set*."

P. 53. (98)

"ear,"

This reading (which the context plainly requires) is, in fact, that of the folio, where, however, the word, at first sight, looks like "care," the initial letter having been printed from a battered type. See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 4.—In the present line Mr. W. N. Lettsom would alter "*is*" to "was."

P. 53. (99)

"come"

The folio has "came."—Corrected by Hammer.

P. 55. (100)

*"I had mighty cause**To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.**Hub. No had, my lord!"*

The folio has "*I had a mighty cause*," &c.—I subjoin, from *Notes and Queries* (vol. vii. p. 521, First Series), the three first of the various parallel passages by which Mr. Arrowsmith has proved beyond all possibility of doubt that "*No had*" is the genuine reading;

*"Furt. Oh, had I such a hat, then were I brauc.**Wheres he that made it?**Sold.**Dead, and the whole world  
Yeelds not a workman that can frame the like.**Furt. No does?"**Dekker's Old Fortunatus, 1600, sig. D 2.**"John. I am an elde fellowe of fifty wynter and more,**And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before.**Parson. No dyd, why sayest thou so? upon thyselfe thou lvest,  
Thou haste euer knowen the sacramente to be the body of Christ."**John Bon and Mast Person.**"Chedsey. Christ said, 'Take, eat, this is my body;' and not 'Take ye, eat ye.'**Philpot. No did, master doctor? Be not these the words of Christ, 'Accipite, manducate'? And do not these words, in the plural number, signify, 'Take ye, eat ye;' and not 'Take thou, eat thou,' as you would suppose?"**Foxe's Acts and Monuments, vol. vii. p. 637, Catley's ed.*

P. 56. (101)

*"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds**Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,"*

The folio has "*Make deeds ill done*."—The transposition, "*ill deeds*,"—made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Knight, and proposed by Capell,—is obviously necessary, not so much because, as Mr. Knight says, the old reading "*might apply to good deeds unskillfully performed*," as because in such passages the order of the words which are emphatically repeated is rarely, if ever, changed.—Here "*Make*" is usually altered to "*Makes*;" but we have already had in this play an example of similar phraseology: see note 63.—Capell thought that he had restored the metre when he altered "*Hadst*" to "*Hadest*."—Pope's emendation was "*for hadst not thou been by*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Hadst thou not then been by*."

P. 56. (102)

*"And"*

So Malone.—The folio has "*As*," which Steevens, Mason, and Mr. Collier defend.—Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*Or*."

P. 56. (103)

*"sin;"*

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*sign*."—"The Old Corrector's '*sign*' is not English. Collier and Mommsen both applaud it; yet the one explains it, and the other translates it, as if the conjecture had been '*signe*,' not '*sign*.' '*Signs*' is probably Shakespeare's word." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 57. (104) "*Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Whose private missive of the,*" &c., i. e., as explained by Mr. Collier,—Whose private written communication, &c.: but the old text appears to be right; and "*private*" may mean the *oral communication* with which the Dauphin had intrusted Melun: see Mr. Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 92; and Pope's note *ad l.*—1864. Mr. Staunton (*Addenda and Corrigenda* to his *Shakespeare*) explains it "secret dispatch."

P. 58. (105) "*We will not line his thin bestain'd cloak  
With our pure honours,*"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector ingeniously alters "*thin bestain'd*" to "*sin-bestain'd*;" in recommending which new lection to the public, Mr. Collier makes a remark calculated to deceive those who are not familiar with the typographical peculiarities of the early editions. "The folios," he says, "place a hyphen between 'thin' and 'bestain'd,' as if to lead us to the discovery of the error." But though it be true that the folio has "*thin-bestain'd*," it is equally certain that the Ms. Corrector's alteration does not receive the slightest support from the words being so hyphen'd; for the folio exhibits numerous passages in which, most absurdly, the hyphen is employed: e. g., elsewhere in the present play;

"who hath read or heard  
Of any *kindred-action* like to this?" Act iii. sc. 4.  
"The *mis-plac'd-John* should entertaine an houre," &c.  
*Ibid.*  
"A *cockred-silken* wanton braue our fields," &c.  
Act v. sc. 1.

in *The Tempest*;

"I will rend an Oake  
And *peg-thee* in his knotty entrailles," &c.  
Act i. sc. 2.  
"Her, and her *blind-Boyes* scandal'd company," &c.  
Act iv. sc. 1.  
"This *Ayrie-charme* is for," &c. Act v. sc. 1.

in *The Comedy of Errors* (a whole line hyphen'd, with the exception of the first syllable!);

"A *needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch.*"  
Act v. sc. 1.

in *The Winter's Tale*;

"the face to sweeten  
Of the whole *dungy-earth.*" Act ii. sc. 1.  
"whom you know  
Of *stuff'd-sufficiency.*" *Ibid.*  
"which in their pideness shares  
With great *creating-Nature.*" Act iv. sc. 8.

in *Henry IV., Part First*;

"And hid his *crispe-head* in the hollow banke," &c.  
Act i. sc. 3.

"none of these mad *Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes*," &c.  
Act ii. sc. 1.

in *Julius Caesar*;

"*Low-crooked-curties*, and base Spaniell fawning."  
Act iii. sc. 1.

P. 58. (106) "man"

So some copies of the folio.—Other copies have "mans."

P. 58. (107) "Have you beheld,"

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "you haue beheld."

P. 58. (108) "This is the very top,"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 85) says that "perhaps, on account of the extra syllable," we ought to print "This' the very top,"—"This'" being the contracted form of "This is;" which the folio gives in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.—Pope's alteration was "'Tis the very top."

P. 58. (109) "sins of time;"

The folio has "sinne of times."—Corrected by Pope.

P. 59. (110) "head,"

So Farmer (not, as frequently stated, Pope) conjectured, and so, too, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads.—The folio has "hand."

P. 59. (111) "Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent self against an emperor."

The folio has "*My innocent life against*," &c.,—the word "life" having been repeated by mistake from the line above.—This error is, I believe, now for the first time corrected.

P. 61. (112) "cinature"

So Pope.—The folio has "center."

P. 62. (113) "Northampton."

Here Mr. Halliwell places the scene at "Bristol," Mr. Grant White at "Canterbury." See note 89.

P. 62. (114) "Take't again," &c.

So Mr. W. N. Lettsom.—The folio has "Take *again*," &c. (but no comma after "*Pope*").

P. 63. (115)

"behaviours"

See note 42 on *All's well that ends well*, vol. iii. p. 295.

P. 63. (116)

"Forage,"

*i. e.*, says Johnson, "Range abroad;" and, according to Mr. Staunton (*Adenda and Corrigenda* to his *Shakespeare*), "Johnson is right. Florio, after explaining *Foragio* to mean *fodder*, &c., says it had anciently the sense of *Fuora*, which is *out, abroad, forth, &c.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Courage."—I doubt the old reading.

P. 63. (117)

"offers,"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "orders."

P. 64. (118)

"and unurg'd"

The folio has "and an vn-urg'd."

P. 65. (119)

"spur"

So I conjectured in a note on this line in my former edition; and I now find that Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 122) quotes the passage with the reading "spur," as if it were the usual one.—The folio has "spot" (which Mason says "probably means *stain* or *disgrace*"!).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "thought."

P. 65. (120)

"grapple"

Pope's correction.—The folio has "cripple."

P. 65. (121)

"thou"

Added in the fourth folio.

P. 65. (121\*)

"Full of warm blood,"

The folio has "Full warm of blood."—Corrected by Heath.

P. 67. (122)

"No, on my soul,"

The folio has "No, no, on my soule."

P. 67. (123)

"entreaties;"

"The double ending in this play grates on my ear. Read, surely, '*entreats*' ('*entreats*'); the mistake was easy. . . . The word is frequent." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 1.



P. 67. (124) "*This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troop,*"

The folio has "*This vn-heard sauciness and boyish Troopes.*"—The first of these errors was corrected by Theobald; the second has been rectified by the independent conjectures of Capell, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, and Mr. Swynfen Jervis.

P. 67. (125)

"*these*"

The folio has "*this.*"

P. 68. (126) "*Even at the crying of your nation's crow,*"

If the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,*" be, as Mr. Knight terms it, "a decided improvement" (*Spec. of the Stratford Shakespeare*, p. 18), it is not obtained without considerable violence to the text.—Malone refers this to "the caw of the French crow,"—a sense which the words may very well bear. Douce, on the other hand, says that the allusion is to "the crowing of a cock,—*gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman;" but would Shakespeare (or any other writer) employ such an expression as "the *crying* of the *crow* [of a cock]"?

P. 68. (127)

"*his*"

The folio has "*this.*"

P. 68. (128)

"*No: know*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would prefer "*No, no.*"

P. 68. (129)

"*chang'd,*"

The folio has "*change.*"

P. 68. (130)

"*need's*"

The folio has "*Needi's.*"—See note 59 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, vol. ii. p. 381.

P. 69. (131)

"*Are*"

"*Supply*" is here, and in a subsequent passage in scene v. p. 72, used as a noun of multitude." MALONE. "But," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "Malone quite overlooks '*was*' in the preceding line, which is incompatible with the plural '*Are*;' and the words '*three nights ago*,' which demand the aorist. Capell alters '*Are*' to '*Was*.' I suspect that a line has been lost here."

P. 70. (132) "*Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,*"

Was altered by Theobald to "*Untread the rude way of rebellion*" (with which compare p. 71, "*We will untread the steps of damnd flight*"); and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, except that he gives "*road-way*."—"The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted." JOHNSON.—"He

[Shakespeare] was evidently thinking of the 'eye of a needle.' Undo (says Melun to the English nobles) what you have done; desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged. In *Coriolanus* we have a kindred expression, 'They would not thread the gates.' Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. 'Rude' is applicable to 'rebellion,' but not to 'eye.' He means, in fact, the eye of rude rebellion." MALONE.—Compare, too, in *King Richard II.* act v. sc. 5;

"It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."

P. 70. (133) "Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means"

"He means"—The Frenchman, i. e. Louis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech; 'If Louis do win the day—' MALONE.—"Palpably wrong. Did Shakespeare write 'For if that France be lord,' &c.? or is a line lost? e. g.;

'Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;  
[Confide not in the plighted faith of Louis;]  
For if,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 236.—The Cambridge Editors conjecture

"For if the French be lord of this proud day," &c.;

and observe, "In support of the reading which we propose, 'lord' for 'lords,' we would refer to *Hen. V.* iv. 4, where 'the French' is used in the singular; 'the French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it.'"

P. 71. (134) "For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Bright in thine eye."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Bright in thine eye;"—and while Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 94) pronounces the alteration to be "plausible, but not necessary," Mr. Knight (*Spec. of the Stratford Shakespeare*, p. 18) thinks that it "ought to be introduced in every edition." For my own part, I am convinced that it is utterly wrong; and in confirmation of my opinion, I could cite the authority of an eminent living physician. Mr. Collier tells us that "Bright" is to be understood "in reference to the remarkable brilliancy of the eyes of many persons just before death;" but if that lighting up of the eye ever occurs, it is only when comparative tranquillity precedes dissolution,—not during "the pangs of death;" and most assuredly it is never to be witnessed in those persons who, like Melun, are dying of wounds—of *exhaustion from loss of blood*,—in which case, the eye, immediately before death, becomes glazed and lustreless.—1864. Why should I conceal from the reader that the eminent physician mentioned above is my respected friend Dr. Elliotson?

P. 71. (135)

"When th' English measur'd backward their own ground"

The folio has "When English measure backward," &c.—Corrected partly by Rowe in his sec. ed., partly by Pope.

P. 71. (136) "*And wound our tattering colours clearly up,*"

The folio has "— *our tott'ring colours,*" &c.,—where "tott'ring" is nothing more than the old spelling of "*tatt'ring*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "— *our totter'd colours,*" &c.; and Pope printed "— *our tatter'd colours,*" &c.; but, as Malone remarks, "the active and passive participles are employed by Shakespeare very indiscriminately." (Mr. Singer, *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 94, insists that here "tott'ring" is the poet's word, and signifies *wavering, shaking*." But compare a passage of *Henry IV., First Part*, act iv. sc. 2, which stands thus in the folio; "that I had a hundred and fittie *totter'd* Prodigalls," &c.: and see Ford's *Works*, ii. 372,—where, on the line "Though I die in *tottere*," Gifford (who is obliged to retain that spelling for the sake of the rhyme) observes, "i. e. *tatters*. So the word was *usually written by our old dramatists*."—Capell (in his *Notes*) proposes "*cheerly*" instead of "*clearly*," and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*closely*." Qy. "*cleanly*" (i. e. entirely, wholly)!—1864. I now find that the Cambridge Editors also conjecture "*cleanly*," in the sense of "*neatly*."

## P. 72. (137)

"Hub. *What's that to thee?*"

Bast.

*Why may not I demand*

*Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?*

*Hubert I think?"*

The folio has

"Hub. *What's that to thee?*"

*Why may not I demand of thine affaires,*

*As well as thou of mine?*

*Bast. Hubert, I thinke."*

Here I adopt, as absolutely necessary, a portion of the new distribution of the speeches at the commencement of this scene which was recommended to me by Mr. W. W. Lloyd.

## P. 72. (138)

"*eyeless*"

So Theobald (Warburton "concurring in the emendation") and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "endles."

## P. 73. (139)

"*swoon*"

Here the folio has "swound." See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iii. p. 519.

## P. 73. (140)

"*pore*"

So my copy of the folio.—But Mr. Grant White says that "the original has '*pore*,'" and he accordingly prints "poor."

## P. 74. (141)

"*insensible*;"

So Hammer.—The folio has "*inuisible*" (a decided error).

P. 74. (142)  
The folio has "winde."

"mind,"

P. 74. (143)  
The folio has "Symet."

"cygnet"

P. 74. (144)  
Altered by Pope to "I ask not much."

"I do not ask you much,"

P. 75. (145)  
I may notice that here (as also in *All's well that ends well*, act iv. sc. 3) the folio has "module;" but in all other passages it has "model." Malone observes; "*Module* and *model* were, in our author's time, only different modes of spelling the same word." (In the *Dictionary* of my learned friend Dr. Richardson the spelling *module* is not recognized.)

"model"

P. 75. (146)  
"Read 'God he knows,' as [in *The*] *Comedy of Errors*, v, 1;  
"the chain,  
Which, *God he knows*, I saw not,"  
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 216,

"heaven he knows"

P. 76. (147)  
"and you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral."  
" [Here 'princes' is] scarcely right; for, although Salisbury, Bigot, &c., are called *princes* below,—  
'Now these her (England's) *princes* are come home again,'  
and so *King Henry V.* iv. 1, near the beginning,  
'Brothers both,  
Commend me to the *princes* in our camp,'  
the 'lords of England,' as they are called just below,—yet in the present passage the case is different." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 293.—The Cambridge Editors conjecture that the error may be in the word "prince."

P. 76. (148)  
A modern addition.

"you"

P. 76. (149)  
Altered by Hammer to "Thus."

"This"

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

## KING RICHARD II.

THE date of its composition is quite uncertain: Malone assigns it to 1593; which seems too early. On August 29th, 1597, "The Tragodye of Richard the Seconde" was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Andrew Wise, and published by him in quarto during the same year. In the third quarto, 1608, were first printed "*new additions of the Parliament Seane and the deposing of King Richard.*"—An older play on (or at least embracing) the deposing of King Richard the Second ("exoletam tragodiam de tragica abdicatione Regis Richardi Secundi," Camden's *Annales*, vol. iii. p. 867, ed. Hearne) was acted at the Globe in 1601, on the afternoon before Essex's insurrection, in the presence of Sir Gilly Merrick and other of his partisans: "neither was it ["the play of deposing King Richard the Second"] casual, but a play bespoken by Merrick. And not so onely, but when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was olde, and they should haue losse in playing it, because fewe would come to it, there was fourtie shillings extraordinarie giuen to play it, and so thereupon playd it was." *A Declaration of the Practises and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earle of Essex and his Complices*, &c., 1601, sig. K 2. According to another authority, the piece was called *Henry the Fourth*, and Sir Gilly Merrick gave the "40 shillings to Philips [Augustine Phillips] the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get." *Trial of Sir Christopher Blunt*, &c.,—*State Trials*, i. 1445, ed. 1809. "With reference to this point," observes Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, "we have recently been put in possession of a piece of singular and authentic evidence. It is no other than a copy of the original deposition\* of Augustine Phillips, the actor, before Lord Chief Justice Popham, Mr. Justice Anderson, and Sergeant Fenner, signed by the examinant and by the rest, containing the particulars of an interview between certain friends of the Earl of Essex and the leaders of the company at the Globe, when the latter were applied to to substitute 'Richard the Second' for another play, and when they were promised forty shillings additional for so doing. It is in these terms, and they are on every account curious:

'The exam. of Augustyne Phillyppes, Servant unto the  
L. Chamberleyne, and one of his players, taken the xvij<sup>th</sup> of  
Februarij, 1600[-1], upon hys othe.

'He sayeth that on Fryday last was sennyght, or Thursday, S<sup>r</sup> Charles Pryce, or Jostlyne Pryce, and the L. Montegle, with some thre more, spake to some of the players, in the presens of thys exam<sup>t</sup> to have the playe of the deposing and kyllyng of Kyng Rychard the Second to be played the Saterday next, promysing to geve them xl<sup>s</sup> more then their ordynary to play yt; when this exam<sup>t</sup> and hys fellowes were determyned to have played some other

\* Mr. Collier (for what reason I know not) conceals the fact that this deposition is preserved in the State-Paper Office.

play, holdyng that play of Kyng Rychard to be so old, and so long out of yous [use], that they should have small or no cumpany at yt. But at theire request, this exam<sup>t</sup> and his fellowes were content to play yt the Saterday, and have theise xl<sup>s</sup> more then theire ordynary for yt, and so played yt accordyngly.

Augustine Phillipps.'

Ex per Jo. Popham.

Edw. Anderson.

Edw. Fenner.'

This remarkable document (the body of which is in Popham's handwriting)," &c. *Introd. to King Richard the Second*. Malone writes as follows; "It may seem strange that this old play should have been represented after Shakespeare's drama on the same subject had been printed: the reason undoubtedly was, that in the old play the deposing King Richard II. made a part of the exhibition: but in the first edition of our author's play, one hundred and fifty-four lines, describing a kind of trial of the king, and his actual deposition in parliament, were omitted; nor was it probably represented on the stage. Merriek, Cuffe, and the rest of Essex's train, naturally preferred the play in which his *deposition* was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen. It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament-scene (as it is called), which was first printed in the quarto of 1608, was an addition made by Shakespeare to his play after its first representation: but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest, and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth; against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year, exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her. In 1599 Hayward published his *History of the First Year of Henry IV.*, which in fact is nothing more than an history of the deposing Richard II. The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play which was published in 1602. Hayward was heavily censured in the Star-chamber, and committed to prison. At a subsequent period (1608), when King James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne, and the fear of internal commotion or foreign invasion no longer subsisted, neither the author, the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller, could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign: the rejected scene was restored without scruple, and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 325.—Dr. Simon Forman, in his *Mss. Diary* (*Mss. Ashmol. Oxon.*), gives an account of a "*Richard 2*" which he saw "at the Globe, 1611, the 30 of Aprill, Thursday;" and, very probably, it was the old play which in 1601 had been acted before the friends of Essex:—assuredly it was not our author's tragedy.—For the incidents of *King Richard the Second* Shakespeare consulted Holinshed.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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KING RICHARD the Second.

JOHN OF GAUNT, duke of Lancaster, }  
EDMUND OF LANGLLEY, duke of York, } uncles to the King.

HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, son to John  
of Gaunt ; afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BEREKLEY.

BUSHY, }  
BAGOT, } creatures to King Richard.  
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, his son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger,  
Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*dispersedly in England and Wales.*



## KING RICHARD II.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* King RICHARD, *attended*; GAUNT, *and other Nobles.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—  
On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence: face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
Th' accuser and th' accusèd freely speak:—

*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.*

*Boling.* May<sup>(1)</sup> many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!  
*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;<sup>(2)</sup>  
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,—  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,<sup>(3)</sup>  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;

And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Wherever<sup>(4)</sup> Englishman durst set his foot.  
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:  
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?  
It must be great that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;—  
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contriv'd in this land  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
Further, I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,

Shuic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement ;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars !—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar !

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—  
As he is but my father's brother's son,—  
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul :  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers ;  
The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
Upon remainder of a dear<sup>(5)</sup> account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :  
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—  
I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—  
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,—  
A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul :  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial-day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :  
This we prescribe, though no physician ;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision :  
Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;  
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;  
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age :—  
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry? when?  
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :  
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name—  
Despite of death—that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here ;  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :—  
Give me his gage :—lions make leopards tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change his<sup>(6)</sup> spots : take but my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;  
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage;<sup>(7)</sup> do you begin.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!  
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
 Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*]

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command;—  
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
 Since we can not atone you, we shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.—  
 Marshal,<sup>(8)</sup> command our officers-at-arms  
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and Duchess of Gloster.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood  
 Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,  
 To stir against the butchers of his life!  
 But since correction lieth in those hands  
 Which made<sup>(9)</sup> the fault that we cannot correct,  
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
 Who, when they see<sup>(10)</sup> the hours ripe on earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,  
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded,  
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,  
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt,—it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,  
His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

*Duch.* Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt!<sup>(11)</sup>  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
 Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife  
 With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:  
 As much good stay with thee as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more:—grief boundeth where it falls,  
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
 I take my leave before I have begun;  
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
 Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;  
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
 I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—  
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?  
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.  
 Desolate, desolate,<sup>(12)</sup> will I hence and die:  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. *Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

*Lists set out, and a throne; with Attendants. Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE.*

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 Stays but the summons of th' appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay  
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.



*Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms :  
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms ;  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;  
As<sup>(12\*)</sup> so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;  
Who hither come engagèd by my oath,—  
Which God defend a knight should violate !—  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,<sup>(13)</sup>  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou  
hither,  
Before King Richard in his royal lists ?  
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me :  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold  
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty :  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* Th' appellant in all duty greets your highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.—  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !  
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

[*To Lord Marshal*] My loving lord, I take my leave of  
you ;—

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;  
Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :  
[*To Gaunt*] O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,—  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,<sup>(14)</sup>

And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!  
Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency<sup>(15)</sup> and Saint George to thrive!

*Nor.* However God or fortune cast my lot,  
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—  
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest  
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couchèd in thine eye.—  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

*Mar.* [to an Officer] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke  
of Norfolk.

*First Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

*Sec. Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor-  
folk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;  
 Courageously, and with a free desire,  
 Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sound*

Stay, stay,<sup>(16)</sup> the king hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears  
 And both return back to their chairs again:—

Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound

While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish*

Draw near,

[*To the Combatants*

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

And for we think the eagle-wing'd pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set on you<sup>(17)</sup>

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Which so rous'd up<sup>(18)</sup> with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

Therefore we banish you our territories:—

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: this must my comfort be,—

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;

And those his golden beams to you here lent

Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The fly-slow<sup>(19)</sup> hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—

The hopeless word of "never to return"  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth :  
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forgo :  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstring'd viol or a harp ;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony :  
Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now :  
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate :<sup>(20)</sup>  
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.<sup>(21)</sup>  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—  
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—  
To keep the oath that we administer :—  
You never shall—so help you truth and God !—  
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;  
Nor never look upon each other's face ;  
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile  
This luring tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
Nor never by advis'd purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—(22)  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—  
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:  
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.]

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grievèd heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away.—[To *Boling.*] Six frozen winters spent,  
Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!  
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile:  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy word is current with him for my death,

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :  
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lour ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.  
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away ;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell ;—and, uncle, bid him so :  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and Train.*]

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,  
From where you do remain let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem as foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me what deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages; and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not the king did banish thee,<sup>(23)</sup>  
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not, the king exil'd thee; or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:  
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance;  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,  
adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV. *The court.*

*Enter, from one side, King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; from the other, AUMERLE.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

*Aum.* Faith, none for me ;<sup>(24)</sup> except the north-east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you parted with him?

*Aum.* "Farewell:"

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of "farewells ;"  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,<sup>(25)</sup>  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people ;  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;"  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.  
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—  
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means  
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war :  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants ;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste  
T' entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.<sup>(26)</sup>

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in his physician's mind  
To help him to his grave immediately !  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :  
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late ! [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT on a couch; the Duke of York and others standing by him.

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth ?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony :  
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain ;  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze ;  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As, praises of his state : then there are found  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom-sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen ;<sup>(27)</sup>  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy-apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.<sup>(28)</sup>  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—  
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,—  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose :  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new-inspir'd,  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;

This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection<sup>(29)</sup> and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—  
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;—  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—  
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm:  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots,<sup>(30)</sup> and rotten parchment bonds:  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD and Queen, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT,  
 Ross, and WILLOUGHBY.*

*York.* The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
 For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.<sup>(31)</sup>

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast,—I mean, my children's looks;  
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no, men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see,<sup>(32)</sup> and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease;

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;

And—

*K. Rich.* And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,<sup>(33)</sup>

Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence.  
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;—  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :  
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,—  
 Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls !—  
 May be a precedent and witness good  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :  
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;  
 And thy unkindness be like crookèd age,  
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :  
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

*[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]*

*K. Rich.* And let them die that age and sullens have ;  
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* Beseech<sup>(84)</sup> your majesty, impute his words  
 To wayward sickliness and age in him :  
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so his ;  
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your ma-  
 jesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he ?<sup>(85)</sup>

*North.* Nay, nothing ; all is said :  
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;  
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !  
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, hath privilege to live.  
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :  
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends: his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.*

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?  
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 His charters and his customary rights;  
 Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;  
 Be not thyself,—for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession?  
 Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—  
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters-patents that he hath  
 By his attorneys-general to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-dispos'd hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
 But by bad courses may be understood  
 That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:  
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-house  
 To see this business. To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York lord governor of England;  
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—  
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,  
 Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*

*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
 Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more



That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

*Will.* Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of  
Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him ;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne  
In him a royal prince and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.<sup>(36)</sup>

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts :<sup>(37)</sup> the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Will.* And daily new exactions are devis'd,—  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what :<sup>(38)</sup>  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows :  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Will.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman :—most degenerate king !  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;  
And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold. (39)

*North.* Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay  
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence  
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,  
(40)

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—  
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :  
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg ;  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad :  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did ; to please myself,  
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard :<sup>(41)</sup> yet, again, methinks  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so ;  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,  
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,  
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not,—more's not seen ;  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,<sup>(42)</sup>  
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,  
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—<sup>(43)</sup>  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd  
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;  
But what it is,<sup>(44)</sup> that is not yet known ; what  
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your majesty !—and well met, gentlemen :—

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is;  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,  
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At Ravenspurg.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* Ah madam, 'tis too true: and that<sup>(45)</sup> is worse,  
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,  
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,  
And all the rest of the revolted faction,  
Traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.*

Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope,—he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck:  
O, full of careful business are his looks!

*Enter YORK.*

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :  
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :  
Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was ?—Why, so !—go all which way it will !—  
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,<sup>(46)</sup>  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—  
Sirrah,  
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—  
Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,  
To-day, as I came by, I callèd there ;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave ?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woful land at once !  
I know not what to do :—I would to God,—  
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—  
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—  
Come, sister,—cousin, I'd say,—pray, pardon me.—  
[*To the Servant*] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,  
And bring away the armour that is there. [*Exit Servant.*]  
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? If I  
Know how or which way t' order these affairs,  
Thus thrust disorderly<sup>(47)</sup> into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :—  
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend ; th' other, again,

Is my near kinsman,<sup>(48)</sup> whom the king hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.  
I should to Plashy too ;—  
But time will not permit :—all is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queens.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy  
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons : for their loves  
Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,<sup>(49)</sup>  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well,  
I will for refuge straight to Bristol-castle :  
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us,<sup>(50)</sup>  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—  
Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ;  
I will to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry :  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*Bagot.* Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.<sup>(51)</sup>

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.*

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire :

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome ;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and délectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess ;

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words.—But who comes here?

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,<sup>(51\*)</sup>  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

*Enter PERCY.*

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health  
of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason ?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;  
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover  
What power the Duke of York had levied there;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approvèd service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? and what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;  
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,—<sup>(52)</sup>  
None else of name and noble estimate.

*North.* Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.*

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Will.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty.—But who is't<sup>(53)</sup> comes here?

*North.* It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.



*Enter BERKLEY.*

*Berk.* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—"to Lancaster;"  
And I am come to seek that name in England;  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning  
To raze one title of your honour out:—  
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you;  
Here comes his grace in person.

*Enter YORK attended.*

My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*]

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle!—

*York.* Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace"  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But, then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war  
And ostentation of despis'd arms?<sup>(54)</sup>  
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,  
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;  
In<sup>(55)</sup> what condition stands it and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be King of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs,<sup>(56)</sup> and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon to do him right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this:—  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right;  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;  
And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own ; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;—  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left :  
But if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—<sup>(57)</sup>  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.<sup>(58)</sup>

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept :  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol-castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot,<sup>(59)</sup> and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*York.* 'T may be I'll go with you :—but yet I'll pause ;  
For I am loth to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are :  
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exeunt.

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SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fix'd stars of heaven ;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war :  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well 'assur'd Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. BOLINGBROKE's camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY,*

*ROSS : Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—  
With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 'twere no charity ; yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean :

You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
Myself,—a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest-woods,  
From my own windows torn my household coat,  
Raz'd out my imprese, leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman.  
This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over<sup>(60)</sup>  
To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.  
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the  
prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;  
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :  
Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;  
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
Awhile to work, and after holiday.<sup>(61)</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

*Flourish; drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers, with colours.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly-castle call they this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea, my good lord.<sup>(62)</sup> How brooks your grace the air,

After late<sup>(63)</sup> tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:  
Yield stinging-nettles to mine enemies;  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king  
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields<sup>(64)</sup> must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected; else, if<sup>(65)</sup> heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,<sup>(66)</sup>  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage, boldly<sup>(67)</sup> here ;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wandering with th' Antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough-rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord :  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

*Sal.* Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and<sup>(68)</sup> fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, till so much blood thither come agen,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself : am I not king ?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?

High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York

Hath power enough<sup>(69)</sup> to serve our turn.—But who comes  
here ?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd :  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,

We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so :

Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;

They break their faith to God as well as us :

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;

So high above his limits swells the rage



Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty ; boys with women's voices  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown ;<sup>(70)</sup>  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?  
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?<sup>(71)</sup>  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it :  
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !  
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :—  
Again uncure their souls ; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead ?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power ?

*K. Rich.* No matter where ;—of comfort no man speak :  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—  
How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;<sup>(72)</sup>  
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;  
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
Tradition,<sup>(73)</sup> form, and ceremonious duty;  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends:—subjected thus,<sup>(74)</sup>  
How can you say to me, I am a king?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:  
And fight and die is death destroying death;  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power; inquire of him;  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well:—proud Bolingbroke, I come  
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
 An easy task it is to win our own.—  
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—

[*To Aumerle*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? what comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint-castle: there I'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none:—let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint-castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and forces; YORK,  
 NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn  
 The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord :  
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say " King Richard : "—alack the heavy day  
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

*North.* Your grace mistakes me ;<sup>(75)</sup> only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
Lest you mistake : the heavens are o'er our heads.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle ; and I not oppose<sup>(76)</sup>  
Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome,<sup>(77)</sup> Harry : what, will not this castle yield ?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally !

Why, it contains no king ?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king ; King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yond lime and stone :  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman .  
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn.

*North.* O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.<sup>(78)</sup>

*Boling.* [*to North*] Noble lord,  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlo  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :—  
Henry Bolingbroke  
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,  
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
To his most royal person ; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :  
 If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,  
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood  
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :  
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
 Go, signify as much, while here we march  
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[*Northumberland advances to the castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements<sup>(79)</sup>  
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
 With no less terror than the elements  
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters,—on the earth, and not on him.  
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish.*

*Enter, on the walls, King RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

*Percy.* See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,<sup>(80)</sup>  
 As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east,  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king : behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty :—alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any storm<sup>(81)</sup> should stain so fair a show !

*K. Rich.* [*to Northumberland*] We are amaz'd ; and thus  
 long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have torn<sup>(82)</sup> their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends ;  
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he stands,—  
That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason : he is come to ope  
The purple testament of bleeding war ;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The king of heaven forbid our lord the king  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin<sup>(83)</sup>  
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
And by the honourable tomb he swears  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,—  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
His coming hither hath no further scope

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbèd steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;  
And, as I am<sup>(84)</sup> a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the king returns :—  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—  
[*To Aumerle*] We do debase ourself, cousin,<sup>(85)</sup> do we not,  
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

*Aum.* No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yond proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth ! O, that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !  
Or that I could forget what I have been !  
Or not remember what I must be now !  
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now ? must he submit ?  
The king shall do it : must he be depos'd ?  
The king shall be contented : must he lose  
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,  
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,  
My subjects for a pair of carvèd saints,

And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave;—  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;  
And buried once, why not upon my head?—  
Aumerle, thou weep'st,—my tender-hearted cousin!—  
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—“There lies  
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.”  
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
To speak with you;—may't please you to come down.

*K. Rich.* Down, down I come; like glistening Phaëthon,  
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.  
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!  
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt above.*]

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
Yet he is come.

*Enter King RICHARD attended, below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.—



My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up ;—your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least [*Touching his own head*], although your  
knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve :—they well deserve to have,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—  
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;  
For do we must what force will have us do.—  
Set on towards London :—cousin, is it so ?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.*

Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *Langley. The Duke of York's garden.*

*Enter the Queen and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

*First Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*First Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :  
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

*First Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy?<sup>(86)</sup>

*First Lady.*

Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:<sup>(87)</sup>

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

*First Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.*

'Tis well that thou hast cause to weep.  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

*First Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could weep, would weeping do me good.

And never borrow any tear of thee.—<sup>(88)</sup>

But stay, here come the gardeners:<sup>(89)</sup>

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so  
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yond dangling aprieocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—  
Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.—  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*First Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, a firm state,<sup>(90)</sup>  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace :—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :  
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—  
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*First Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are ; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O, what pity is it  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden ! We<sup>(91)</sup> at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself :  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. All<sup>(92)</sup> superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*First Serv.* What, think you, then,<sup>(93)</sup> the king shall be  
depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd  
'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want of speak-  
ing !— [ *Comes forward with Ladies.*  
Thou, old Adam's likeness,<sup>(94)</sup> set to dress this garden,  
How dares  
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursèd man?  
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?  
Dax'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam : little joy have I  
To breathe this news : yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weigh'd :  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light ;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.—  
What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*Gard.* Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
Here did she fall a tear ; here, in this place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. Westminster Hall.*

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot. [*Officers bring Bagot to the bar.*]  
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say,—“Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?”  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathy,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :  
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point  
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Lord.* I task thee to the like,<sup>(95)</sup> forsworn Aumerle;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun:<sup>(96)</sup> there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all :  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;  
And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy!  
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge

Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull :  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,  
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction. —  
As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,<sup>(97)</sup>  
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his lands and signories :<sup>(98)</sup> when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;  
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Car.* As surely as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom  
Of good old Abraham ! — My<sup>(99)</sup> lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand :

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard ! then true nobless would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king ?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them ;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crown'd, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,<sup>(100)</sup>  
And he himself not present ? O, forfend it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king ;  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act ;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.



O, if you raise this house against this house,  
 It will the wofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursèd earth.  
 Prevent, resist it,<sup>(101)</sup> let it not be so,  
 Lest children's children<sup>(102)</sup> cry against you "woe!"

*North.* Well have you argu'd, sir;<sup>(103)</sup> and, for your pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.—  
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—  
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—  
 Little are we beholding to your love, [*To Carlisle.*  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the  
 crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:  
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?  
 Did they not sometime cry, "All hail!" to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
 God save the king!—Will no man say amen?  
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
 God save the king! although I be not he;  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office of thine own good will  
 Which tirèd majesty did make thee offer,—  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown. [*The crown is brought to*

*Richard, who seizes it.*—Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.<sup>(104)</sup>

Now is this golden crown like a deep well

That owes two buckets, filling one another ;

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water :

That bucket down and full of tears am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown I am ; but still my griefs are mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is, loss of care, by old care done ;

Your care is, gain of care, by new care won :

The cares I give, I have, though given away ;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no ;—no, ay ; for I must nothing be :

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself :—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duty's rites :

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!—  
What more remains?

*North.*

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a paper.*]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—  
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,<sup>(105)</sup>  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest;  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man,  
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—  
No, not that name was given me at the font,—  
But 'tis usurp'd:—alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,  
 And know not now what name to call myself!  
 O, that I were a mockery-king of snow,  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—  
 Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,—  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go, some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*North.* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not, then, be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
 When I do see the very book indeed  
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

*Re-enter Attendant with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—  
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck  
 So many blows upon this face of mine,  
 And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
 That every day under his household roof  
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face  
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
 Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,  
 And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—  
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—  
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
 The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of lament<sup>(106)</sup>  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, my<sup>(107)</sup> fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:  
For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! convey?—conveyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Eaeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Eaeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the  
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*]

*Abbot.* A woful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come; the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to<sup>(108)</sup> effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise.—  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:  
Come home with me to supper: I will lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter Queen and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come; this is the way  
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemnèd lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.—  
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

*Enter King RICHARD and Guards.*

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France.  
And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd  
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?<sup>(109)</sup>  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:  
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woful ages long ago betid;  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:  
For why the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And in compassion weep the fire out;  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all;

And<sup>(110)</sup> he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
 To pluck him headlong from th' usurp'd throne.  
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
 That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both  
 To worthy danger and deserv'd death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate  
 A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,  
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.—  
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—  
 Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime;  
 My wife to France,—from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorn'd hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from  
 heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
 Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near.  
 Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,  
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*]

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part  
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. [*They kiss again.*]  
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.



*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay :  
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke of York's palace.*

*Enter YORK and his Duchess.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave ?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands from window-tops<sup>(111)</sup>  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once,  
"Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke!"  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen :"  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard ! where rode he the whilst ?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, "God save him !"   
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bow<sup>(112)</sup> our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.*

Aumerle that was;

But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Welcome, my son: who are the violets now  
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:  
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent it<sup>(113)</sup> not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
Yea, look'st thou pale, sir? let me see the writing.<sup>(114)</sup>

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter, then, who sees it:  
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me:  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.  
I fear, I fear,—

*Duch.* What should you fear? It is  
Nothing but some bond that he's enter'd into  
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. Beseech<sup>(115)</sup> you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see 't, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who's within there? ho!<sup>(116)</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse.—

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, [*Exit Servant.*]

I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the king.

*Re-enter Servant with boots.*

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—

[*To the Servant*] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none ;  
We'll keep him here : then what is that to him ?

*York.* Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times  
My son, I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him  
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son :  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman ! [Exit.]

*Duch.* After, Aumerle ! mount thee upon his horse ;  
Spur post, and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York ;  
And never will I rise up from the ground  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone !<sup>(117)</sup>  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Windsor. A room in the castle.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?  
'Tis full three months since I did see him last :—  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found :  
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrain'd loose companions,—  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;  
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolute a crew.<sup>(118)</sup>

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,  
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the stews,  
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute as desperate; yet through both  
I see some sparkles of a<sup>(119)</sup> better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—  
But who comes here?

*Enter Aumerle, hastily.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?

*Boling.* What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum.* God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt Percy and Lords.]*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[Kneels.]*  
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,<sup>(120)</sup>  
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

*Boling.* Intended or committed was this fault?  
If on<sup>(121)</sup> the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire. *[Aumerle locks the door.]*

*York.* *[within.]* My liege, beware; look to thyself;  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. *[Drawing.]*

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* *[within.]* Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

*[Bolingbroke unlocks the door, and afterwards locks it again.]*

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:  
I do repent me; read not my name there;  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong,<sup>(122)</sup> and bold conspiracy!—  
O loyal father of a teacherous son!  
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:  
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let  
me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Duch.* [*within*] A woman, and thy aunt, great king;  
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."—  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[*Aumerle unlocks the door.*]

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound ;  
This let alone will all the rest confound.

*Enter Duchess.*

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man !  
Love loving not itself, none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here ?  
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.  
[*Kneels.*]

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech :

For ever will I walk upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*]

*York.* Against them both my true joints bended be.  
[*Kneels.*]

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest ;<sup>(123)</sup>  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;  
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside :  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;  
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have  
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.<sup>(124)</sup>

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say "stand up ;"

But "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up."  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now ;  
Say "pardon," king ; let pity teach thee how :  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;  
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez-moi.*

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
That sett'st the word itself against the word !—  
Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land ;  
The chopping French we do not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :  
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;  
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand ;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;  
Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,  
But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart

I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.<sup>(125)</sup>

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law, and th' abbot,  
With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
Uncle, farewell :—and, cousin mine,<sup>(126)</sup> adieu :  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son :—I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.**Enter* Sir PIERCE of EXTON *and a* Servant.*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,—

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”

Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.*Exton.* “Have I no friend?” quoth he: he spake it twice, And urg’d it twice together,—did he not?*Serv.* He did.*Exton.* And speaking it, he wistly look’d on me;  
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart,—  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let’s go:  
I am the king’s friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*SCENE V. *Pomfret. The dungeon of the castle.**Enter* King RICHARD.

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison where I live unto the world:  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it;—yet I’ll hammer ’t out.  
My brain I’ll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father: and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world;  
In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented.<sup>(127)</sup> The better sort,—  
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix’d  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word:  
As thus, “Come, little ones;” and then again,  
“It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small neeld’s<sup>(128)</sup> eye.”

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls ;  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
 That many have, and others must sit there ;  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
 And none contented : sometimes am I king ;  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am : then crushing penury  
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
 Then am I king'd again : and by and by  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing :—but whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear ?  
 Ha, ha ! keep time :—how sour sweet music is,  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept !  
 So is it in the music of men's lives.  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;<sup>(129)</sup>  
 But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;  
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock :  
 My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,<sup>(130)</sup>  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears :  
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,<sup>(131)</sup>  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans

[*Music.*]

Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince !

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer ;<sup>(132)</sup>

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou ? and how com'st thou hither now,<sup>(133)</sup>

Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes master's face.<sup>(134)</sup>

O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,

In London streets, that coronation-day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—

That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,

That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,  
How went he under him ?

*Groom.* So proud<sup>(135)</sup> as if he had disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,—

Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?

Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,

Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,

Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,

Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keep.* [*to the Groom*] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*]

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, Who late<sup>(136)</sup> came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*]

*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter Sir PIERCE OF EXTON and Servants, armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing a Servant.*]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another Servant. Then Exton strikes him down.*]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire  
That staggers thus my person.—Exton,<sup>(137)</sup> thy fierce hand  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.  
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*]

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood:  
Both have I spilt;—O, would the deed were good!  
For now the devil, that told me I did well,  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE VI. *Windsor. A room in the castle.*

*Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, YORK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire ;  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

*North.*

First, to

Thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is, I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discours'd in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*]

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter Sir PIERCE of EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,<sup>(138)</sup>  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely favour:  
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.—  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent:  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—  
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after<sup>(139)</sup> this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*]

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P. 105. (1)

"May"

Was inserted by Pope.—"This correction," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 258), "is indisputable." Again he observes (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 136), "The correction 'MAY many' is indisputably right; the same easy mistake, which has taken place in Lodge, *Wounds of Civil War*, iv., Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 52 ;

'*Flaccus*. Happy and fortunate thy return to Rome.

*Lepidus*. And long Marius live with fame in Rome.'

[Sig. F 2, ed. 1594.]

Obviously 'And long MAY Marius,' &c."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector supplies, less happily, "Full."

P. 106. (2)

"come ;"

Hanmer printed "come for :" but the old reading has the same meaning.

P. 106. (3)

"the note,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 234) suspects that we ought to read "thy note."

P. 107. (4)

"Wherever"

Pope printed "Where never."

P. 108. (5)

"dear"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "clear"—"a poor and needless innovation. *Dear*, in this place, means *precious, momentous, pressing, all-important*; and it assumes the same sense frequently in Shakespeare." STAUNTON.

P. 109. (6)

"his"

Was altered by Pope to "their,"—wrongly, I believe.

P. 110. (7)

"your gage,"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "his *gage*," because, he says, "it is clear from what precedes that Bolingbroke and Norfolk had each taken up the other's gage." But does not "your gage" mean "the gage which you have in your hand"?

P. 110. (8)

"Marshal,"

The old eds. have "Lord *Mars*hal." But compare, in sc. 3, "*K. Rich. Mars*hal, demand of yonder champion," &c., and "Order the trial, *marsh*al, and begin."

P. 110. (9)

"made"

The late Mr. W. W. Williams conjectures "mend,"—supposing that Gaunt "merely intends to say, that the correction of human error lies in the hands of Heaven, and not in those of men; and he would therefore appeal to Heaven for interference in the existing quarrel." *The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862, p. 378.

P. 110. (10)

"the will of heaven ;

Who, when they see"

Here, as Mr. Collier observes, "Gaunt uses 'heaven' as a plural." And see Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii, p. 110) on "Heaven used as plural."

P. 111. (11)

"Farewell, old Gaunt:"

"The commentators have tried various expedients to save the metre. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote, '*Fare thee well*.'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 141.—I prefer the earliest of their "expedients," viz. "*Farewell, old Gaunt, farewell*."

P. 112. (12)

"Desolate, desolate,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Desolate, desperate*."

P. 113. (13)

"Marshal, as the yonder knight in arms,"

"Why not, as before, 'Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms' ? The player, who varied the expression, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre." RITSON.

P. 114. (14)

"waxen coat,"

"'Waxen' may mean soft, and consequently penetrable or flexible. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they formed to every motion of the body. Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London." STREEVENS. Here "waxen" means, I believe, "as soft and penetrable as if it were made of wax."

P. 115. (15)

"innocency"

The old eds. have "innocence."



P. 116. (16)

*"Stay, stay,"*

The second "*stay*" is the addition of Walker, who observes; "the situation itself, surely, demands more than the simple '*stay*'" (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 144).—Pope gave "But, *stay*."

P. 116. (17)

*"on you"*

Altered by Pope to "you on."

P. 116. (18)

*"Which so rous'd up,"* &c.

"Capell, not without reason, has ejected this and the next four lines." W. N. LETTSON.

P. 116. (19)

*"fly-slow"*

So [most copies of?] the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*slie slow*" and "*slye slow*."

P. 117. (20)

*"be compassionate:"*

Here "*compassionate*" is explained "lamenting, complaining." But Mr. Singer reads "*be so passionate*;" and Mr. Grant White prints "*become passionate*" (Theobald's conjecture).

P. 117. (21)

*"ye."*

So Rowe.—The old eds. have "thee." See note 102 on *The Tempest*, vol. i. p. 254.

P. 118. (22)

*"so far as to mine enemy;—"*

"The first folio reads [with the first four quartos] '*fare*;' the second '*farre*.' Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c." RITSON. I do not agree with Mr. W. N. Lettson, who supposes that a line has been lost here.—Compare;

*"Yet thus far, Livia ;**Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,**But never love again."*Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, act iii. sc. 3.

P. 120. (23)

*"Think not the king did banish thee,"*

A mutilated line. Capell printed "*Think not the king did banish thee, my son.*" (I should prefer "*Think not, my son, the king did banish thee*").—Ritson proposes "Therefore, *think not the king*," &c.

P. 121. (24)

*"for me;"*

Which means "for my part," was improperly altered to "by me" in the second folio.

P. 121. (25) "Bagot here, and Green."  
So quarto 1634.—The folio has "heere Bagot and Greene."—These words are not in the earlier eds.

P. 122. (26) "K. Rich. Where lies he?  
Bushy. At Ely-house."  
Seymour and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, each in his own way, make these two speeches form a complete line.

P. 123. (27) "*As, praises of his state: then there are found  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom-sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen;*"  
The first quarto has "*As praises of whose taste the wise are found,*" &c.; the second quarto substitutes "*state*" for "*taste*;" and the later eds. give the passage as it stands in my text. That it is corrupted, who can doubt?—Mr. Collier proposes "*As, praise, of whose taste the wise are fond,*" &c.; which (though affording a very poor sense) is adopted by the Cambridge Editors.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures;

"*As, praises, of whose taste th'unwise are fond,  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom-strain,*" &c.

P. 123. (28) "in base imitation."  
Amended by Pope to "*in base awkward imitation.*"

P. 124. (29) "infection."  
In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted with the misprint "infestation;" hence Farmer suggested that the true reading was "infestation" (*i. e.* infestation); which Malone adopted.

P. 124. (30) "Withinky bolts,"  
Stevens conjectured "*With inky bolts;*" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "*Of inky bolts.*"

P. 124. (31) "*For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.*"  
Ritson conjectures "*— being rein'd,*" &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*being urg'd,*" &c.

P. 125. (32) "to see,"  
Omitted by Capell.

P. 125. (33) "~~And~~—  
K. Rich. *And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool*,"

So the folio.—The first four quartos have

"And thou—  
K. Rich. A [*the third and fourth quartos* Ah] lunatic  
lean-witted fool,"

which (in spite of Mr. Collier's note *ad l.* in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*) I continue to think a highly objectionable reading, inasmuch as it makes "thou" (meaning *Richard*) the nominative to "Dar'st" (meaning *Gaunt*).

P. 126. (34) "*Beseech*"  
The old eds. have "I do *beseech*,"

P. 126. (35) "*What says he?*"  
Capell printed "*What says he now?*"—which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 126) approves of.

P. 129. (36) "*'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.*"  
Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*'Gainst us, our wives, our children*," &c. To Mr. Singer's remark (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 98) that the alteration "is plausible, but not necessary," I may add that it is strongly opposed, if not absolutely forbidden, by a passage in *Henry V.* act i. sc. 2 ;

"That owe *yourselves, your lives*, and services  
To this imperial throne."

1864. Mr. Grant White observes that "*'wives*" seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life, the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife ; and then we see that the change is only ignorant."

P. 129. (37) "*And lost their hearts:*"  
The old eds. have "*And quite lost their hearts*,"—Steevens was probably right in supposing that the compositor's eye caught "quite" in this line from the "*quite*" in the following line ; and Mr. Grant White is also probably right in remarking that the emphatic force proper to a repetition is lost if "quite" appear in this place.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 306) boldly pronounces the "repetition to be corrupt," and conjectures that Shakespeare may have written

"*Ross*. The commons hath he pill'd  
With grievous taxes, and quite lost their hearts :  
The nobles hath he fin'd for ancient quarrels—  
*Will*. And daily," &c. ;

which Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks is "the proper reading and arrangement of the passage :"—I differ from him.

P. 129. (38) "*benevolences, and I not not what.*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 259) proposes "*benevolence, I not not what.*"

P. 130. (39)

"*Be confident to speak, Northumberland:  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Thy words are but our thoughts,*" &c.—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept. 1853, p. 306, thus defends the old text: "Ross's argument with Northumberland to speak was not merely because his words were as *their* thoughts. That was no doubt true; but the point of his persuasion lay in the consideration that Northumberland's words would be *as good as not spoken*. 'We three are but yourself, and, in these circumstances, your words are but *as* thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself.'"—1864. Mr. Staunton mentions "*our thoughts*" as "*an unhappy conjecture; for if they knew the intelligence Northumberland possessed, why need he impart it?*"

P. 130. (40)

" . . . . ."

Here a line has evidently dropt out; and Malone introduced within brackets

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,"—

with the following note: "The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus: 'About the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot,' &c. 'Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest perswasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishoppe of Canterburie (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes meanes), got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham,' &c. *Holinshed*, p. 1105, edit. 1577. There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597 by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His* brother) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel. . . . The Christian name of Sir Thomas Ramston is changed to *John*, and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies."

Ritson proposed filling up the lacuna with

"The son and heir of the late Earl of Arundel"

(which is nearly word for word from Holinshed).

Mr. Grant White remarks that "the rhythm is somewhat irregular in this enumeration of titles." "Somewhat," indeed:—vide note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 131. (41) "sweet Richard."

"Perhaps 'dear Richard.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 282.

P. 131. (42) "*Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,*"

"Dele 'it is'? Or possibly, 'Howe'er't be.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 126.

P. 131. (43) "*in thinking, on no thought I think,—*"

The old eds. have "*on thinking,*" &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 223) feels confident that the true reading of the line is, "*As,—though in thinking on no thing I think.*"

P. 131. (44) "*But what it is,*" &c.

Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests to me,

"*But what it is, that's not yet known, yet what  
I cannot name is nameless woe, I not.*"

P. 132. (45) "that"

May surely mean "that which."—But Rowe and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "what."

P. 133. (46) "*the commons cold,*"

The old eds. have "*the commons they are cold.*"

P. 133. (47) "*thrust disorderly*"

The old eds. have "disorderly thrust."

P. 134. (48) "*Is my near kinsman,*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—the word "*near*" not being in the old eds.—Strange to say, Dr. Guest (*Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 218) cites this line as uncorrupted, scanning it thus;

"Is | my kins|man : whom | the king | hath wrong'd | ."

P. 134. (49)

"*Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,*"

"'Who' [which is Pope's emendation]? or can 'purse', as a plural, be the true reading?" Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 126.

P. 134. (50) "*The hateful commons will perform for us,*"

The old eds. have "Will the hateful commons *performe* for us."

P. 134. (51)

*"Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever."*

This line is given in the first four quartos to Green and in the folio to Bushy.  
—I assign it, with Mr. Grant White, to Bagot.

P. 135. (51\*) *"It is my son, yong Harry Percy,"*

Capell printed *"It is my son, my lord, yong Harry Percy."*

P. 136. (52)

*"And in it are the Lords of York, Berklez, and Seymour,—"*

Pope gave *"And in it are the Lords, York, Berklez, Seymour."*—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read *"In't are the Lords,"* &c.,—observing that, without reference to the metrical question, *"And"* is better away.

P. 136. (53)

*"is't"*

Inserted by Capell.—Pope's insertion was *"now."* (In the preceding page we have *"But who comes here?"* where, the line consisting of eight syllables, *"is't"* is not required for the metre, as in the present line.)

P. 137. (54)

*"ostentation of despised arms?"*

Is explained by Mason *"a boastful display of arms which we despise."*—For *"despised"* Hamner reads *"despightful,"* Warburton *"disposed,"* and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector *"despoiling."*

P. 138. (55)

*"In"*

The old eds. have *"On."*

P. 138. (56)

*"wrongs,"*

See note 140 on *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 254.

P. 139. (57)

*"fare you well;—"*

*"Farewell?"* The extra syllable in the body of the line would be in place in *Macbeth* or *King Henry VIII.*, but is strange here." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 127.—Pope printed *"farewell."*

P. 139. (58) *"And there repose you for this night."*

Capell gave *"—for this night, or so."*—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads *"And there, my lords, repose you,"* &c.

P. 139. (59)

*"Bagot,"*

See note 71.

P. 141. (60)

*"over"*

Omitted by Pope; and rightly, perhaps.

P. 141. (61)

"*Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices:  
Awhile to work, and after holiday.*"

The "*my*" in the first line was added by Pope.—"Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third line rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness in his own plan; and inattention to history, of which he was most observant. Bolingbroke is, as it were, yet but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower in the very first year of King Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him." THEOBALD.—"It is evident from the preceding scene that there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress; and why, Dr. Johnson (for *you* think the emendation [by Theobald] just), might not Shakespeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welshmen are dispersed." RITSON.—"Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks, therefore, the line is genuine. See sc. iii. p. 147. Stowe expressly says that 'Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle.'" MALONE. Walker would retain the line in question; but he proposes to supply before it

"And lead we forth our well-appointed powers,"

observing, "The awkward vicinity, too, of the final words '*away*' and '*holiday*' to each other perhaps demands this." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 128.

P. 142. (62)

"*my good lord.*"

Here "*good*" was added by Pope (of which probably Mr. Grant White was not aware when he proposed "*good my lord*").—Dr. Guest quotes the line as it stands in the old eds., scanning it thus,

"Yea, | my lord | : how brook[s] | your grace | the air | ?"  
*Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 217.

(In the same page Dr. Guest cites, and scans thus, a line of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*,

"Ja|el who | : with hos|pita|ble guile ;"

though all the eds. have, as the sense requires,

"Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
Smote Sisera sleeping.")

P. 142. (63)

"After late"

The old eds. have "*After* your *late*" (the "your" having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line).

P. 142. (64)

"heaven yields"

The old eds. have "heavens yeeld." (This and the next three lines are not in the folio.)

P. 142. (65)

"if"

Not in the old eds.

P. 143. (66)

"know'st thou not"

*That when the winking eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,"*

In the last of these lines, "*that*" does not relate to the nearest antecedent, *globe*, but to *the eye of heaven*. Nothing is more common in Shakespeare and the writers of his day than this manner of disposing of the relative." TALBOT.—"Without disputing the general truth of Talbot's note, I deny that it is applicable here. It seems more probable that, by a most common typographical error, '*and*' has been expelled by an intrusive '*that*.' With deference to Staunton, there is nothing confused in the *imagery* of this magnificent passage, and though further on it contains some peculiarities of style, I have no doubt that the whole is correct with the exception specified above." W. N. LERTSOM.—Here Hanmer substituted "*and*" for "*that*."

P. 143. (67)

"boldly"

The earliest quarto has "bouldy;" the later eds. (with various spelling) "bloody."

P. 144. (68)

"and"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "or."

P. 144. (69)

"enough"

Omitted by Pope.

P. 145. (70)

"boys with women's voices"

*Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown,"*

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have "and *boyes*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*clap*" to "*clasp*" (an alteration made also by Pope), and "*female*" to "feeble:" but "*clap*" is undoubtedly right; and "*female*" may surely keep its place as equivalent to "womanish." (Compare;



"The earth itself breathes better perfumes here  
Than all the *female* men or women there,  
Not without cause, about them bear."

Cowley,—Poem in his Essay entitled *The Garden*.)

P. 145. (71)

"Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?"

"Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says,

'Is Bushy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?'

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question; and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him, in the 2d act, determining to do;

'Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland, to his majesty.'

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text,

'Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is *he* got?'

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*?" THEOBALD (whose alteration is truly abominable).—"I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's, because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second act, where Bolingbroke says, that Bristol Castle was held by Bushy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol, for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason; and in the parting scene between him, Green, and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland." MASON.

P. 146. (72)

"How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 300) observes that "one of these '*depos'ds*' is wrong;" and suggests that the second should be "*depriv'd*" (in the sense of "*depos'd*").—Pope printed "— *by the ghosts they dispossess'd*."—Mr. Swynfen Jervis would read "— *by their ghosts*," &c.

P. 146. (73)

"*Traition*,"

"Seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established* or *customary homage*." JOHNSON.—Roderick suggests "*Addition*," which seems right.

P. 146. (74)

"*Need friends:—subjected thus*,"

"I feel almost assured," says Walker, "that Shakespeare wrote, '*Need friends, fear enemies:—subjected thus*,' &c.; or at any rate something synonymous." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 13.

P. 148. (75)

"me;"

Added by Rowe.

P. 148. (76)

"and I not oppose"

The old eds. have "and oppose not."

P. 148. (77)

"Welcome,"

Hanmer substituted "Well."

P. 148. (78) "O, be*li*ke it is the Bishop of Carlisle."

There is something wrong here, for "*Carlisle*" was pronounced "*Cár-lisle*" (see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 129).—Mr. W. N. Lettison proposes "*Be*li*ke the Bishop of Cár-lisle*."

P. 149. (79)

"this castle's tatter'd battlements"

So the three latest quartos and the folio.—The two earliest quartos have "—— tottered *battlements*,"—which is merely a variety of spelling: see note 136 on the preceding play, p. 98. "So in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* [*Induction*] Rumour calls Northumberland's castle 'this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,' an expression synonymous to 'tatter'd.'" MASON.

P. 149. (80) "See, see, King Richard loth himself appear," &amp;c.

In all the old eds. this speech stands without a prefix. Most of the modern editors follow Hanmer (Warburton) in making it a portion of the next speech. That it belongs to Percy, I feel confident.

P. 149. (81)

"storm"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "harne."—The late Mr. W. W. Williams (*The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862, p. 278) conjectures "shame," and cites from *The Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3, "Forget the *shames* that you have stain'd me with:" but "storm," on account of what precedes, seems to me to be the far more probable reading here.

P. 150. (82)

"torn"

Has hitherto been passed over without notice by the editors: but qy. "lorn"?

P. 150. (83)

"Thy thrice-noble cousin"

Pope printed "No, *thy thrice-noble cousin*."—"Perhaps, '*This thy thrice-noble*,' &c. Yet I doubt whether '*this*' can be legitimately used here. The verse, too, is perplexed." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 260.

P. 151. (84)

"I am"

Struck out by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 151. (85)

"cousin,"

"Perhaps, 'coz.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 129.

P. 154. (86)

"joy?"

The old eds. have (the manifest blunder) "griefe,"

P. 154. (87)

"Of neither, girl:"

Capell printed "No, of neither, girl."

P. 154. (88)

"And I could weep, would weeping do me good,  
 And never borrow any tear of thee.—"

So Pope.—The old eds. have "And I could sing, would," &c.—Compare our author's *Lucrece*;

"By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
 'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?  
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.'"

P. 154. (89)

"But stay, here come the gardeners:"

Qy. "But, ladies, stay," &c.? So afterwards (p. 156) the Queen says, "Come, ladies, go," &c.

P. 154. (90)

"a firm state,"

The old eds. have "our *firm* estate."—Warburton first pointed out the error here, though Steevens attempts to defend it.—"Read '*a firm state*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 305.

P. 155. (91)

"We"

Not in the old eds.

P. 155. (92)

"All"

Added in the second folio.

P. 155. (93)

"then,"

Added by Pope.

P. 155. (94) "Thou, old Adam's likeness," &c.

There is something wrong in this passage: it was cut down by Pope to

"Thou, Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy tongue sound this displeasing news?"

P. 158. (95) "I task thee to the like,"

So Capell, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 180).—The first quarto has "*I task the earth to the like*:" the next three quartos have "*I take the earth to the like*."—(In a note on Walker's work, *ubi supra*, Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "'*Task*' is warranted by the first quarto. The error seems to have arisen from the words 'thee to the like' having been misprinted 'the earthe, like,' and from the correction having been inserted without ejecting the blunder").—This line and the seven next lines are omitted in the folio.

P. 158. (96) "As may be . . . .  
From sun to sun:"

The first four quartos have

"As it may be . . . .  
From sinns to sinne."

See the preceding note.

P. 159. (97) "here do I throw down this,"

"Holinshed says, that on this occasion 'he threw down a hood that he had borrowed'." STEEVENS. "Although Holinshed makes them all throw down their hoods, Shakespeare evidently means that Aumerle only shall throw down his; he having, before Surrey's insult, thrown down both gloves, one to *Bagot*, and one to *Fitzwater*. See this speech and the previous part of the scene." GRANT WHITE.

P. 159. (98) "To all his lands and signories:"

Altered by Pope to "*To all his signories*,"—and rightly, perhaps.

P. 159. (99) "My"

Added by Capell.

P. 160. (100) "breath,"

"Folio, '*breathe*.' *E* is not ordinarily or regularly subjoined to '*breathe*' in the spelling of that time. I think that the Elizabethan grammar requires '*breathe*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 180.

P. 161. (101) "Prevent, resist it,"

The old eds. have "*Preuent it, resist it*."

P. 161. (102) " *Lest children's children*"

The old eds. have "*Least Child, Childs Children*."—Corrected by Pope.—(Mr. Grant White observes that "'child's' is plainly a mere repetition.")

P. 161. (103) " *Well have you argu'd, sir,*" &c.

"This line and the next three lines evidently belong to Bolingbroke (note particularly '*we* arrest you,' and, presently after, 'under *our* arrest'): but since Northumberland, as Earl Marshal, executed the king's orders, these lines were given to him. The next line, 'May't please you,' &c., is quite unconnected with the context here, though it is alluded to in a subsequent speech of Northumberland's (p. 164), and the suit of the commons is mentioned in Holinshed. The '*Additions*' to the play begin with this line, and possibly some lines may have been omitted hereabouts from negligence." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 162. (104)

" *Give me the crown.* [The crown is brought to Richard, who seizes it.]—*Here, cousin,*  
*On this side my hand, and on that side yours.*"

"The quarto 1608, where this [speech and much more of the present] scene first appeared, reads

'Seize the crown.

Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours.'

The folio,

'Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown.

Here, cousin, on this side my hand, on that side thine.'

MALONE.

But Mr. Singer was the first to see that the words, "Seize the crown," were a stage-direction, which, by no unusual accident, had crept into the text.

P. 163. (105) " *Look upon,*"

So quarto 1608 (this speech forming part of the "new additions" which were first inserted in that quarto) and quarto 1615.—The folio has "*look upon me*:" but compare the passages from *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*, and *The Winter's Tale*, cited in note 121 on the last-mentioned play, vol. iii. p. 523.

P. 165. (106) " *lament*"

The old eds. have "laments."

P. 165. (107) " *my*"

Not in the old eds.—(Compare;

"My cousin Westmoreland?—No, *my fair cousin*."

*King Henry V.* act iv. sc. 3.)

P. 166. (108) " *but to*"

The old eds. have "*but also to*."

P. 167. (109)

"What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd  
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?"

That the author intended these lines to be so regulated, is proved by some other passages of the play;

"Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand," p. 150.

"What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty," &c. p. 152.—

1864. Walker, I now find, arranges these lines as I have done, but would alter "*weaken'd*" to "*weak'd*;" see his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 113.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note, *ibid.*) supposes that I "make a dissyllable of '*Bolingbroke*,'" not so; vide my second note on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 168. (110)

"And"

Not in the old eds.

P. 169. (111)

"window-tops"

The old eds. have "windowes tops."

P. 170. (112)

"bow"

The old eds. have "bound," which Capell altered to "bind."—I adopt the emendation of Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who, no doubt, is right in considering that here "bound" is a misprint for "bowe:" and see Walker on "*Final d and finale confounded*," in his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 61.

P. 170. (113)

"it"

Not in the old eds.

P. 170. (114) "Yea, looke'st thou pale, sir? let me see the writing."

Here "*sir*" was inserted by Capell (compare York's next speech but one).—Hammer printed "— come, let me see the writing;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "— let me, then, see the writing."—Dr. Guest (*Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 226) sees no deficiency in the old text of this line.

P. 171. (115)

"Beseech"

The old eds. have "I do beseech."

P. 171. (116)

"ho!"

I prefer making this addition, instead of printing in the next portion of the line, "*Saddle me my horse*," which was given by Hammer, and is recommended by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 181).

P. 172. (117)

"be gone!"

Thrown out by Pope for the metre's sake: but see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 172. (118)

"While he,

So dissolute a crew."

The old eds. have "Which he," &c.—I adopt Pope's correction; which, after all, seems to be the better way of dealing with this (perhaps mutilated) passage.

P. 173. (119)

"a"

Not in the old eds.

P. 173. (120) "My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,"

The old eds. have "— to my roof;" &c.—Corrected by Mr. W. N. Lettsom (who compares, "my tongue [might freeze] to the roof of my mouth," in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 1).—Here the error was occasioned by "my mouth."

P. 173. (121)

"on"

Which Pope altered to "but," is equivalent to "of."

P. 174. (122)

"strong,"

Walker would read "strange" (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 28).

P. 175. (123)

"are jest;"

The old eds. have "are in iest."

P. 175. (124)

"Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
That mercy which true prayers ought to have."

"To say nothing else, my ear repudiates this, standing where it does; see context. Read 'ought to crave,' I think. 'Prayers' in the second line is *precatores*, not *preces*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 285.—Pope printed "— let them crave," making, of course, no alteration in the second line.

P. 176. (125)

"But makes one pardon strong.

Boling.

With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch.

A god on earth thou art."

The old eds. have "I pardon him with all my heart" (which Mr. Collier retains,—though a couplet was evidently intended here).

P. 176. (126)

"and, cousin mine,"

Here all the old eds. have merely "*and Cousin*," except quarto 1634 (a slight authority), which has "*and Cousin too*."—I adopt, as preferable, the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—"Perhaps," say the Cambridge Editors, "the line may be amended thus;

'Uncle, farewell; farewell, aunt; cousin, adieu.'

Many as harsh-sounding lines may be found [?], and it seems only consonant with good manners that the king should take leave of his aunt as well as of the others. There is a propriety too in his using a colder form of leave-taking to his guilty cousin than to his uncle and aunt.—Qy. "*Uncle, farewell; aunt,—cousin, too,—adieu*"?

P. 177. (127)

"contented."

"Read [with Hammer] '*content*.' ('*This little world*,' i. e. his prison, not, as Malone explains it, his body; see below;

'—— this hard world, my ragged prison-walls.')

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 127.

P. 177. (128)

"small needl's"

So the first four quartos, except that they have "needle's" (see note 59 on *11 Midsummer-Night's Dream*, vol. ii. p. 381): the folio omits "*small*;" but Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 131) says; "That the epithet is from Shakespeare's hand, I feel certain."

P. 178. (129)

"To check time broke in a disorder'd string;"

"I strongly suspect that Shakespeare wrote 'To check *at* time broke in disorder'd string.'" W. N. LERTSOM. In the folio "heare" is substituted for "*check*," which is the reading of the first four quartos.

P. 178. (130)

"they jar"

*Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*Their*" [and "*there*"] *watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch*,"—which it is evident are not the very words of the poet.—Nares (*Gloss.* in v. "*Jar*") remarks; "The above is the reading of the second folio, and is sense without alteration or laborious explanation: the reading of the old quartos serves as the best comment. . . . The meaning is, 'They tick their periods on, to my eyes, which represent the outward watch;' 'watch' signifying, as Dr. Johnson observed, in the first place a portion of time, and in the second the face of the clock."—In *The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862, p. 378, the late Mr. W. W. Williams writes thus; "The second folio (1632) remedies the measure by printing;

'My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar

Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,' &c.;

but not of necessity correctly. As a mere conjecture, it might be suspected that 'watches' was a misreading for *aches*—a dissyllable in Shakespeare's



time, and pronounced *aitches*. But many critics would maintain that a pun was intended. Such repetitions were admired in the days of Elizabeth, and were also a fruitful source of typographical error. It must be admitted, too, that the text is reasonably intelligible as it stands. The word 'watches' does not necessarily apply to 'thoughts,' but to thoughts *as minutes*. So in 'King John,' act iv. scene 1, we have

'And like the *watchful minutes* to the hour,' &c.

The King may mean to say, that his thoughts 'jar' [or *tick*] their watchful minutes 'to' [or *on*] the outward dial of his eyes. 'Richard the Second' is an early play, and it is dangerous to meddle with any passage because the imagery may be forced or the language obscure."

P. 178. (131) "*Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,*"

The old eds. have "*Now, sir, the sound that tells,*" &c.—Here I do not adopt Mr. Collier's (and his Ms. Corrector's) alteration of "*sir*" to "*for*," though I now find that the change is also recommended by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 290), because I am still strongly inclined to believe that "*sir*" is merely one of those improprieties in soliloquy, of which so many examples might be collected from our early dramatists. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Launce *soliloquizes* thus; "This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: NOW, SIR, this staff is my sister," &c. act ii. sc. 3; and further on, he *soliloquizes* as follows; "If I had not had more wit than he [my dog], to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: YOU shall judge. He thrusts me himself," &c. act iv. sc. 2. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff, while *soliloquizing* at the Garter Inn, says; "The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and YOU may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking," &c. act iii. sc. 5. In *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*, &c. 1595, Strumbo thus appeals to the audience; "I [*i.e.* Ay], MAISTERS, I [*i.e.* ay], YOU may laugh, but I must weepe \* \* \* \* for, trust me, GENTLEMEN AND MY VERIE GOOD FRIENDS," &c. sig. B4. In Chapman's *Humorous Dayes Myrth*, 1599, while Flotila is alone on the stage, her husband enters behind, unseen by her, and commences a *soliloquy* thus; "Yea, mary, SIR, now I must looke about: now if her desolate [*i.e.* dissolute] proouer come againe, shal I admit him to make farther triall?" &c. sig. C3. In Middleton's *A Mad World, my Masters*, Sir Bounteous, who is the only person on the stage, observes; "An old man's venery is very chargeable, MY MASTERS; there's much cookery belongs to't," act iv. sc. 2,—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 890, ed. Dyce. In Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer tamed*, Petruchio says, *while solus*,

"'Tis hard dealing,

Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!"

Act iii. sc. 2.

and in his *Wild-Goose Chase* Pinac says, *while alone*,

"You talk of travels; here's a curious country!"

Act ii. sc. 2.

Nay, Walker, who, in the present passage of our text, pronounces "*sir*" to be

an error, himself furnishes me with at least one quotation which helps to support it, when (*ubi supra*) he writes as follows; "Ford, it is true, has fallen into this fault, *Love's Sacrifice*, ii. 2, Moxon, p. 81, col. 1, Fernando's soliloquy;

'She's young and fair: why, *madam*, that's the bait  
Invites me more to hope;' &c.

But Ford was not Shakespeare; and he may even have been misled by this very error of the press into a blind imitation of his great model." Utterly unlikely, I think.

P. 179. (132) "Thanks, noble peer;"

A playful rejoinder,—like the "what would my lord?" of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*: see note 42 on that comedy, vol. ii. p. 421.

P. 179. (133) "now,"

Not in the old eds.—Capell added "man" here.—If the more recent editors thought that by printing in this line "comest," they perfected the metre, they were very strangely mistaken.

P. 179. (134) "my sometimes master's face."

The old eds. have "my sometimes royall master's face."—"Sometimes was [occasionally] used for *formerly*," MALONE.

P. 179. (135) "proud"

The old eds. have "proudly."

P. 180. (136) "late"

The old eds. have "lately."

P. 180. (137) "Exton,"

Omitted by Pope.

P. 182. (138) "The mightiest of thy greatest enemies"

Capell conjectures "The mightiest of thy mighty enemies."

P. 182. (139) "after"

Would seem to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.—Pope substituted "over."

THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

THIS play, according to Malone, was probably written in 1597; according to Mr. Collier, perhaps in 1596. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Andrew Wise, Feb. 25th, 1597-8, as "A booke intituled the Historye of Henry the iiiith, with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe;" and by him it was published in 1598, 4to.—That not only in this play, but in *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, Sir John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, is beyond all doubt. In Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1618, we find (with an allusion to Falstaff's speech in *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, act v. sc. 2);

"Did you never see  
The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,  
Did tell you truly what this honour was?"—

a passage first pointed out by Farmer, and which, as Mr. Halliwell observes, would show "that some of the theatres, in acting *Henry IV.*, retained the name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff." (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare, &c.*, 1841, p. 28.) See too (*id.* pp. 24-6) the extract from *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, &c.*, 1604 (first cited by Malone), and that from *The Wandering Jew, telling fortunes to Englishmen*, 1640 (first cited by Reed). As to the internal evidence afforded by the two plays themselves that Falstaff was originally named Oldcastle:—in *The First Part*, act i. sc. 2, Prince Henry calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" on which Warburton remarks, "This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was *Sir John Oldcastle*; and when he changed the name, he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it." In *The Second Part*, act iii. sc. 2, Shallow says, "Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;" but *Oldcastle*, not Falstaff, had been page to that nobleman, as Reed shows by the following lines from *The Mirror of Martyrs, or The Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre, Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham*, by J. Weever, 1601, where Oldcastle is the speaker;

"Within the springtide of my flowing youth  
He [my father], stept into the winter of his age,  
Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)  
That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrays' page*."

And in the quarto of *The Second Part*, 1600, the speech of Falstaff, "Very well, my lord, very well," &c., act i. sc. 2, has the prefix "*Old,*"—which, as Theobald remarks, proves "that, the play being printed from the stage-manuscript, *Oldcastle* had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this

single place by an oversight; of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name." Compare, too, the words of the Epilogue to *The Second Part*; "where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."—From the entry in the Stationers' Registers quoted above, it is certain that Shakespeare had altered *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* before the play was printed. Rowe mentions "that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle: some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff*" (*Life of Shakespeare*): and the statement is supported by Dr. James's Epistle Dedicatory to his unpublished work, *The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr, Sir John Oldcastel*; where we are told that Shakespeare changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff*, "offence beinge worthily taken by personages descended from his [Oldcastle's] title, as peradventure by manie others allso whoe ought to haue him in honourable memorie." (See Halliwell's *Character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare*, &c. p. 20.)—It remains to be noticed, that the name which our author first gave to his inimitable knight was borrowed from an early anonymous play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battell of Agincourt*: in that play one of Henry's companions is a "*Sir John Oldcastle*,"—a personage, however, bearing no resemblance to Falstaff, and as dull as its other characters; and there, too,—crowded together and most inartificially handled,—are to be found the leading incidents of no fewer than three of Shakespeare's dramas, viz. *The First and Second Parts of King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. Utterly worthless as it is, *The Famous Victories* was a very popular piece, and passed through several editions. It was produced before 1588, when Richard Tarlton, who had acted in it, died. (Nichols has reprinted it among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, prince of Wales,  
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, } sons to the King.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.

SCROOP, archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINTZ.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,  
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*England.*

THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT,  
*and others.*

*K. Hen.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in strands<sup>(1)</sup> afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armèd hoofs  
Of hostile paces : those opposèd eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross  
We are impressèd and engag'd to fight,—  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;<sup>(2)</sup>  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs

To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessèd feet  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :  
 Therefore we meet not now.<sup>(3)</sup>—Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question  
 And many limits of the charge set down  
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came  
 A post from Wales laden with heavy news ;  
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 A thousand<sup>(4)</sup> of his people butcherèd ;  
 Upon whose dead corpse<sup>(5)</sup> there was such misuse  
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems, then, that the tidings of this  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my grace,  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the north, and thus it did import :  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true-industrious  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,



Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains :<sup>(6)</sup> of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake the<sup>(7)</sup> earl of Fife and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas ; and the Earls<sup>(8)</sup> of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :  
And is not this an honourable spoil,  
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

*West.* In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.<sup>(9)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me  
sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son,—  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine :  
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,  
Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer this ;  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords :  
But come yourself with speed to us again ;  
For more is to be said and to be done  
Than out of anger can be utter'd.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *The same. Before a tavern.*

*Enter* Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal ; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus,—he, “that wandering knight so fair.”\* And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

*P. Hen.* What, none ?

*Fal.* No, by my troth,—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty :<sup>(10)</sup> let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of

\* “that wandering knight so fair.”] Perhaps a quotation from some ballad about the Knight of the Sun (*El Donzel del Phoebo*), whose adventures were translated from the Spanish by Margaret Tyler, under the title of *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*.

the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is; by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "lay by," and spent with crying "bring in;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.<sup>(11)</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Hen.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Hen.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugged bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

*Enter POINTZ at some distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—Pointz!<sup>(12)</sup>—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried “stand” to a true man.

*P. Hen.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poin.* Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Hen.* Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

*Poin.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Hen.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

*Poin.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poin.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou earnest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.<sup>(13)</sup>

*P. Hen.* Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses

of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P Hen* Farewell, thou<sup>(14)</sup> latter spring! farewell, All-hallow summer! [*Exit Falstaff*]

*Pom.* Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto,<sup>(15)</sup> and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid, yourself and I will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P Hen.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poin.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fall, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P Hen.* Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Pom.* Tut! our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood, our visards we will change, after we leave them, and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to unmask our noted outward garments.

*P Hen.* But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Pom.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-livered cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fit rogue will tell us when we meet at supper how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wounds, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

*P Hen.* Well, I'll go with thee provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night<sup>(16)</sup> in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poin.* Farewell, my lord

[*Exit.*]

*P Hen.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother-up his beauty from the world,  
 That, when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapour<sup>(16)</sup> that did seem to strangle him.  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work  
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promis'd,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,  
 Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others

*K. Hen* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 And<sup>(17)</sup> you have found me, for accordingly  
 You tread upon my patience but be sure  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,  
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
 And therefore lost that title of respect  
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
 The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it,  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands  
 Have help to make so poorly

*North*

My good lord,—<sup>(18)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Worcester,<sup>(19)</sup> get thee gone; for I do see  
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
 O, sir,  
 Your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
 You have good leave to leave us: when we need  
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Worcester.*  
*[To North.]* You were about to speak.

*North.* Yea, my good lord.  
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
 As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly<sup>(20)</sup> dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and talk'd;  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,<sup>(21)</sup>  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—



He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad<sup>(22)</sup>  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,—  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,<sup>(23)</sup>  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war :—to prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower :  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly :  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie  
 him ;<sup>(24)</sup>

He never did encounter with Glendower :  
 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not asham'd ? But, sirrah, henceforth<sup>(25)</sup>  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son.—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.*]

*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so : for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause awhile :  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!  
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* [*to Worcester*] Brother, the king hath made your  
nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd  
By Richard that is dead<sup>(26)</sup> the next of blood?

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was when the unhappy king—  
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly murder'd.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
And for his sake wear the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman<sup>(26\*)</sup> rather?—  
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To show the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king;—  
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power  
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again;  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:  
 Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents<sup>(27)</sup>  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim:—<sup>(28)</sup>  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple:—O, the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corrival all her dignities:  
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.—  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:—  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"

Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,—  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung<sup>(29)</sup> and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with  
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
 In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—  
 A plague upon 't—it is in Glostershire;—  
 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—  
 His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
 When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.  
*North.* At Berkley-castle.

*Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
 Look, “when his infant fortune came to age;”  
 And, “gentle Harry Percy,” and, “kind cousin,”—  
 O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—  
 Good uncle, tell your tale ; for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again ;<sup>(80)</sup>  
 We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
 And make the Douglas' son<sup>(81)</sup> your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
 Will easily be granted.—[*To Northumberland*] You, my  
 lord,  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
 Th' archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is't not?

*Wor.* True ; who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
 I speak not this in estimation,  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell't: upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—  
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—  
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Rochester. An inn-yard.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*First Car.* Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be  
hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our  
horse not packed.—What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*within*] Anon, anon.

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few

flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,<sup>(32)</sup> and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

*Sec. Car.* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

*Sec. Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the<sup>(33)</sup> chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

*Sec. Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

*First Car.* God's body, the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thine.

*Sec. Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Sec. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I



warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight:—there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet 'not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity,<sup>(34)</sup> burgomasters and great oneyers,<sup>(35)</sup> such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,—for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We

steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,—we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The road by Gadshill.*

*Enter* Prince HENRY and POINTZ; BARDOLPH and PETO *at some distance.*

*Poin.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*P. Hen.* Stand close. [*They retire.*]

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Pointz! Pointz, and be hanged! Pointz!

*P. Hen.* [*coming forward*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Pointz, Hal?

*P. Hen.* He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*]

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. —Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles

a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

*P. Hen.* [*coming forward*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*P. Hen.* Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:—when a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand!

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Pointz.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.<sup>(36)</sup>

[*Coming forward with Bardolph and Peto.*]

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds, will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Pointz.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*P. Hen.* [*aside to Pointz*] Ned, where are our disguises ?

*Pointz.* [*aside to P. Hen.*] Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Pointz.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I : every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

*First Trav.* Come, neighbour :  
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill ;  
We'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Fal., Gads., &c.* Stand !

*Sec. Trav.* Jesu bless us !

*Fal.* Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats :  
—ah, whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us  
youth :—down with them ; fleece them.

*First Trav.* O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever !

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone ? No,  
ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on !  
What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grand-  
jurors, are ye ? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Fal., Gads., &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, in buckram suits.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now  
could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London,  
it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and  
a good jest for ever.

*Poin.* Stand close : I hear them coming. [*They retire.*]

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse  
before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant

cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Pointz set upon them.*]

*P. Hen.* Your money!

*Poin.* Villains!

[*Gadshill, Bardolph, Peto, and (after a blow or two) Falstaff, run away, leaving the booty behind them.*]

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:  
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poin.* How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. *Warkworth. A room in the Castle.*

*Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*

*Hot.* "—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous:"—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York

commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
Cry, "Courage! to the field!"—and thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the 'currents<sup>(37)</sup> of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thou hast so<sup>(38)</sup> bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late-disturb'd stream;  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden<sup>(39)</sup> hest. O, what portents are these?  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter a Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance*!—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse,

My love,—my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,<sup>(40)</sup>

I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: but if you go,—

*Hot.* So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to<sup>(41)</sup> this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me true.

*Hot.* Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mamots and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?<sup>(42)</sup>  
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:  
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise; but yet no further wise  
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend  
me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Enter POINTZ.*

*Poin.* Where hast been, Hal?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads amongst three or  
fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of  
humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers;  
and can call them all by their Christian names, as,—Tom,  
Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation,  
that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of



courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry “hem!” and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than “Eight shillings and sixpence,” and “You are welcome,” with this shrill addition, “Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so:—but, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling “Francis,” that his tale to me may be nothing but “anon.” Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

[*Exit Pointz.*]

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*P. Hen.* Thou art perfect.

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

*P. Hen.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Five years! by’r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I’ll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?—

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

*P. Hen.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Hen.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*P. Hen.* Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poin.* [*within*] Francis!

*P. Hen.* Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

*P. Hen.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.  
[*Exit Vintner.*] Pointz!

*Re-enter POINTZ.*

*Poin.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Hen.* I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* [*within*] Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a<sup>(42)</sup> breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after,—"a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo," says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; followed by FRANCIS with wine.*

*Poin.* Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter,<sup>(43)</sup> that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the

earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards! I say still.

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that:—and Pointz there?

*Poinz.* Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders,—you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I. [Drinks.]

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of

all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,—

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then came<sup>(44)</sup> in the other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish:<sup>(45)</sup> if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*P. Hen.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poin.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poin.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poin.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them, —gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou nott-pated<sup>(46)</sup> fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—<sup>(47)</sup>

*Fal.* What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

*P. Hen.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this ?

*Poin.* Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse'-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you eel-skin,<sup>(48)</sup> you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee !—you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and ~~when thou hast~~ tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poin.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four ; you<sup>(49)</sup> bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how

a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poin.* Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap-to the doors [*to Hostess within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

*P. Hen.* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*P. Hen.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—  
Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Hen.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Hen.* Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P. Hen.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*P. Hen.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*P. Hen.* No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villanous news



abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

*Poin.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*P. Hen.* Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

*P. Hen.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*P. Hen.* Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.<sup>(50)</sup>

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Hen.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein. [Drinks.]

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful<sup>(51)</sup> queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the canomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepst: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a vir-

tuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Shlood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*P. Hen.* Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man,—a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it; but that he is—saving your reverence—a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz: but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company:<sup>(52)</sup>—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

*P. Hen.*<sup>(53)</sup> Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.<sup>(54)</sup>

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras :—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a<sup>(55)</sup> good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had ; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Pointz.*<sup>(56)</sup>

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me ?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*P. Hen.* What men ?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—  
A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here ;  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.  
And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal :  
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Hen.* I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

*P. Hen.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go,  
call him forth.

*Poin.* Falstaff !—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting  
like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his  
pockets. [*Pointz searches.*] What hast thou found ?

*Poin.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what they be : read them.

*Poin.* [*reads*] "Item, A capon, . . . . 2s. 2d.  
 Item, Sauce, . . . . 4d.  
 Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . 5s. 8d.  
 Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.  
 Item, Bread, . . . . ob."<sup>(57)</sup>

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

*Poin.* Good morrow; good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor.* A room in the Archdeacon's house.

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
 And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
 Will you sit down?—  
 And uncle Worcester:<sup>(58)</sup>—a plague upon it!  
 I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* . . . . No, here it is.  
 Sit, cousin Percy;—sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
 A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often<sup>(59)</sup> as he hears  
 Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity  
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 Of burning cressets; and<sup>(60)</sup> at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kitten'd,<sup>(61)</sup> though yourself had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then th' earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again, that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to<sup>(62)</sup> the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.—  
I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command  
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

*Mort.* Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent  
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How scap'd he agues,<sup>(63)</sup> in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it<sup>(64)</sup>  
Into three limits very equally:—  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;  
Which being seal'd interchangeably,—  
A business that this night may execute,—  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power;  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—  
[*To Glend.*] Within that space you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,



For<sup>(65)</sup> there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours :  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but  
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side ;  
Gelding th' opposèd continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
And then he runs straightly and evenly.<sup>(66)</sup>

*Hot.* I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you ?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay ?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you, then ;

Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;  
For I was train'd up in the English court ;  
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart :  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree ;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry :—  
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well-deserving friend ;<sup>(67)</sup>  
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
 Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair ; you may away by night :  
 I'll in and<sup>(68)</sup> haste the writer, and withal  
 Break with your wives of your departure hence :  
 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

*Hot.* I cannot choose : sometime he angers me  
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,  
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
 And such-a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
 He held me last night at the<sup>(69)</sup> least nine hours  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names  
 That were his lackeys : I cried " hum," and " well, go to,"<sup>(70)</sup>  
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
 As is<sup>(71)</sup> a tired horse, a railing wife ;  
 Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
 Exceedingly well-read, and profited  
 In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,  
 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
 When you do cross his humour ; faith, he does :

I warrant you, that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;<sup>(72)</sup>  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which haunting a nobleman  
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with Lady MORTIMER and Lady PERCY.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her she<sup>(73)</sup> and my aunt Percy  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to Lady Mortimer in Welsh,  
and she answers him in the same.*]

*Glend.* She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd har-  
lotry,

One no<sup>(74)</sup> persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens<sup>(75)</sup>  
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to him again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite<sup>(76)</sup> mad.

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer again in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this!

*Glend.* She bids you  
Upon<sup>(77)</sup> the wanton rushes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;  
And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
Yet<sup>(78)</sup> straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, "quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap."

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.  
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical; for  
you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief,  
and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady Mortimer.*

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! "Not you, in good sooth;"<sup>(79)</sup> and "as true as I live;" and "as God shall mend me;" and "as sure as day;"

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave "in sooth,"  
And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [Exit.

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book 's drawn;<sup>(80)</sup> we'll but seal, and then  
To horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* King HENRY, Prince HENRY, and Lords.

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I  
Must have some privato<sup>(81)</sup> conference: but be near at hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you. [Exit Lords.  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 Such poor, such base,<sup>(82)</sup> such lowd, such mean attempts,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal :  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink<sup>(83)</sup> thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at ;  
 That men would tell their children, “ This is he ; ”  
 Others would say, “ Where, which is Bolingbroke ? ”

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crownèd king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,  
And won by rareness such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state ;<sup>(84)</sup>  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;  
Had his great name profan'd with their scorns ;  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative ;  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey, and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little<sup>(85)</sup>  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;  
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ;  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation : not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;

Which now doth that I would not have it do,—  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,<sup>(86)</sup>  
As thou art to<sup>(87)</sup> this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou, the shadow of succession;  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military title capital  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
Th' Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, and<sup>(88)</sup> Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.



*P. Hen.* Do not think so ; you shall not find it so :  
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favour<sup>(89)</sup> in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it :  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here :  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt ! thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So is<sup>(90)</sup> the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;  
For this advertisement is five days old:—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
On Thursday we ourselves will march:<sup>(91)</sup>  
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life:

thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, —but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel:" but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rankest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I

know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, marching. FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*P. Hen.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea,—if he said my ring was copper.

*P. Hen.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I

dare ; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Hen.* And why not as the lion ?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

*P. Hen.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine,—it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket-up wrong :<sup>(92)</sup> art thou not ashamed ?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man ; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket ?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason ; thou seest I am pacified.—Still ?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered ?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :—the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O, for a fine thief, of the age of

two-and-twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph,—

*Bard.* My lord ?

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, My<sup>(93)</sup> brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

[*Exit Bardolph.*]

Go, Pointz,<sup>(94)</sup> to horse, to horse ; for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride ere<sup>(95)</sup> dinner-time. [*Exit Pointz.*]

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon :<sup>(96)</sup>

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;

And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world !—Hostess, my breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum !

[*Exit.*]

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## ACT IV.

[ SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.* ]

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By God, I cannot flatter ; I defy The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself : Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour : No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

*Hot.*

Do so, and 'tis well.—

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.<sup>(97)</sup>

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind; not I, my lord.<sup>(98)</sup>

*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole  
Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here, that inward sickness,—<sup>(99)</sup>

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, it's not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set<sup>(100)</sup> so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read



The very bottom and the soul of hope,<sup>(101)</sup>  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should ;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion ;  
And<sup>(102)</sup> we may boldly spend upon the hope  
Of what is to come in :  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hair of our attempt<sup>(103)</sup>  
Brooks no division : it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence :  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;  
For well you know we of the offering<sup>(104)</sup> side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.<sup>(105)</sup>  
I, rather, of his absence make this use :—  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
Spoke of in<sup>(106)</sup> Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm :—what more ?

*Ver.*

And further, I have learn'd,

The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff<sup>(107)</sup> the world aside,  
And bid it pass ?

*Ver.*

All furnish'd, all in arms ;

All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind ;  
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;<sup>(108)</sup>  
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease<sup>(109)</sup> into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more : worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :  
The mailèd Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste<sup>(110)</sup> my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :

Harry to<sup>(111)</sup> Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—  
O, that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news :  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be :  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily :  
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying : I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil<sup>(112)</sup> to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnot. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired<sup>(112\*)</sup> me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such

as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick<sup>(112+)</sup> his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but<sup>(113)</sup> a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft

hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay<sup>(114)</sup> too long. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him, then, advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.<sup>(115)</sup>

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—  
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—

If well-respected honour bid me on,  
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives :—(116)  
 Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
 Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
 Being men of such great leading as you are,  
 That you foresee not what impediments  
 Drag back our expedition : certain horse  
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :  
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;  
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
 That not a horse is half the half of himself. (117)

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
 In general, journey-bated and brought low :  
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours :  
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and would to God  
 You were of our determination !  
 Some of us love you well ; and even those some  
 Envy your great deservings and good name,  
 Because you are not of our quality,  
 But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
 So long as out of limit and true rule  
 You stand against anointed majesty !  
 But, to my charge,—The king hath sent to know  
 The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon  
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and well we know the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God,  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocence<sup>(118)</sup> and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for:

Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—  
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king,—to be engag'd<sup>(119)</sup> in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited ;  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong ;  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety ; and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which now<sup>(120)</sup> we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king ?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes : and so, farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV. *York. A room in the Archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael ; bear this seal'd brief  
With wing'd haste to the lord marshal ;  
This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest



To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's  
Douglas

And Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer's not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there's my Lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together;—  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corrivals and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste. I must go write again  
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon bosky<sup>(121)</sup> hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathise,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

*Enter* WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to 't? will you again unknot  
This churlish knot of all-aborrèd war?  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! well,<sup>(122)</sup> how comes it,  
then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*P. Hen.* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour from myself and all our house ;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And,<sup>(123)</sup> from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;  
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,<sup>(124)</sup>  
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest ;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety-sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :  
Whereby we stand oppos'd<sup>(125)</sup> by such means

As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changlings and poor discontents,  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation :  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,  
More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
And so I hear he doth account me too :  
Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Hen.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
thee,

Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well ; even those we love  
That are misled upon your cousin's part ;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :  
So tell your cousin, and then<sup>(126)</sup> bring me word  
What he will do : but if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;  
We will not now be troubled with reply :  
We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life :  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;  
For, on their answer, will we set on them :  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride  
me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-  
ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loth to pay him before  
his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not  
on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea,  
but how if honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ?  
Can honour set to a leg ? no : or an arm ? no : or take away  
the grief of a wound ? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery,  
then ? no. What is honour ? a word. What is that word,  
honour ? air.<sup>(127)</sup> A trim reckoning !—Who hath it ? he that  
died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? no. Doth he hear it ?  
no. Is it insensible, then ? yea, to the dead. But will it not  
live with the living ? no. Why ? detraction will not suffer it.  
Therefore I'll none of it : honour is a mere scutcheon :—and  
so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

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SCENE II. *The rebel camp.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal-kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.  
It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;<sup>(128)</sup>  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,—  
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,—  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:  
All his offences lie<sup>(128\*)</sup> upon my head  
And on his father's: we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:—deliver up  
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and<sup>(129)</sup> shall, and very willingly. *[Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently<sup>(130)</sup> of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,  
By new-forswearing<sup>(131)</sup> that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,<sup>(132)</sup> did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you:  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,—  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd  
Upon<sup>(133)</sup> his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.<sup>(134)</sup>

But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—  
Arm, arm with speed:—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord,  
Here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—  
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking; only this,—  
Let each man do his best: and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on.—  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace;  
For, heaven to earth,<sup>(135)</sup> some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

*Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarm to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and Sir WALTER BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the<sup>(136)</sup> battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know, then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;<sup>(137)</sup>  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and Blunt is slain.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many masking in his coats.<sup>(138)</sup>

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away!  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you! here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's but<sup>(139)</sup> three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,—to beg during life.—But who comes here?

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths as yet are<sup>(140)</sup> unreveng'd: I prithee,  
Lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.  
I prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gettest not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: what, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.  
[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

*P. Hen.* What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.  
[*Exit.*]

---

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY,  
Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I prithee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Hen.* I do<sup>(141)</sup> beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so.—  
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:  
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*P. John.* We breathe too long:—come, cousin Westmore-  
land,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

*[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.]*

*P. Hen.* By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*P. Hen.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! *[Exit.]*

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,  
So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys  
 Seek Percy and thyself about the field :  
 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
 I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit ;  
 And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :  
 But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
 And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the King being in danger, re-enter P. Henry.*]

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
 Never to hold it up again ! the spirits  
 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm :<sup>(142)</sup>  
 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;  
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight : Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?—<sup>(143)</sup>

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
 And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe awhile :—  
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;  
 And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O God, they did me too much injury  
 That ever said I hearken'd for your death !  
 If it were so, I might have let alone  
 Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
 Which would have been as speedy in your end  
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.  
 [Exit.]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,  
 To share with me in glory any more :  
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come  
To end the one of us ; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.      [*They fight.*

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find no  
boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he  
were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :—  
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,  
And time that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.<sup>(144)</sup> O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue :—no, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for—      [*Dies.*

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great  
heart !—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough :—this earth that bears thee dead  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[Sees *Falstaff* on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man:  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity!  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

*Fal.* [rising] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day,  
I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-mor-  
row. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot terma-  
gant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie,  
I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is  
but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man:  
but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be  
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.  
The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better  
part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gun-  
powder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should coun-  
terfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove  
the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea,  
and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well  
as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.  
Therefore, sirrah [*Stabbing him*], with a new wound in your  
thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

*P. Hen.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou  
flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

*P. John.* But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding  
On<sup>(145)</sup> the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears :—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*Throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, wounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. [*A retreat sounded.*  
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*

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SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urg'd me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.<sup>(146)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too.<sup>(147)</sup>  
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

*P. Hen.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.<sup>(148)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]



P. 207. (1)

"strands"

Here Malone and some other editors retain the old spelling "stronds," though in *The Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1, they print "Colchos' strand."—In early books we frequently meet with passages where the word is spelt "strond," and yet is to be pronounced *strand*: e.g. in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act i. sc. 1, the folio has

"That made great Ioue to humble him to her *hand*,  
When with his knees he kist the Cretan *strond*."

P. 207. (2)

"levy;"

Capell printed "lead."—"To levy a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ," subjoins Mr. Steevens, 'is an expression *quite* unexampled, if not corrupt,'—and he accordingly proposes to read *lead* for *levy*! But there is no occasion. The expression is neither *unexampled* nor *corrupt*; but good authorized English. One instance if it is before me. 'Scipio, before he *levied* his force to the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured.' Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587, E 4." Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 138.

P. 208. (3) "But this our purpose is a twelremonth old,

Therefore we meet not now."

I may notice that the reading of the two earliest quartos, "*But this our purpose now is twelve month old*," is objectionable on account of the following "meet not now."

P. 208. (4)

"A thousand"

The folio has "And a thousand."

P. 208. (5)

"corps"

"corps," i.e. corpses.—Here the old eds. have "corps" and "corpes,"—which perhaps might be considered as the plural of "corp" (see Middleton's *Works*, vol. iv. 32, and vol. i. lxxiii. (Add. and Cor.) ed. Dyce), if other passages in our author's writings did not forbid us to suppose so: e.g. the folio has in *Twelfth-Night* (Song), act ii. sc. 4, "My poore *corpes*" (i.e. corpse); in *The Winter's Tale*, act v. sc. 1, "Againe possesse her *corps*" (i.e. corpse), &c.

P. 209. (6)

"Holmedon's plains:"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 258) queries "Holmedon plains"?

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P. 209. (7)

"the"

Not in the old eds.—"Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of Earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners." STEEVENS.

P. 209. (8)

"Earls"

The old eds. have the singular. (Some slight mutilation here.)

P. 209. (9)

"West. *In faith,*  
*It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.*"

The old eds., by mistake, make "*In faith it is*" the conclusion of the preceding speech.—Most probably Shakespeare wrote "*West. Faith, 'tis a conquest,*" &c.

P. 210. (10)

"beauty."

Theobald substituted "booty."—Malone has no doubt that here a pun was intended,—"*beauty* (booty)."

P. 211. (11)

"my old lad of the castle."

See Introduction to this play, p. 204.

P. 212. (12)

"Pointz!"

So the name is spelt here in the folio, and rightly, I conceive: compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 2, vol. i. p. 380; "he kept company with the wild prince and *Pointz*."

P. 213. (13) "*nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.*"

"Falstaff is quibbling on the word '*royal*.' The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. [Pope's reading] '*ery, stand,*' will not support it." STEEVENS.

P. 214. (14)

"thou"

The old eds. have "the."

P. 214. (15)

"*Bardolph, Peto,*"

The old eds. have "Haruey, Rossill" (the names of the actors, it would seem).

P. 214. (16)

"to-night"

The old eds. have "*to morrow night*."—Corrected by Capell.

P. 215. (16\*)

"vapour"

The old eds. have "vapours."

P. 215. (17)

"And"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "As."

P. 215. (18)

"My good lord,—"

So Pope, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 24); and see the continuation of this interrupted speech.—The old eds. have "My lord."

P. 216. (19)

"Worcester,"

"Is sometimes, I think, a trisyllable," says Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 235, where he cites the present line).

P. 216. (20)

"neat, trimly"

The old eds. have "neat and trimly."

P. 216. (21)

"Out of my grief and my impatience  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,"

These two lines are transposed in the old eds.—The correction was suggested by Edwards and Johnson, and made by Capell.

P. 217. (22)

"He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad"

Here the folio omits the second "he,"—and rightly perhaps.

P. 217. (23)

"fears,"

Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "foes;" but note 140 on *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 254 (where various examples are given of the abstract being put for the concrete by our author) will prove that the above alteration is at least a rash one, and that "fears" may be equivalent to "objects of fear."—As to Mr. Knight's emendation, "fores" (*i.e.* companions), it is neither more nor less than ridiculous.

Here Mr. Collier boldly asserts that in two passages of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in one of Marlowe, the reading of the old copies "fears" is a misprint for "foes." Now, to take only the first of the said passages, *Valentinian*, act iv. sc. 1,—

"Is not

The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar  
(Were this Aſcius more than man) ſufficient  
To ſhake off all his honeſty? he's dangerous,  
Though he be good; and, *though a friend*, A FEAR'D ONE;  
And ſuch I muſt not ſleep by.—Are they come yet?—  
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.

'Twas time to look about: if I must perish,  
Yet shall my FEARS go foremost,"—

more readers, I conceive, when the passage is thus fully cited, will agree with me that "*fears*" is right, and equivalent to "objects of fear," than with Mr. Collier that it is a misprint for "foes." (In another play by the same authors, *The Maid's Tragedy*, act ii. sc. 2, we have the singular, "*fear*;"

"Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship ploughing it; and then a *Fear*:  
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.")

Nor should it be forgotten that in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* act iv. sc. 4, "*fears*" occurs in a passage where neither the Ms. Corrector nor Mr. Collier have attempted any alteration, and where the word can have no other meaning than "objects of fear;"

"It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold *fears*,  
Thou seest, with peril I have answer'd;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument," &c.

P. 218. (24) "thou dost belie him;"

This repetition was altered by Pope to "thou beliest him."

P. 218. (25) "*Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth*"

"Dele '*thou*,'" says Mr. W. N. Lettsom: "'*henceforth*' is a trisyllable here."

P. 219. (26) "*is dead*"

The old eds. have "dead is;" see Walker on "Transposition of Words" in his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 246.

P. 220. (26\*) "*hangman*"

Hammer substituted "hangmen."

P. 220. (27) "*discontents*"

"'*Discontent*'? for Hotspur alone seems to be addressed." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 258.

P. 220. (28) "*If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim:—*"

"This," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "seems incompatible with what follows."

P. 221. (29)

*"wasp-stung"*

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have "*waspe-tongue*" and "*waspe-ton-gu'd*."—"The sense requires '*waspish*,' and this perhaps was Shakespeare's word. It may have been badly written, and the *redacteur* of the first quarto may have sophisticated the passage from the fourth line below. The reading of the second quarto [*'waspe-tongue'*] seems a similar sophistication from the next line but one below ('Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own'), which refers exclusively to the phrase 'woman's mood.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 222. (30)

*"Nay, if you have not, to't again;"*

So the folio.—Qy. "*Nay*, cousin [*or* "kinsman,"—see *ante*], *if you have not*," &c.—(The quartos have "to it;" and Capell printed "*Nay, if you have not*, sir, to it *again*.")

P. 222. (31)

*"the Douglas' son"*

See note 7.

P. 224. (32)

*"as drunk here as a dog;"*

"The Rev. Mr. Barry," says Mr. Collier, "suggests to me, that we should read *doek* for 'dog,' the error having easily arisen from the mishearing of the word." An unhappy "suggestion;" for "*as wet as a dog*" is an expression still in use: and compare the following passage; "But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast vpon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and vnderstand them: As I haue heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or, as cold as a Dogge; I sweat like a Dogge (when indeed a Dog neuer sweates), as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge; and one told a Man once, That his Wife was not to be belceu'd, for shee would lye like a Dogge," &c. *The World runnes on Wheels*, p. 232,—Taylor's *Workes*, ed. 1630. (I was the first who brought forward this passage of Taylor in illustration of our text: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, 1844.)

P. 224. (33)

*"the"*

So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "your" (the Ms. having had "*ye*," which was mistaken for "*y*").

P. 225. (34)

*"tranquillity,"*

"Means," according to Capell, "persons at their ease." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 155.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "anguinity."

P. 225. (35)

*"great oneyers,"*

Johnson supposes that this is merely a cant variation of "great ones,"—"great-one-éers."—Theobald (at the suggestion of Nicholas Hardinge) substituted "*great moneyers*;" Hanmer, "*great owners*;" Capell, "*great mynheers*;" and Malone conjectured "*great onyers*," *i.e.* public accountants. (But it should be remembered that Gadshill is speaking here of his companions, not of the persons to be robbed.)

P. 227. (36) "Pointz. *O, 'tis our setter : I know his voice,*" &c.

The old eds. have (with various spelling and arrangement),

"*Poin. O tis our Setter, I know his voyce : Bardoll, what newes ?  
Bar. Case ye, case ye,*" &c.

Johnson saw the proper distribution of the speeches here.

P. 280. (37) "*Of prisoners ransoni'd, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the 'currents'*"

The old eds. have "*Of prisoners ransome*" (the certain correction of which was proposed by Capell; and see Walker on "*Final d and final e confounded*," in his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 61):—"the 'currents,' i.e. the occurrences. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*." MALONE.—But perhaps we ought to print here "th' occurrents."

P. 280. (38) "*And thou hast so*"

The old eds. have "*And thus hath so*."—"Read '*And thou hast so*,' &c. [Capell's conjecture]. Perhaps in the Ms. it was written, '*And thou hath*,' &c. from the '*hath*' in the preceding line, and hence the further corruption." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 183.

P. 281. (39) "*sudden*"

"May be justly suspected as an interpolation." STEEVENS.

P. 281. (40) "*As you are toss'd with. In faith,*"

Mutilated (and wretchedly amended by Capell).

P. 281. (41) "*Directly to*"

The old eds. have "*Directly vnto*."—Perhaps Mr. Grant White is right in conjecturing that the author wrote "*Direct unto*."

P. 282. (42) "*Come, wilt thou see me ride?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (with an eye to what Hotspur has a little before said to the Servant) ingeniously reads,

"*Come to the park, Kate ; wilt thou see me ride?*"

P. 285. (42\*) "*at a*"

An anonymous critic proposes "*after*."

P. 285. (43) "*butter,*"

So Theobald.—The old eds. have "*Titan*" (in consequence, it would seem, of the transcriber, or the compositor of the first quarto, having repeated the wrong word).

P. 237. (44)

"came"

So quarto 1639.—The earlier eds. have "come."

P. 237. (45)

"radish:"

"Plural [*radish*'], surely." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 267.

P. 238. (46)

"nott-pated"

The old eds. have "knotty-pated."—Corrected by Douce. (We have already had the word "nott-pated," p. 234.)

P. 238. (47)

"tallow-keech,—"

The old eds. have "*tallow catch*;"—which we may presume is merely a variety of spelling. (In the Sec. Part of *Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 1, Mrs. Quickly talks of "goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife;" and in *Henry VIII.* act i. sc. 1, Buckingham says of Wolsey,

"I wonder

That such a *keech* can with his very bulk

Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,

And keep it from the earth.")

"A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler." PERCY.

P. 238. (48)

"elf-skin,"

So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "elfe-skin."

P. 238. (49)

"you"

So Pope.—The old eds. have "and."

P. 241. (50)

"hundred."

The old eds. have "hundreds."

P. 242. (51)

"trustful"

The old eds. have "trustfull."

P. 244. (52)

"banish not him thy Harry's company:"

Was not Pope right in rejecting this as an accidental repetition?

P. 244. (53)

"P. Hen."

Several of the quartos and the folio give this speech to *Falstaff*; and rightly perhaps.

P. 244. (54) "a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so."

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "— essentially made, without," &c.—Capell very coolly printed "a counterfeit: if thou dost, thou art essentially mad," &c.

P. 245. (55) "a"

Not in the old eds.

P. 245. (56) "[Exeunt all except the Prince and Pointz.]"

Here the quartos have no stage-direction; the folio has "*Exit*," According to all the old eds. the subsequent conversation about Falstaff and the contents of his pockets takes place between the Prince and "Peto:" but, as Johnson saw, the latter name is undoubtedly a mistake for "*Pointz*."—"Peto is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play [towards the close of act iii. "Go, Peto, to horse," &c.], probably from a P. only being used in the Ms. 'What had Peto done' (Dr. Johnson observes) 'to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Poins has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but Poins, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers.'" MALONE.

P. 246. (57) "ob."

It may be as well to mention here that "*ob*," (the contraction for "*obolum*") was formerly used in writing to signify a halfpenny.

P. 246. (58) "Worcester."

See note 19.

P. 246. (59) "often"

The old eds. have "oft."

P. 246. (60) "cressets; and"

Capell gives "*cressets; ay, and*,"—which perhaps the poet wrote.

P. 247. (61) "Had kitten'd,"

The old eds. have "had but kitten'd."

P. 247. (62) "to"

Pope substituted "in."

P. 248. (63) "How scap'd he agues,"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "*How scapes he agues*."—"Perhaps '*ague*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 253.



P. 248. (64) "The archdeacon hath divided it"

"I suppose the line originally ran thus; 'The archdeacon hath divided it already.' " STEEVENS,—who did not know (or did not choose to know) that such was the reading of Hamner.

P. 249. (65) "For"

"Surely the sense requires 'Or.' " Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 322.

P. 249. (66) "And then he runs straightly and evenly."

So Capell (and compare, a little before, "run . . . evenly").—The old eds. have "And then he runnes straight and euen."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "And then he runs all straight and evenly."

P. 250. (67) "To any well-deserving friend,

Hamner printed "As that to any well-deserving friend."—Walker proposes "To any worthy, well-deserving friend;" but adds, "Yet would not this be a tautology?" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 256.

P. 250. (68) "in and"

"These two supplemental words, which were suggested by Mr. Steevens, complete both the sense and metre, and were certainly omitted in the first copy by the negligence of the transcriber or printer." MALONE.

P. 250. (69) "the"

Not in the old eds.

P. 250. (70) "go to,"

"These two senseless monosyllables [which Pope omitted] seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the measure." RITSON.

P. 250. (71) "is"

Not in the old eds.

P. 251. (72) "too wilful-blame;"

"This has been thought corrupt; but the following passage shows that *too blame* in this sense [*too blameable*, *too blameworthy*] was a current expression;

'Blush, and confess that you be *too too blame*.' Harr. *Epi.* i. 84."

NARES (*Gloss.* in v. *Blame*).—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 106, and *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 184) rather hastily patronizes the alteration proposed by Johnson, "*too wilful-blunt*."

P. 251. (73) "her she"

The old eds. have "her that she."

P. 251. (74)

"One no"

The old eds. have "One that no."

P. 251. (75) "*Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens*"

In my former edition I here adopted the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "—*these welling heavens*;" but in my "Addenda and Corrigenda" to that edition I remarked that I ought to have been content to mention the alteration, without adopting it. The old reading is supported by a passage in *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 2;

"So from that *spring*, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort *swells*:"

where, however, Thirlby (see note *ad l.*) proposed changing "*swells*" to "wells."—"Read, with Pope,

'Which thou pour'st down from *those two* swelling heavens.'

For '*those*' compare *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 3,

'Why have *those* banish'd and forbidden legs,' &c.

where the first four quartos have '*those*' and the folio '*these*.' And for an undoubted omission of '*two*' after '*the*,' compare *Much ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1, where the folio has

'Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,' &c.

while the original quarto reads

'Would the *two* princes lie, and Claudio lie,' &c.

Collier's Corrector's 'welling' is certainly wrong. The eyes no doubt are meant ('I understand thy looks'). In Webster's *Sir T. Wyatt* (*Works*, ii. 267, ed. Dyce) we find

'O, let *mine eyes*

In naming that sweet youth observe their part,

*Pouring down tears*, sent from my swelling heart.'

Yet Staunton quotes this last line to show that in the present passage of Shakespeare the *bosom* is meant!" W. N. LITTLESON.

P. 252. (76)

"quite"

This addition occurred to me before I knew that Capell had inserted it. That here a word is wanting in the old eds. I feel confident, though Dr. Guest (*Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 221) thinks otherwise.

P. 252. (77)

"Upon"

The old eds. have "on."

P. 252. (78)

"Yet"

So Rowe.—The old eds. have "And" (which was repeated by mistake from the preceding line but one).

P. 253. (79)

*"Not you, in good sooth;"*

"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'Not I, in good sooth' (compare 'as I live,' and 'mend me') : Percy is retailing the oathlets of comfit-makers' wives. Collier and Grant White are clearly wrong in following the Ms. Corrector, who reads 'Not yours, in good sooth.'"

P. 253. (80)

*"By this our book's drawn;" &c.*

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives

*"By this our book is drawn: we'll seal, and part  
To horse immediately.  
Mort. With all my heart."*

P. 253. (81)

*"private"*

Which makes the line over-measure, is surely an interpolation. (Steevens observes that "as the lords were dismissed on this occasion, they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object.")

P. 254. (82)

*"bare,"*

So Rowe.—The old eds. have "bare." See, on the confusion between "*bare*" and "*base*," Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. pp. 279, 280.

P. 254. (83)

*"does forethink"*

The old eds. have "*do forethink*;" and perhaps rightly; for Shakespeare may have considered "*every man*" as a plural; and we have already had several examples of a verb plural following a nominative singular when a genitive plural intervenes.

P. 255. (84)

*"carded his state;"*

Warburton reads "*'scarded his state*."—Heath proposes "*discarded his state*."—Mr. Grant White adopts the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*discarded state*" (which even Mr. Collier does not venture to adopt). But there can be no doubt that the old reading is the right one. Here "*carded*" means "mixed, debased by mixing." See the examples of "*card*" given by Steevens in his note *ad l.*; to which may be added the following passage, cited by Mr. Arrowsmith in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 566, First Series; "And these—for that by themselves they will not utter—to *mingle and to card* with the Apostles' doctrine," &c. Andrewes' Sermons, v. 55. *Lib. Ang.-Cath. Theol.*

P. 255. (85)

*"whereof a little"*

Pope printed "*whereof little*;" and so Walker, too, would read. But I doubt if "*a*" can be dispensed with here.

P. 256. (86)

*"For all the world,"*

Hammer printed "*Harry, for all the world*."

P. 256. (87)

"to"

Altered by Pope to "at,"

P. 256. (88)

"and"

Not in the old eds.

P. 257. (89)

"favour"

The old eds. have "faouours."—"We should read '*favour*,' i. e. countenance [and so Hanmer]." WARBURTON. "'*Favours*' are *features*." JOHNSON. "I believe '*favours*' mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So afterwards in this play [act v. sc. 4],

'But let my *favours* hide thy mangled face ;'

where the Prince must have meant his scarf." STEEVENS. The context "mask" and "wash'd away" distinctly show that here Prince Henry does *not* "mean his scarf;" and assuredly Johnson is mistaken in supposing that the plural "favours" could be applied to a *single face*.

P. 257. (90)

"is"

The old eds. have "hath."

P. 258. (91) "On Thursday we ourselves will march."

Mutilated.

P. 262. (92)

"you will not pocket-up wrong."

"Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff, in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket-up wrongs or injuries*, to which the Prince alludes." JOHNSON.

P. 263. (93)

"My"

The old eds. have "To my."

P. 263. (94)

"Pointz,"

The old eds. have "Peto." See note 56.

P. 263. (95)

"ride ere"

The old eds. have "ride yet ere."

P. 263. (96)

"At two o'clock in the afternoon."

Something is wanting here. (That the whole of this speech is blank-verse, I have not the slightest doubt, though Mr. Grant White declares that it "has not even the semblance of rhythm.")

P. 264. (97)      "These letters come from your father."

Here again something is wanting.—Capell gave "*These letters, my good lord, come from your father.*"

P. 264. (98) "*His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.*"

The two first quartos have "— *not I my mind*;" the later eds. "— *not I his mind*."—Capell made the present correction, which is fully confirmed by the context.

P. 264. (99)                    "*that inward sickness,—*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 20) cites this as an example of "sickness" used as a trisyllable, "if nothing be lost."—There is surely some error here.—Capell prints "*that inward sickness holds him.*"

P. 264. (100)      "To set . . . . .  
                              to set"

"One of the two 'sets' must be corrupt." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 284.

P. 264. (101) "for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope,"

Conjecture has been busy on this passage, but certainly without improving it.

P. 265. (102) "And"

Added by Capell. (That this speech is mutilated, there can be little doubt.)

P. 265. (103) "The quality and hair of our attempt"

Here "The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but perhaps was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency." JOHNSON,—whose explanation is unquestionably right. In the anonymous play of *Sir Thomas More* (edited by me for the Shakespeare Society from *Ms. Harl.* 7368), a fellow named Faulkner is brought in custody before Sir Thomas; and when the said Faulkner,—who, in consequence of a vow, wears *his hair very long*,—tells Sir Thomas that he is servant to a secretary, we find (p. 48),

"*Moore*. A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt  
To be a secretaries follower!"—

Sir Thomas using the word with a quibble,—“grain, texture, complexion, character.”

P. 265. (104) "offering"

Which means "assailing,"—was improperly altered to "offending" by Pope.

P. 265. (105)

"You strain too far."

Capell printed "Come, you strain too far."

P. 265. (106)

"Spoke of in"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "Spoken in" (the progress of the corruption having been "Spoken"—"Spoke on"—"Spoke of").

P. 266. (107)

"daff"

Here the "daft" of the old eds. is a present tense,—merely a corrupt spelling of "daff."—Formerly, to words ending with *f* it was not unusual to add a *t*: so in Chapman's *Homer* we find both "pufft" and "puff;"

"The puffts of wind."

*Iliad*. B. xxiv. p. 332, ed. folio.

"the winds (that are

Masters at sea) no prosperous pufft would spare," &amp;c.

*Odyssey*, B. iv. p. 56.

"With pace as speedie as a pufft of wind."

*Ibid*. B. v. p. 73.

P. 266. (108)

"All furnish'd, all in arms ;

*All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind ;**Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;*"

The old eds. have "— with the wind,"—a verb, to all appearance, lying concealed under "with."—I adopt the reading of Rowe, "*wing the wind*" (which in the notes to the *Variorum Shakespeare* is called "*Dr. Johnson's emendation*"), not only because that reading affords a clear and good meaning, but because it is far from improbable that "*wing*" might have been mistaken by a transcriber or compositor for "with," in which word, in the handwriting of the poet's time, the head of the *h* is often found carried below the line.—"*Bated*," as Malone observes, would seem to be used here for "Bating" (*i.e.* beating the wings, fluttering),—"the passive for the active" [the past for the present] participle.—There is a double comparison :—the Prince and his followers are compared first to ostriches, and secondly to eagles.—In what sense *the ostrich* may be said to "*wing the wind*," we are beautifully told by Claudian,—who, if he was a native of Alexandria, might not have had to trust entirely to his fancy for a picture, which indeed has quite the air of having been taken from the life ;

"Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales

Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,

*Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis**Pulverulenta volat.*"*In Entrop.* ii. 310.

(Some editors have "restored" the old reading, and are persuaded that they have rendered it intelligible by printing,

"like estridges that with the wind

*Bated,—*"

a construction which, it is evident, was never intended by the author, who in that case would most assuredly have written "*Bate*."—The absurdity of Douce's remarks on this passage is beyond belief : he labours to prove that

by "*estridges*" we are not to understand *ostriches* but *estridge-falcons*;—and that too in the very face of the lines quoted by Steevens *ad l.* from Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 22 ;

"Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been ;  
The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges*, were seen."

And see Richardson's *Dict.* sub *Estrich*.)

1864. The Cambridge Editors (who exhibit the present passage *literatim* thus ;

"All furnish'd, all in arms ;  
All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed")

affirm that my quotation from Claudian is not to the purpose ; for it "means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from 'winging the wind.'" But the Cambridge Editors, in expounding the lines of Claudian, take no notice of the important word "*volat*," by which he means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, FLIES along the ground* (though she does not mount into the air) ; and I still continue to think that the whole description answers very sufficiently to that of her "*winging the wind*." Let me add, that the late Samuel Rogers ("a name" to me "forever dear") has applied the verb "*wing*" to the flight of the ostrich ; and it must be allowed that, whatever the deficiencies of his poetry in some respects, he justly prided himself on never violating propriety of expression ;

"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,  
Who course *the ostrich, as away she WINGS* ;  
Sons of the desert, who delight to dwell  
'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well."

*Columbus*, canto viii.

P. 266. (109) "And vaulted with such ease"  
Capell gives, very plausibly, "And vault with such an ease."

P. 266. (110) "taste"  
*i. e.* try—in which sense the word was frequently used by Shakespeare's contemporaries.—So the two first quartos.—The later quartos and the folio have "take ;" which has been generally preferred by the modern editors.

P. 267. (111) "to"  
Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "and."

P. 267. (112). "Sutton-Coffill"  
A contracted form of *Sutton-Coldfield*.—The old eds. have "*Sutton-cophill*" (and "*cop-hill*").—Mr. Grant White (who himself retains the old spelling) states, by mistake, that "most editors print 'Cofill.'"—I prefer, with the Cambridge Editors, "*Coffill*."

P. 267. (112\*) "*pressed . . . . . inquired*"

The old eds. have "*presse . . . . . inquire (and enquire).*" But the subsequent words, "*such as had been asked*" and "*I pressed me none,*" show distinctly that the past tense was intended here.

P. 268. (112†) "*lick*"

The old eds. have "licked."

P. 268. (113) "*but*"

The old eds have "not."

P. 269. (114) "*we shall stay*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 238) says that this is "*contra metrum*," and conjectures "*we'll stay*," or "*we stay*." But was any "*metrum*" intended here?

P. 269. (115) "*fear and cold heart.*"

Pope prints "*fear, and from cold heart;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*fear and a cold heart.*"—According to Mr. Grant White, "*fear*" in this line is a dissyllable.

P. 270. (116) "*that lives :—*"

The old eds. have "*that this day lives*" (a manifest interpolation; for, as Mason observes, it weakens the sense, besides destroying the metre).

P. 270. (117) "*half the half of himself.*"

Altered to "*half half of himself*" by Pope; and, more happily, to "*half the half himself*" by Steevens.

P. 271. (118) "*innocence*"

The old eds. have "*innocencie.*"—On the words "*innocence*" and "*innocency*" confounded in our early writers, see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 47.

P. 272. (119) "*engag'd*"

Which has been improperly altered to "*encag'd*"—means "delivered (or detained) as a gage, pledge, hostage;" so in act v. sc. 2, "And Westmoreland, that was *engag'd*, did bear it." (The Cambridge Editors had forgotten both these passages when, at the beginning of act v., they so hastily followed the old copies "in leaving the 'Earl of Westmoreland' among the persons entering;" see their note.)

P. 272. (120) "*now*"

Not in the old eds.



P. 274. (121)

"bosky"

The old eds. have "busky." ("Milton writes the word, perhaps more properly, *bosky*." STEEVENS,—who appears to have forgotten that, in *The Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1, the folio has "my *boskie* acres," &c.)

P. 274. (122)

"well,"

Not in the old eds.

P. 275. (123)

"And,"

Was altered by Capell to "As."

P. 275. (124)

"As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 254) says, "What is the '*cuckoo's bird*'? Read '*cuckoo-bird*.'"—"The *cuckoo's bird*" is "the cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse." JOHNSON. "*Gull*" here means "unfledged nestling."

P. 275. (125)

"we stand opposèd"

Capell printed "you stand opposèd:" but, as Johnson observes, the old text means "we stand in opposition to you."

P. 277. (126)

"then"

Added by Capell.

P. 277. (127)

"What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? air."

Malone, Mr. Collier, and the Cambridge Editors, print, almost nonsensically, with the first and third quartos (from which the second quarto differs only in punctuation), "What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air."

P. 278. (128)

"Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;"

So Rowe (in his sec. ed.).—The old eds. have "Supposition, all our lives," &c.—Steevens, at Farmer's suggestion, printed,

"Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes."—

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 184) asks, "Is something lost?" here? I have little doubt of it.

P. 278. (128\*)

"lie"

The old eds. have "live." See Walker on "*Lie* and *live* confounded," in his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 209.

P. 278. (129) "Hot. *Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so,  
Doug. Marry, and*"

Here "*Douglas*" is a trisyllable, as Malone remarks.—In the second speech Pope printed "*Marry, I,*"

P. 279. (130) "Hot. *Did you beg any? God forbid!  
Wor. I told him gently,*" &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 189) would read,

"Hot. Did you beg any of him?  
Wor. God forbid!  
I told him gently," &c.

But compare *King Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2;

"*Ser.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
*The Lord forbid!*"

where Walker (see note *ad l.*) would give "*The Lord forbid!*" to a different speaker.—Here Hammer added "*of him,*" but did not alter the distribution of the speeches.

P. 279. (131) "*By now-forswearing*"

The old eds. have "*By now forswearing.*"—On "*Now* and *now* confounded," see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 214.

P. 279. (132) "*engag'd,*"

See note 119.

P. 279. (133) "*Upon*"

The old eds. have "On."

P. 279. (134) "*a libertine.*"

So Capell.—The old eds. have "*a libertie*" and "*at libertie*" (and "*at liberty*").

P. 280. (135) "*For, heaven to earth,*"

On the very improper alteration made here by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*Fore heaven and earth,*" see my *Err Notes*, &c. p. 94, and my *Strictures on Mr. Collier's new edition of Shakespeare*, 1858, p. 111. ("heaven to earth"—"i. e. one might wager heaven to earth." WARBURTON.)

P. 281. (136) "*the*"

Not in the old eds.

P. 281. (137) "*I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;*"

"Grant White objects to this [the reading of the four earliest quartos] for

euphonistic reasons: but '*thou proud*' occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare. He also considers 'triumph'd upon a Scot' [in the next speech] poor when compared with [the later reading] 'triumphed *o'er* a Scot,' forgetting, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 4, 'That triumph thus *upon* my misery.' W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 281. (138) "*The king hath many masking in his coats.*"

The old eds. have "— marching in his coats:" but Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector has undoubtedly recovered the true reading by substituting "*masking*" for "marching." (In *Tamburlaine, Part First*, act v. sc. 2, the misprint "march" kept its place, till, in my ed. of Marlowe's *Works*, I altered it to "mask.")

P. 282. (139) "but"

The old eds. have "not."

P. 282. (140) "*deaths as yet are*"

The old eds. have "*deaths are yet*" and "*deaths are.*"

P. 283. (141) "*do*"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Not in the old eds.

P. 284. (142) "*the spirits*  
*Of vallant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm:*"

The old eds. have "— *are in my armes.*"—Pope restored the measure by the omission of "*vallant.*"—Walker says; "I would suggest,

'the spirits  
Of vallant Shirley, Stafford, *Massy*, Blunt,  
Are in my arm:  
It is, &c."

*Crit. Dram.* &c. vol. ii. p. 14.

P. 284. (143) "*Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—*"

Qy. "*Cheerly, my lord, cheerly: how,*" &c.?

P. 285. (144)

"*They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—  
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,  
And time that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.*"

So the earliest quarto.—"The readings of the second quarto [*But thought's the slave of life,* &c.; and so the folio] are sophistications by one who did not see that '*thought's*' as well as '*time*' were nominative cases before '*must*,' and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb.

It is odd that Staunton, who saw that '*life*' was a nominative to '*must*,' did not see more. Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iii. sc. 1 ;

'My *thoughts* do harbour with my Silvia nightly ;  
And *slaves* they are to me, that send them flying.' "

W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 286. (145)

" *On* "

Altered to "Upon" by Capell ; and rightly perhaps.

P. 288. (146) " *Since not to be avoided it falls on me.* "

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Which not to be avoided falls on me."

P. 288. (147) " *Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too :* "

Here the folio omits "*the*," making "*Worcester*;" a trisyllable : see note 19.

P. 288. (148) " *Even in the bosom of our adversaries.* "

After this line, in the four earliest quartos, Prince John replies to his brother as follows ;

"I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately."

THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

WE have already seen, p. 204, that in the only quarto of this play, 1600, " *Old*," has been by mistake allowed to stand as the prefix to a speech of Falstaff; and, p. 205, that before the entry of *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 25th, 1597-8, Shakespeare had changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff*:—it is certain, therefore, that *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was composed previous to that date. —See its entry in the Stationers' Registers under the account of *Much ado about Nothing*, vol. ii. p. 72.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

KING HENRY the Fourth.  
HENRY, prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.,  
THOMAS, duke of Clarence,  
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,  
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER,  
EARL OF WARWICK,  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
EARL OF SURREY,  
GOWER.  
HARCOURT.  
BLUNT.  
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.  
An Attendant on the Chief-Justice.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
SCROOP, archbishop of York.  
LORD MOWBRAY.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD BARDOLPH.  
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE.  
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
His Page.  
BARDOLPH.  
PISTOL.  
POINTZ.  
PETO,  
SHALLOW, } country justices.  
SILENCE, }  
DAVY, servant to Shallow.  
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf, recruits.  
FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.  
  
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.  
LADY PERCY.  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.  
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

Rumour, the Presenter.  
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE—*England.*

THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

---

INDUCTION.

*Warkworth. Before Northumberland's castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*

*Rum.* Open your ears ; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth :  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,  
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?  
I run before King Harry's victory ;  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,



Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold<sup>(2)</sup> of ragged stone,  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.  
[Exit.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter* LORD BARDOLPH.

*L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?

*Enter* Porter, *above.*

Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:  
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.

[Exit Porter *above.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem:

The times are wild ; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*L. Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an God will !

*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish :—  
The king is almost wounded to the death ;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas ; young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field ;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

*North.* How is this deriv'd ?  
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

*L. Bard.* I spaké with one, my lord, that came from  
thence,  
A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you

*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury :  
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
 And, bending forward, struck his armèd heels  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
 Up to the rowel-head ; and starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
 Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha !—Again :  
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?  
 Of Hotspur, Coldspur ? that rebellion  
 Had met ill luck ?

*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what ;  
 If my young lord your son have not the day,  
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
 I'll give my barony : ne'er talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers  
 Give, then, such instances of loss ?

*L. Bard.* Who, he ?  
 He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n  
 The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,  
 Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a tittle-lcaf,  
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :  
 So looks the strand<sup>(3)</sup> whereon th' imperious flood  
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;  
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
 To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son and brother ?  
 Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
 And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,  
 But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
 And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
 This thou wouldst say, " Your son did thus and thus ;

Your brother thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;”  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with “ Brother, son, and all are dead.”

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;  
But, for my lord your son,—

*North.* Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others’ eyes  
That what he fear’d is chanced.<sup>(4)</sup> Yet speak, Morton ;  
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid :  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy’s dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye :  
Thou shak’st thy head, and hold’st it fear or sin  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so ;  
The tongue offends not that reports his death :  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead ;  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember’d knolling a departing friend.

*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I’m sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to God I had not seen ;  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath’d,  
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down  
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death—whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper’d courage in his troops ;

For from his metal was his party steel'd ;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead :  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
That arrows fly not<sup>(5)</sup> swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was the<sup>(6)</sup> noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,  
Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and in his flight,  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is, that the king hath won ; and hath sent out  
A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physic ; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch !  
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoin !  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach  
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland !  
Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !  
And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

*L. Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your  
honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
And sumn'd th' account of chance, before you said,  
"Let us make head." It was your presumise  
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop;  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:  
Yet did you say, "Go forth;" and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action: what hath, then, befall'n,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

*L. Bard.* We all that are engag'd to this loss  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,<sup>(7)</sup>  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
With well-appointed powers: he is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corpse',<sup>(8)</sup>  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion :  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones ;  
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause ;  
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,  
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
Go in with me ; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge :  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—  
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. *London. A street.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water ; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whore-son mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to

wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as<sup>(9)</sup> a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yearsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough<sup>(9\*)</sup> with them in honest taking-up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked 'a should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close; I will not see him.



*Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and an Attendant.*

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,—

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter:<sup>(10)</sup> hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth,

hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt-ness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.*<sup>(11)</sup> Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

*Fal.* My lord,—

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravity, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go:—I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger<sup>(12)</sup> times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing

belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents,—marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord,<sup>(13)</sup> I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impa-

tient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Attendant.*]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.<sup>(14)</sup>—Boy!

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *York. A room in the Archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and  
BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;  
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow th' occasion of our arms;  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;

And our supplies lie<sup>(15)</sup> largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensèd fire of injuries.

*L. Bard.* The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth  
thus;—

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland?

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point :  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

*L. Bard.* Yes, in this present quality of war ;—  
Indeed, the instant action—a cause on foot—  
Lives so in hope,<sup>(16)</sup> as in an early spring  
We see th' appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last<sup>(17)</sup> desist  
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work—  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,

And set another up—should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite ; or else<sup>(18)</sup>  
We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men :  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes—yet likely of fair birth—  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation ;  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand ?

*Hast.* To us no more ; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads : one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower ; perforce a third  
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king  
In three divided ; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths together,  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,  
They baying him at the heels :<sup>(19)</sup> never fear that.

*L. Bard.* Who is it like should lead his forces hither ?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland ;  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth :  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on,  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;  
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After th' admirèd heels of Bolingbroke,  
Criest now, " O earth, yield us that king again,  
And take thou this ! " O thoughts of men accurst !  
Past, and to come, seems best ; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *London. A street.*

*Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her, and SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the exion ?<sup>(20)</sup>

*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where's your yeoman ? Is't a lusty yeoman ? will stand to't ?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare ?

*Host.* O Lord, ay ! good Master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.



*Host.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an 'a come but within my vice,—

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinitive thing upon my score:—good Master Fang, hold him sure;—good Master Snare, let him not scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert-street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one<sup>(21)</sup> for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou

kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.*<sup>(22)</sup> Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife.

Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

*Host.* Yea, in truth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Prithee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous:—no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, Master Gower,—what news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales  
Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells. [*Gives a letter.*]

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman,—

*Host.* Faith, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman :—come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain  
to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-cham-  
bers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy  
walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal,  
or the German Hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand  
of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it  
be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy  
humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash  
thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in  
this humour with me ; dost not know me ? come, come, I  
know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles :  
i' faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool  
still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown.  
I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together ?

*Fal.* Will I live ?—[*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with  
her ; hook on ; hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper ?

*Fal.* No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my lord ?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night ?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well : what is the news, my  
lord ?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back ?

*Gow.* No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,  
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently :

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ.*<sup>(23)</sup>

*P. Hen.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poin.* Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

*P. Hen.* Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poin.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Hen.* Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use!—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou

keepest not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland : and God knows whether those that bawl out of<sup>(24)</sup> the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say the children are not in the fault ; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Poin.* How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz ?

*Poin.* Yes, faith ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poin.* Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. Hen.* Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poin.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency : let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick : and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poin.* The reason ?

*P. Hen.* What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep ?

*Poin.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought ; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks : never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

*Poin.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* And to thee.

*Poin.* By this light, I am well spoke on ; I can hear it

with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help.—By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: 'a had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE.*

*Bard.* God save your grace!

*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.*<sup>(25)</sup> [*to the Page*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interpretation:—there 'tis, boy.

[*Gives money.*]

*Poin.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! —Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

[*Gives money.*]

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

[*Gives a letter.*]

*Poin.* Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poin.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. Hen.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

[*Gives the letter to Pointz.*]

*Poin.* [*reads*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the king's blood spilt." "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,<sup>(26)</sup> "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

*Poin.* [*reads*]<sup>(27)</sup> "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.* Peace!

*Poin.* [*reads*] "I will imitate the honourable Roman<sup>(28)</sup> in brevity:"—sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

"Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe."

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's to make him eat twenty<sup>(29)</sup> of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poin.* God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old flank?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord,—of the old church.



*P. Hen.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

*P. Hen.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Hen.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poin.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [Gives money.]

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

*P. Hen.* Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]  
—This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

*Poin.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

*P. Hen.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

*Poin.* Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. Hen.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and  
Lady PERCY.

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,<sup>(30)</sup>  
Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more:  
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear<sup>(81)</sup> Harry,  
Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers ; but he did long<sup>(82)</sup> in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?  
There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's.  
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !  
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the gray vault of heaven ; and by his light  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts : he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :  
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait ;  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant ;  
For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !  
O miracle of men !—him did you leave—  
Second to none, unseconded by you—  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In disadvantage ; to abide a field  
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
Did seem defensible :—so you left him.<sup>(83)</sup>  
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
To hold your honour more precise and nice  
With others than with him ! let them alone :  
The marshal and the archbishop are strong :  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me

With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland,  
Till that the nobles and the armèd commons  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves. So did your son ;  
He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;  
And never shall have length of life enough  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind  
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way :  
Fair would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland : there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV. *London. A room in the Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

*First Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ?  
apple-Johns ? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-  
John.

*Sec. Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set  
a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were  
five more Sir Johns ; and, putting off his hat, said, " I will  
now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered  
knights." It angered him to the heart : but he hath forgot  
that.

*First Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down : and  
see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise ; Mistress Tearsheet

would fain hear some music. Dispatch:—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

*Sec. Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

*First Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

*Sec. Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

*Host.* I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la: but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's this?"—How do you now?

*Dol.* Better than I was:—hem.

*Host.* Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.—Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* [*singing*] When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]*—[singing]* And was a worthy king.\*  
—How now, Mistress Doll!

*Host.* Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

*Fal.* So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to

\* *When Arthur first in court—And was a worthy king.*] From a ballad, given by Percy, under the title of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, in his *Rel. of A. E. P.* vol. i. p. 214, ed. 1794, where it opens thus;

"*When Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,*" &c.

make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure<sup>(34)</sup> virtue, grant that.

*Dol.* Ay, marry,—our chains and our jewels.

*Fal.* "Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:"\*—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you [*To Doll*]: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter First Drawer.*

*First Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

\* "*Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:*" In the collection just quoted are two versions of the ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle*: in the older one (vol. iii. p. 3) we find,

"With *brouches and rings*  
Full richelye bedone."

in the more modern one (vol. iii. p. 341),

"With *brooches, rings, and ouches*  
Full daintily bedone."

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?—

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name:”—now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”—There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* Ho's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit First Drawer.*]

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says “swagger:” feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What!

you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy;" which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged of her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors!<sup>(35)</sup> Have we not Hiren here?\*

\* *Have we not Hiren here?* These words, quoted also in some other old plays, are most probably from a lost drama by Peele, entitled *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren* [i. e. *Irene*] *the Fair Greek*. See *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. 341, prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce, 1861.—"The word '*Hiren*' was purposely designed by the author to be ambiguous, though used by Pistol with reference *only* to his sword. When the hostess replies, 'There's none such here. . . do you think I would deny her?' she evidently conceives that he is calling for some wench. Pistol, not regarding her blunder, continues to handle his sword, and in his next speech reads [at least, repeats]

*Host.* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,\* Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.† Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men like dogs!‡ give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

the motto on it—' *Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*' It is to be observed that most of the ancient swords had inscriptions on them, and there is no doubt that if diligent search were made, the one before us, in a less corrupted state, would be found. On an old French rapier in the author's possession, these lines are engraved: ' *Si fortune me tourmente, l'esperance me contenta.*' In further illustration, the following story [first quoted by Farmer] from *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, 4to, is added. 'Haniball Gonsaga being in the Low Countries overthrowne from his horse by an English captaine, and commanded to yeeld himselfe prisoner, *kist his sword*, and gave it to the Englishman, saying, ' *Si fortuna me tormenta, il speranza me contenta.*'" DOUCE.

*hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,*  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,] From Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great, Part Second*;

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!

What, can ye draw but twenty miles a-day," &c.

Marlowe's *Works*, p. 64, ed. Dyce, 1858.

† *let the welkin roar.*] "Part of the words of an old ballad entitled *What the Father Gathereth with the Rake, the Son doth Scatter with the Forke* :

"*Let the welkin roare,*

*He never give ore,*" &c." STEEVENS.

‡ *Die men like dogs!*] Steevens having mentioned that he had found this expression in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611,—Mr. Grant White states that the expression "is from *Ram-Alley*," &c. But surely that comedy (the work of Lodowick Barry) was originally produced at a later period than the present play.



*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.\*  
 Come, give's some sack.  
*Se fortuna*<sup>(86)</sup> *mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*—  
 Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
 Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.  
*[Laying down his sword.]*
 Come we to full points here, and are *et-ceteras* nothing?  
*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.  
*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen  
 the seven stars.  
*Dol.* For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot  
 endure such a fustian rascal.  
*Pist.* Thrust him<sup>(87)</sup> down stairs! know we not Galloway  
 nags?  
*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shil-  
 ling: nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be  
 nothing here.  
*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.  
*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—  
*[Snatching up his sword.]*
 Then death rock me asleep,† abridge my doleful days!

\* *Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.*] From Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*;

"*Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis*;

*Feed and be fat,"* &c.

Peele's *Works*, pp. 428-9, ed. Dyce, 1861.

† *Then death rock me asleep, &c.*] Here we have the opening words of a song (attributed with great improbability to Anne Boleyn, and perhaps with as little likelihood to her brother Viscount Rochford), which was first printed by Sir J. Hawkins in his *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 31, where it is given as follows;

"O Death, rocke me on slepe,  
 Bringe me on quiet reate,  
 Let passe my verye [werye] guiltlesse goste  
 Out of my carefull brest," &c.

(See a somewhat different text in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c. vol. i. p. 238, sec. ed.)—And we can hardly doubt that, in this rant of Pistol, our poet had also an eye to a passage of *Buckingham's Complaynt*, written by Sackville;

"And what may boote to stay the Sisters three,  
 When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred?  
 The dolefull day was come, when you might see  
 Northampton felde with armed men orespred," &c.  
St. 6 (*Mirroure for Magistrates*).

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping  
house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder,  
I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put  
up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*]

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah,  
you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought 'a made  
a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turned him out o' doors?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him,  
sir, i' the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape,  
how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face;—come on,  
you whoreson chops:—ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou  
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon,  
and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll  
canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Musicians.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play:—play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.

[*Music.*] A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me  
like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou  
whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou  
leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to  
patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINTZ disguised as Drawers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's-head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour's the prince of ?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow : 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipped bread well.

*Dol.* They say Pointz has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so, then ?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness ; and 'a plays at quoits well ; and eats conger and fennel ; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons ; and rides the wild-mare with the boys ; and jumps upon joint-stools ; and swears with a good grace ; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg ; and breeds no bato with telling of discreet stories ; and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*P. Hen.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

*Poin.* Let's beat him before his whore.

*P. Hen.* Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

*Poin.* Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanac to that ?

*Poin.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Dol.* By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return:—well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

*P. Hen.* }  
*Poin.* } Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Pointz his brother?<sup>(38)</sup>

*P. Hen.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*P. Hen.* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon Doll.

*Dol.* How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

*Poin.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poin.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close<sup>(39)</sup> with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poin.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

*P. Hen.* For the women?

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul!<sup>(40)</sup> For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter Peto.*

*P. Hen.* Peto, how now! what news

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster ;  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
Come from the north : and, as I came along,  
I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time ;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south,  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.  
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Pointz, Peto, and Bardolph.*]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and  
we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*]  
More knocking at the door !

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now ! what's the matter ?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently ;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* [*to the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.—Farewell,  
hostess ;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how  
men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep,  
when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches :  
if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak ;—if my heart be not ready to burst,  
—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these  
twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honest and  
truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*within*] Mistress Tearsheet !

*Host.* What's the matter ?

*Bard.* [*within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

*Host.* O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll : come [*Doll*  
*comes blubbered*] ; yea, will you come, Doll ?<sup>(41)</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Westminster. A room in the palace.*

*Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

*K. Hen.* Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page.*]  
How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep,<sup>(42)</sup> O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the<sup>(43)</sup> canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case or<sup>(44)</sup> a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,<sup>(45)</sup>  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!<sup>(46)</sup>  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*K. Hen.* Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.<sup>(47)</sup>  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd;  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd  
With good advice and little medicine:  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*K. Hen.* O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone  
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
And laid his love and life under my foot;  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—  
[*To Warwick*] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—  
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?



“Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,”—  
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
 But that necessity so bow’d the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell’d to kiss :—  
 “The time will<sup>(47\*)</sup> come,” thus did he follow it,  
 “The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
 Shall break into corruption :”—so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time’s condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men’s lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas’d ;  
 The which observ’d, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur’d.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;  
 And, by the necessary form of this,<sup>(48)</sup>  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;  
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you.

*K. Hen.* Are these things, then, necessities ?  
 Then let us meet them like necessities ;—  
 And that same word even now cries out on us :  
 They say the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord ;  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear’d. Please it your grace  
 To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv’d  
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.  
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;  
 And these unseason’d hours perforce must add  
 Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel :

And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *Court before Justice SHALLOW's house in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCalf, and Servants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir, to my cost.

*Shal.* 'A must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called "lusty Shallow" then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsol' man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robns were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.<sup>(49)</sup>

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu,

Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu, Jesu, dead!—'a drew a good bow;—and dead!—'a shot a fine shoot:—John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—'a would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a<sup>(50)</sup> fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead?

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.*

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very com-

mendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Shal.* It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well,<sup>(51)</sup> and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow:—Master Surccard, as I think?

*Shal.* No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* [*to Shallow*] Prick him.

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the others,<sup>(51\*)</sup> Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; not much of the father's substance.<sup>(52)</sup>

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd

ha' pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O Lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

*Bull.* O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more called than your number;<sup>(53)</sup> you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?<sup>(54)</sup>

*Fal.* No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

*Fal.* She lives, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five year ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimcs at midnight, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—Jesus, the days that we have seen!—come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.*]

*Bull.* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound<sup>(55)</sup> to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullcalf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:<sup>(56)</sup>—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it:—I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy,—the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,—when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in



and come you in : “rah, tah, tah,” would ‘a say ; “bounce” would ‘a say ; and away again would ‘a go, and again would ‘a come :—I shall ne’er see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. —God keep you, Master Silence : I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you ! God prosper your affairs ! God send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* ‘Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to ; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*] On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk’s tribute. I do remember him at Clement’s-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring ; when ‘a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; ‘a was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible :<sup>(57)</sup> ‘a was the very genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake : ‘a came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights. And now is this Vice’s dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o’ Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I’ll be sworn ‘a ne’er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal’s men. I saw it, and told John o’ Gaunt he beat his own name ; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court :—and now has he land and bees. Well, I’ll be acquainted with him, if I return ; and it shall

go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *[Exit.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hust.* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hust.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy;  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on,<sup>(58)</sup> and face them in the field.

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

*Mowb.* I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,  
What doth concern your coming.

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,<sup>(59)</sup>  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of bare and bloody insurrection<sup>(60)</sup>  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessèd spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;  
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?<sup>(61)</sup>

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.  
Briefly to this end :—we are all diseas'd;  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,

I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men;  
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere<sup>(62)</sup>  
By the rough torrent of occasion;  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied;  
Wherein have you been gall'd by the king;  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you;—  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

*Arch.* My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.<sup>(63)</sup>

*West.* There is no need of any such redress;  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him in part, and to us all

That feel the bruises of the days before,  
 And suffer the condition of these times  
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
 Upon our honours?

*West.* O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
 Construe the times to their necessities,  
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
 And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
 Either from the king, or in the present time,  
 That you should have an inch of any ground  
 To build a grief on : were you not restor'd  
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,  
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
 That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?  
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
 Was, force<sup>(64)</sup> perforce, compell'd to banish him :  
 And when that<sup>(65)</sup> Henry Bolingbroke and he—  
 Being mounted and both rousèd in their seats,  
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
 Their armèd staves in charge, their beavers down,  
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together,—  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
 O, then<sup>(66)</sup> the king did throw his warder down :  
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :  
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives  
 That by indictment and by dint of sword  
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not  
 what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant gentleman :  
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?  
 But if your father had been victor there,  
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
 For all the country, in a general voice,  
 Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd and grac'd indeed,<sup>(67)</sup> more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace  
That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them,—every thing set off  
That might so much as think<sup>(68)</sup> you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween to take it so;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:  
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason wills<sup>(69)</sup> our hearts should be as good:  
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is intended in the general's name:  
I muse you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,  
For this contains our general grievances:  
Each several article herein redress'd,  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form,  
And present execution of our wills  
To us and to our purposes confirm'd,—<sup>(70)</sup>  
We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet ;  
And<sup>(71)</sup> either end in peace,—which God so frame !—  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*]

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that : if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derivèd cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the king taste of this action ;  
That, were our royal faiths<sup>(72)</sup> martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary  
Of dainty and such picking grievances :  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life ;  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance : for full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion :  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife  
That hath enrag'd him on<sup>(73)</sup> to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack

The very instruments of chastisement :  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true :  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand : pleaseth your lordship  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others;  
from the other side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND,  
Officers, and Attendants.*

*P. John.* You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—  
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,



In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,  
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deep you were within the books of God ?  
To us the speaker in his parliament ;  
To us th' imagin'd<sup>(74)</sup> voice of God himself ;  
The very opener and intelligencer  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven  
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable ? You have ta'en up,  
Under the counterfeited seal<sup>(75)</sup> of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father,  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace ;  
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
With grant of our most just and right desires,  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt :  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;  
And so success of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,

How far-forth you do like their articles.

*P. John.* I like them all, and do allow them well ;  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook ;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.—  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word :  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [*Drinks.*]

*Hast.* [*to an Officer*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace : let them have pay, and part :  
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmorland. [*Drinks.*]

*West.* I pledge your grace [*Drinks*] ; and, if you knew  
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely : but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray. [*Drinks.*]

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season ;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry ;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus,<sup>(76)</sup> " Some good thing comes to-morrow."

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd : hark, how they  
shout !

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be dischargèd too. [*Exit Westmoreland.*  
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains<sup>(77)</sup>  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.  
[*Exit Hastings.*

*P. John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. John.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already :  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for the which  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—  
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

*West.* Is your assembly so ?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith ?

*P. John.* I pawn'd thee none :  
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances<sup>(78)</sup>  
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray :  
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath. [Exeunt.

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SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

*Alarums : excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you,  
and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the  
dale.

*Fal.* Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your  
degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your  
name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—  
a dale deep enough;<sup>(79)</sup> so shall you be still Colevile of the  
dale.

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye  
yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are  
the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: there-  
fore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my  
mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that  
thought yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of  
mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word  
but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I  
were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my  
womb, my womb, undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and  
others.*

*P. John.* The heat is past; follow no further now:—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?  
When every thing is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus :  
I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of  
valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet?  
have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?  
I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possi-  
bility ; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts : and here,  
travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate  
valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious  
knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me,  
and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow  
of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not :—here he is, and here I yield him : and  
I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this  
day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular  
ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville  
kissing my foot : to the which course if I be enforced, if you  
do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the  
clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon  
doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads  
to her, believe not the word of the noble : therefore let me  
have right, and let desert mount.

*P. John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine, then.

*P. John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me  
good, and call it what you will.

*P. John.* Is thy name Coleville?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*P. John.* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like  
a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis ; and I thank thee for  
thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*P. John.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*P. John.* Send Coleville,<sup>(80)</sup> with his confederates,

To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

*[Exeunt Blunt and others with Coleville.]*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:

I hear the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, beseech<sup>(81)</sup> you, give me leave to go  
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to court,  
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

*P. John.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

*[Exeunt all except Falstaff.]*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than  
your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded  
boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—  
but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any  
of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth  
so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that  
they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when  
they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and  
cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflamma-  
tion. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It  
ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and  
dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehen-  
sive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable  
shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue),<sup>(82)</sup>  
which is the birth, become excellent wit. The second pro-  
perty of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood;  
which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale,  
which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the  
sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to  
the parts extreme:<sup>(83)</sup> it illumineth the face, which, as a  
beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom,

man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph!

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, Duke of CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*P. Humph.* I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied?

*P. Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
And noble offices thou mayst effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:  
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
By seeming cold or careless of his will;  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion—  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—



Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Cla.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

*Cla.* With Pointz, and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
The prince but studies his companions,  
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use  
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers; and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,  
Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis seldom-when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

Who's here? Westmoreland?

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
Added to that that I am to deliver!  
Prince John; your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law;  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But Peace puts forth her olive every where:  
 The manner how this action hath been borne,  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
 With every course in his particular. [*Giving packet.*]

*K. Hen.* 'O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 Which e'er in the haunch of winter sings  
 The lifting-up of day.—Look, here's more news.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of!  
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,  
 With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 Are by the shrieve of Yorkshire overthrown:  
 The manner and true order of the fight,  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large. [*Giving packet.*]

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news make me  
 sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach,—such are<sup>(84)</sup> the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—  
 O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Falls back.*]

*P. Hamph.* Comfort, your majesty!

*Clu.*

O my royal father!

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits  
 Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Clu.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:  
 Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*P. Humph.* The people fear me ; for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature :  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between ;  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before  
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*P. Humph.* This apoplex<sup>(85)</sup> will certain be his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

*[They place the King<sup>(86)</sup> on a bed ; a change of scene  
being supposed here.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise !

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*P. Hen.* How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !  
How doth the king ?

*P. Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he  
The good news yet ? tell't him.

*P. Humph.* He alter'd much  
Upon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick  
With joy, he will recover without physic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords :—sweet prince, speak  
low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us ?

*P. Hen.* No ; I will sit and watch here by the king.

*[Exeunt all except P. Henry.]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?  
O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !  
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not :  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord ! my father !—  
This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,  
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
So many English kings. Thy due from me  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :  
My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

*[Putting it on his head.]*

Which God shall guard : and put the world's whole strength  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me : this from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

*[Exit.]*

*K. Hen.* Warwick ! Gloster ! Clarence !

*Re-enter WARWICK and the rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the king call ?

*War.* What would your majesty ? how fares your grace ?

*K. Hen.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords ?

*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*K. Hen.* The Prince of Wales ! Where is he ? let me see  
him :

He is not here.

*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*P. Humph.* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

*K. Hen.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*K. Hen.* The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.  
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
My sleep my death?—  
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!  
How quickly nature falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleeps with thought,<sup>(87)</sup> their brains with  
care,  
Their bones with industry;  
For this they have engrossèd and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achievèd gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:  
When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets,  
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,<sup>(88)</sup>  
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter Prince HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt all except K. Hen. and P. Hen.]*

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence; and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:  
Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form:—  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more;  
 England shall double-gild his treble guilt,—  
 England shall give him office, honour, might;  
 For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
 [Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
 And He that wears the crown immortally  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
 Than as your honour and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
 Which my most inward true and duteous spirit<sup>(89)</sup>  
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!  
 God witness with me, when I here came in, [Rising.]  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die,  
 And never live to show th' incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposèd!  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable;  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it—as with an enemy  
That had before my face murder'd my father—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did with the least affection of a welcome  
Give entertainment to the might<sup>(90)</sup> of it,—  
Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears  
Thou see'st with peril I have answer'd;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument: and now my death  
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,<sup>(91)</sup>  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my foes,<sup>(92)</sup> which thou must make thy friends,



Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,  
 I cut some<sup>(93)</sup> off, and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;  
 Then plain and right must my possession be :  
 Which I with more than with a common pain  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

*Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.*

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father !

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John ;  
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,  
 My worldly business makes a period.—  
 Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

*P. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick !

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to God !—even there my life must end.  
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem ;  
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land :—  
 But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gloucestershire. A hall in SHALLOW's house.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.  
—What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused;  
excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve;  
you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let  
me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid  
him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served:  
and again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—  
are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shocing  
and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not  
be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be  
had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages,  
about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* 'A shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy, a couple  
of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little  
tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend in the  
court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well,  
Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they  
have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy:—about thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—[*To the Page*] and welcome, my tall fellow.—Come, Sir John.

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions,

—which is four terms, or two actions,—and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid-up!

*Shal.* [*within*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Westminster. A room in the palace.*

*Enter, severally, WARWICK and the Lord Chief-Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;

And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not; and do arm myself

To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, Duke of CLARENCE, WEST-MORELAND, and others.*

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good mor-  
row.<sup>(94)</sup>

*P. Humph.* } Good morrow, cousin.  
*Cla.* }

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember ; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us  
heavy !

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you've lost a friend in-  
deed ;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,  
You stand in coldest expectation :  
I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair ;  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,  
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter King HENRY THE FIFTH, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow ; and God save your majesty !

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :  
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you :  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart : why, then, be sad ;  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
I'll be your father and your brother too ;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :  
 Yet weep that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;  
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
 By number, into hours of happiness.

*Cla.*

*P. John.*

*P. Humph.*

} We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me :—and you most ;

[*To the Chief-Justice.*]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great<sup>(95)</sup> indignities you laid upon me ?  
 What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 Th' immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten ?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father ;  
 The image of his power lay then in me :  
 And in th' administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleasèd to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;  
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your décrees at naught,  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person,  
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
 And mock your workings in a second body.  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son ;  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, so<sup>(96)</sup> silencing your son :  
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words :  
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
That dares do justice on my proper son ;  
And not less happy, having such a son  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me :  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;  
With this remembrance,—that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.  
You shall be as a father to my youth :  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practis'd wise directions.—  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections ;  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world,  
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament :

And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;  
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us;  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[*To the Lord Chief-Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state:  
And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!<sup>(97)</sup> [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Gloucestershire. The garden of SHALLOW'S house.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and  
DAVY.

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an  
arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,  
with a dish of caraways, and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:  
—and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a  
rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all,  
Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy:  
well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your  
serving-man and your husband.<sup>(98)</sup>

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,  
Sir John:—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at  
supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—  
come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat,\* and make good cheer, [Singing.  
And praise God for the merry year;

[*Do nothing but eat, &c.*] This fragment, and the next three fragments  
sung by Silence, are known only from the present play.



When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily,

And ever-among so merrily.

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit. [*Bard. and Page sit at another table.*]—Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear;—the heart's all. [*Exit.*]

*Shal.* Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, my little soldier there, be merry:

*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; <sup>(99)</sup> [*Singing.*  
For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,\*  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

*Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before Bardolph.*]

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship?—[*To Bardolph*] I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing*  
And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.

*Sil.* And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet o' the night. <sup>(100)</sup>

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

\* 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,] "Mr. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called *The Life of Alexander*;

'Merry swithe it is in halle,  
When the berdes waveth alle.' STEEVENS.

These words were, in fact, proverbial.

*Sil.* Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—[*To the Page*] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggens, I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

*Sil.* Do me right,\* [*To Silence, who has just drunk a bumper.*  
And dub me knight: [*Singing.*  
Samingo.

Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court! let him come in.

\* *Do me right, &c.*] "In one of Nashe's plays, entitled *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings [the companions of Bacchus sing] the following catch;

'Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass  
In cup, in can, or glass:  
God Bacchus, do me right,  
And dub me knight,

Domingo.'" STEEVENS.

See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. ix. p. 47, last ed.—By "*Samingo*" Silence means "*San Domingo*."

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol!

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you!

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—<sup>(101)</sup>  
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

*Pist.* Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra<sup>(102)</sup> for the world and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight,\* what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.† [Singing.]

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why, then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,—either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, besonian? speak, or die.

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

\* *O base Assyrian knight, &c.*] Possibly this speech and the preceding one are cited (with alterations) from some drama now unknown.

† *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*] A line (the first word altered) from the ballad of *The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, &c.*: see Ritson's *Robin Hood*, vol. ii. p. 16.

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;  
 Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth :  
 When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like  
 The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What, is the old king dead ?

*Pist.* As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day !—

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.<sup>(103)</sup>

*Pist.* What, I do bring good news ?

*Fal.* Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt ; I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots : we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol !—Away, Bardolph ! [*Exit Bard.* ]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow : I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends ; and wo to my lord chief-justice !

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

"Where is the life that late I led ?" \* say they :  
 Why, here it is ;—welcome this pleasant day !<sup>(104)</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. A street.*

*Enter* Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave ; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*First Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her : there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I

\* "Where is the life that late I led ?" ] A line from some ballad, already quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew* : see vol. iii. p. 153, and foot-note there.

go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

*First Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swunged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swunged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

*First Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

*Dol.* Goodman death, goodman bones!

*Host.* Thou atomy, thou!

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

*First Bead.* Very well. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE V. *A public place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter three Grooms, strewing rushes.*

*First Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

*Sec. Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

*Third Groom.* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.

*First Groom.* Dispatch, dispatch. (105) [Exeunt.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me!—[*To Shallow*]  
O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him;—

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection,—

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion,—

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.<sup>(106)</sup>

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance and contagious prison;

Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the King and his Train, the Lord Chief-Justice among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp  
of fame!

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy!

*King.* My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you  
speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

*King.* I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;  
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men.—  
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:  
Presume not that I am the thing I was;  
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
That I have turn'd away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
For competence of life I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:  
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
Give you advancement.—Be't your charge, my lord,  
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.—  
Set on.

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how,—unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:—come, Lieutenant Pistol;<sup>(107)</sup>—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Lord Chief-Justice, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,—

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.— Take them away.

*Pist.* *Se fortuna<sup>(108)</sup> mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

*[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page, with Officers.]*

*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords and native fire As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. Come, will you hence? *[Exeunt.]*

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

First my fear; then my court'sy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should<sup>(109)</sup> say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did



mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle<sup>(110)</sup> died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

## P. 314. (1) "pleasant towns"

The old eds. have "peasant townes."—The alteration which I have now introduced occurred to me long ago; suggested itself also to Mr. Robson while reading the sheets of the former edition of this work for his own press; and, moreover, is found in Mr. Collier's corrected folio. Mr. Singer, indeed (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 111), reckons it among the "crudities of the corrector:" but one may wonder why Rumour should mention only "the *peasant towns*" (a most strange expression), as if so busy a personage, in the long journey from Shrewsbury to Warkworth, had failed to "call in" at the more important places. (That the fact of the folio having a hyphen here—"peasant-Townes"—weighs absolutely nothing in support of the old reading, my note on the words in *King John*, "thin bestainèd cloak," p. 93, will show distinctly.)

## P. 314. (2) "holſ"

The old eds. have "hole."

## P. 316. (3) "strand"

The old eds. have "strond." See note 1, p. 289.

## P. 317. (4) "That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;"

Here the folio has "chanc'd;" but the earlier, and in some respects much better edition of this play, the quarto of 1600, has "*chanced*."—Walker (whose acquaintance with the old copies was confined to the folio) declares that "Shakespeare certainly did not write *chanced*" (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 134); and proceeds to amend by conjecture a line which opposed his theory. But compare *The Merchant of Venice*, act v. sc. 1;

"You shall not know by what strange accident

I *chanced* on this letter,

*Ant.*

I am dumb."

and *Titus Andronicus*, act iii. sc. 2;

"I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories *chanced* in the times of old."

## P. 318. (5) "fly not"

The old eds. have "fled *not*."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 68).

## P. 318. (6) "the"

The old eds. have "that" (an error perhaps originating in the "that" immediately above).

P. 819. (7) "and do speak the truth,"

So the folio.—The quarto has "*and dare speake the truthe*:" hence Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*and dare speak for truth*."

P. 819. (8) "the corpse,"

*i.e.* the *corpses*, the bodies. Here the folio has "*the Corpses*." (This line is not in the quarto.) See note 5, p. 289.

P. 821. (9) "as"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "at."

P. 821. (9\*) "thorough"

The old eds. have "through."

P. 822. (10) "hunt counter:"

So the quarto.—The folio has "Hunt-counter,"—which has been understood as a term of reproach, used with a quibble,—with an allusion to *hunting counter* (*i.e.* hunting the wrong way, turning and following the scent the way the chase has come), and to the Attendant's office of catchpole, one who *hunts* for the *Counter*-prison. But Nares (*Gloss.* in "Hunt counter") remarks; "It seems to be an error to join the two words into one, as if to make a name, in this passage. Falstaff means rather to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent; 'You are *hunting counter*,' that is, the wrong way. In the old quartos [quarto] the words are disjoined accordingly."

P. 823. (11) "Fal."

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p. 204.

P. 824. (12) "costermonger"

Both the quarto and the folio add an *s* to this word. (Here the folio omits "*times*."—The third folio has "costermongers dayes.")

P. 825. (13) "for, by the Lord," &c.

Walker says; "Write and point, 'for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me: *an* I mean not to sweat extraordinarily—! if it be,' &c. An elliptical threat." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 158.

P. 826. (14) "and so both the degrees prevent my courses."

Here, in my former edition, I adopted the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and of Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector, who agree in changing "*degrees*" to "diseases;" but I now regard that emendation as doubtful.

P. 327. (15)

"lie"

The old eds. have "liue."—On "*Lie* and *live* confounded" see *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 209, by Walker, who suggests that the error here may have been occasioned by the words quoted in my next note,—"*Lives* so in hope."

P. 327. (16)

"*Yes, in this present quality of war;—  
Indeed, the instant action—a cause on foot—  
Lives so in hope,*"

This very difficult passage is not in the quarto.—The folio has "*Yes, if this,*" &c.,—from which, by altering the punctuation, Mr. Knight vainly attempts to extract a meaning.—I adopt the emendation of Johnson, "*in,*" which is also that of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—who in the next line reads "*Indeed the instant act and cause on foot,*" &c.

P. 327. (17)

"last"

So Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "least."

P. 328. (18)

"*To weigh against his opposite; or else*"

Capell printed "*How weigh against,*" &c.; and Mr. Staunton proposes "*And weigh against,*" &c.—Here "*his*" is equivalent to "*its*."—Before this line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts

"A careful leader sums what force he brings."

P. 328. (19)

"*To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,  
They baying him at the heels.*"

So the quarto, except that it omits "*To*."—The passage is unskilfully mended in the folio thus;

"He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch  
Baying him at the heeles."

P. 329. (20)

"exion?"

Here both the quarto and the folio have "action;" but, presently after, they agree in making the Hostess say "exion."

P. 330. (21)

"a long one"

Theobald substitutes "*a long loan,*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector "*a long score,*" and Mr. Grant White "*a long ow'n.*"—"The alteration on the suggestion of Theobald has been very unnecessarily and improperly made. The Hostess means to say that a hundred mark is a long *mark*, that is, *sovereign*, for her to bear. The use of *mark* in the singular number in familiar language admits very well of this equivocal." DOUCE. "I prefer Theobald's '*loan*,' though not altogether satisfactory. At any rate, if Shakespeare had intended to pun on the word *mark*, he would have written '*mark*,' not '*one*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 331. (22)

"Fal."

The quarto has "*Boy*," the folio "*Page*."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 331. (23)

"POINTZ."

So, here and throughout this scene, the name is spelt in the folio. See note 12, p. 290.

P. 335. (24)

"of"

Added by Pope.—Capell supplied "*from*."—The Prince (as Malone observes) is speaking of bastard children, wrapt up in old shirts.

P. 336. (25)

"Bard."

The old eds. have "*Poynes*" and "*Poin*."

P. 337. (26)

"*borrower's cap*,"

The old eds. have "*borrowed cap*."—Corrected by Warburton.

P. 337. (27)

"Poin. [reads]"

The quarto has "*Poynes*," the folio "*Poin. Letter.*;" and both eds. make some confusion in the arrangement of this dialogue.

P. 337. (28)

"*Roman*"

The old eds. have "*Romanes*" and "*Romaines*."—Corrected by Warburton. The words of Julius Cæsar (*veni, vidi, vici*) are here alluded to by Falstaff, who afterwards cites them (p. 374).

P. 337. (29)

"*twenty*"

Steevens considers this as an instance of a certain number put for an uncertain one.—Hanmer (Warburton) reads (very badly) "*plenty*,"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*twenty score*."

P. 338. (30)

"*I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,*"

See note 102 on *The Tempest*, vol. i. p. 254.

P. 339. (31)

"*heart's dear*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*heart-deere*."—"This compound is a Germanism: it does not appear to me in Shakespeare's style; and Walker has shown that in a few instances a hyphen has usurped the place of the final *s*." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 339. (32)

"*long*"

Altered by Theobald to "*look*;" which is probably the poet's word.

P. 339. (33) "*Did seem defensible:—so you left him.*"

"There is no emphasis on the pronouns, and consequently the line is defective." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 342. (34) "*pure*"

The old eds. have "poore;" which I retained in my former edition because "poor" was often used as an epithet of endearment: but I now believe that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was right in altering it to "*pure*."

P. 344. (35) "*faitors*."

The quarto has "faters," the folio "fates."—"Dyce, *Remarks*, p. 111, adopts the quarto's reading '*faters*,' which he supposes to be a various spelling of '*faitours*.' I think he is right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 55.

P. 346. (36) "Se fortuna," &c.

Here the old eds. have "Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento" (the folio "contente"); and towards the close of the Fifth Act the quarto has "Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta," while the folio gives "Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento."—The Cambridge Editors observe; "As the quotation is made by Pistol, who has just spoken of 'Cannibals' (for 'Hannibals') and of 'Trojan Greeks,' we have left it uncorrected. It would be scarcely consistent to put correct Italian or Spanish into his mouth. All the editors assume that Italian is the language meant, and give it, as such, more or less correctly. If Pistol's sword were a Toledo blade, the motto would be Spanish," &c.—See foot-note, p. 344.

P. 346. (37) "*him*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "me."

P. 349. (38) "*Pointz his brother?*"

i. e. Pointz's brother?

P. 350. (39) "*close*"

Altered by Mr. Grant White to "glose,"—wrongly: see note 168 on *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 544.

P. 350. (40) "*and burns, poor soul!*"

"This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had 'and burns poor souls.' The venereal disease was called, in those times, the *brennyng* or *burning*." JOHNSON. It is surprising that the earlier editors, Rowe, Pope, and Theobald, did not anticipate Hanmer in this certain emendation; and it is still more surprising to find the ridiculous old blunder thrust back into the text in two recent editions,—in Mr. Collier's and the Cambridge Shakespeare. (Falstaff calls Doll "poor soul," because she was "in hell already," burning (with the *lues venerea*); about Mrs. Quickly's "damnation" he is uncertain.)

P. 351. (41)

"come [Doll comes blubbered]; yea, will you come, Doll?"

These words are found only in the quarto, where they stand thus; "come, shee comes blubberd, yea," &c.,—a stage-direction (as not unfrequently happens in early dramas) having crept into the text.

P. 352. (42)

"O sleep,"

An interpolation, I conceive.

P. 352. (43)

"the"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "high."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "their" (referring to "the great").

P. 352. (44)

"or"

Hanmer printed "to."—According to Capell, who retains the old reading, "'Bell' in this line is put for the case or box it is hung upon: so that the comparison is double; and this 'couch' as sleepless as the 'case' of a watchman, or of a sentinel that tends on a 'larum.'" *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 175.

P. 352. (45)

"the slippery shrouds,"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "the slipp'ry Clouds;" which reading I now reject on account of the strange impropriety of the epithet "slippery" applied to "clouds."

P. 352. (46)

"Then, happy low, lie down!"

Here, writes Capell, "'lie down' has the force of—lie you down, contented, and secure of repose." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 175.—On Warburton's ingenious alteration, "Then, happy lowly clown," see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 113.

P. 353. (47)

"to you all, my lords."

Malone compares *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 2, where York, addressing only his two friends, Salisbury and Warwick, says, "as all you know."—Theobald substituted "to you. Well, my lords," &c.

P. 354. (47\*)

"will"

The old eds. have "shall,"—a stark error.

P. 354. (48)

"this,"

Johnson conjectures "things;" and Capell prints "these."

P. 355. (49)

"page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk."

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p. 204.

P. 356. (50)

"a"

The folio has "at," which Mr. Grant White pronounces to be right, on account of the preceding words, "at twelve score:" but the more immediately preceding word, "carried," shows that the "a" of the quarto is right.

P. 357. (51)

*"you like well,"*

So the quarto.—The folio has "*you looke well,*" &c.—(Compare *Love's Labour's lost*, act v. sc. 2, vol. ii. p. 218, "*Well-liking* wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat;" and *First Part* of the present play, act iii. sc. 3, p. 258, "Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some *liking*.")

P. 358. (51\*)

*"the others,"*

The old eds. have "*th' other*" and "*the other*."

P. 358. (52)

*"not much of the father's substance."*

The quarto has "*but much of the father's substance*" (where "*but*" is, as it often is, a mistake for "*not*").—The folio has "*but not of the father's substance*."—The Cambridge Editors "retain the reading of the Quarto, understanding '*much*' in the ironical sense in which it is often found."

P. 359. (53) *"Here is two more called than your number;"*

"*Five* only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this *sixth* man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy." MALONE.—"Capell omits the word *two*." BOSWELL.—Mr. Swynfen Jervis conjectures "*Here is one more*," &c.

P. 359. (54)

*"Saint George's field?"*

The fourth folio has "*Saint George's fields?*" But compare

"Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's *field*," &c.

*King Henry VI.* Part Sec. act v. sc. 1.

P. 361. (55)

*"three pound"*

"Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit." JOHNSON.

P. 361. (56)

*"for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:"*

Tyrwhitt would read "*for you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service*."

P. 362. (57)

*"that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:"*

In *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. 3, Cob says, "and they flout him *invincibly*:"—on which Gifford has the following note; "I have some doubt whether we rightly comprehend this word, as understood by our ancestors. Here, and elsewhere, it is used where we should now write *invisibly*. 'He was so forlorn,' says Falstaff of Justice Shallow, 'that his dimensions to any thick sight were *invincible*.' This reading Steevens pronounces to be abso-



lutely spurious; and adopts, with great applause, *invisible*, 'the correction of Rowe.' The correction, as it is termed, is sufficiently obvious to those who are not conversant with our old writers; but not so, I should have thought, to Steevens. However this may be, I have met with the expression so frequently, that I incline to the opinion of the judicious Crites, and think 'there is need of more deliberation,' before it be utterly proscribed." *Johnson's Works*, vol. i. p. 80.

P. 364. (58)

"*Let us sway on,*"

"I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body." JOHNSON.—Nares explains "*sway*" in this passage "press on in motion, pass on." *Gloss*.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads (most vilely) "*Let's away on*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "Away! let's on."

P. 364. (59)

"*If that rebellion*

*Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,*"

The old eds. have "*Led on by bloody* (and "bloodie") *youth, guarded with rage*;" in which line "*heady*" is the emendation of Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector and of Warburton, and "*rags*" the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 136).—The old eds. have also "*commotion so appear*;"—(Johnson, who once conjectured "inoddy" instead of "bloody," afterwards acquiesced in the latter reading, explaining it "full of blood;" but would Shakespeare have written *in the same sentence*, "*bloody youth*" and "*bloody insurrection*"?)

P. 364. (60)

"*to dress the ugly form*

*Of bare and bloody insurrection*"

The old eds. have "*Of base and*," &c.—"Perhaps," says Walker, "*bare*; the image seems to require it." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 280. The alteration is, I think, necessary.

P. 364. (61)

"*Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?*"

The old eds. have "*Turning your bookes to graues*," &c.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 117) says; "Warburton's correction of *glaires* for *graves* has been adopted by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; yet the reading of Steevens, *graves*, is at least equally probable, and nearer to the old word;"—the fact is, our early authors frequently write "graves" when (as here) "*graves*" are meant.—In the last line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—*and report of war*;" while Mr. Singer (*ubi supra*) would substitute "—*and a bruit of*

*war*;"—neither of them being aware that "*a point of war*" is a not uncommon expression: so in Greene's *Orlando Furioso*;

"Tell him from me, false coward as he is,  
That Orlando, the County Palatine,  
Is come this morning, with a band of French,  
To play him hunt's-up with a *point of war*," &c.

*Dram. Works*, p. 94, ed. Dyce, 1861.

1864. In a note on his *Shakspeare Fabrications*, &c. p. 6, Dr. Ingleby declares that I, having the failing of borrowing from others without acknowledgment, "stand indebted to Mr. Staunton for the knowledge" that "*point of war*" ought not to be altered. Now, whence does Mr. Staunton adduce his quotations to show that the phrase is right? From "*Dyce's ed.*" of *Greene*, and from *Peele and Shirley*, authors also edited by me.

P. 365. (62) "*And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere*"

So Hammer (Warburton); and his alteration is at least better than the corruption of the folio, "*— our most quiet there*" (though Henley gravely tells us that "'there' refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into"!!!).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*— most quiet chair*;" but in this line the Archbishop is evidently talking of his associates as well as of himself.—This passage is not in the quarto.

P. 365. (63) "*My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.*"

The second of these lines is not in the folio.—The passage, being plainly mutilated, defies any satisfactory explanation.

P. 366. (64) "*force*"

The folio has "*forc'd*."—This passage is not in the quarto.

P. 366. (65) "*And when that*"

The folio has "*And then, that*."—This is not in the quarto.—I give the alteration of Rowe and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Pope reads, a little more violently, "*And then, when*;" which, however, agrees well with the eleventh line of the speech, "*Then, then, when*," &c.

P. 366. (66) "*then*"

So Capell.—The folio has "*when*."—This is not in the quarto.

P. 367. (67) "*indeed*,"

So Thirlby.—The folio has "*and did*."—This is not in the quarto.

P. 367. (68) "*think*"

Was altered by Hammer to "*mark*;" by Capell to "*hint*."

P. 367. (69) "wills"

The old eds. have "will."

P. 367. (70) "confirm'd,—"

So Hammer.—The old eds. have "confinde" and "confind."

P. 368. (71) "And"

The old eds. have "At."

P. 368. (72) "royal faiths"

Altered by Hammer to "loyal faiths."—" '*Royal faith*' [as Capell observes] means *the faith due to a king*. So in *King Henry VIII.* [act iv. sc. 1]; 'The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds;' that is, their minds well affected to the king. Wolsey, in the same play, when he discovers the king in masquerade, says [act i. sc. 4], 'here I'll make my *royal* choice,' *i. e.* not such a choice as a king would make, but such a choice as has a king for its object. So '*royal faith*,' the faith which is due to a king; which has the sovereign for its object," MALONE.

P. 368. (73) "him on"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector does not scruple to substitute "her man."

P. 370. (74) "imagin'd"

The old eds. have "imagine,"

P. 370. (75) "seal"

The old eds. have "zeale."—Corrected by Walker (see Preface to *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. xxi.) and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (Capell in his *Various Readings* has "seal 1st F.," giving, it would seem by mistake, his own conjecture as the lection of the folio.)

P. 371. (76) "Serves to say thus,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 137) would read "Seems to say this."

P. 372. (77) "your trains"

The old eds. have "our trains," which Steevens defends very unsatisfactorily. (As to the plural "*trains*," compare the words of the Prince, a few speeches earlier;

"Discharge *your powers* unto their several counties," &c.)

P. 372. (78) "*I promis'd you redress of these same grievances*"

Steevens, objecting to the length of this line, would omit "*these same*."—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 251) would alter "*grievances*" to the contracted plural "*grievance*."

P. 373. (79) "*and the dungeon your place,—a dale deep enough;*"  
So Tyrwhitt.—The old eds. have "*and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough*" (the word "*place*" having been repeated by mistake).—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters the former as well as the latter "*place*" to "*dale*."

P. 375. (80) "*Coleville,*"  
"Is a trisyllable." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 2.

P. 375. (81) "*beseech*"  
The old eds. have "I *beseech*."

P. 375. (82) "*to the voice (the tongue),*"  
Hanmer printed "*to the voice, in the tongue*."—"Tongue" was, possibly, only an interlineation, the poet not having determined whether to adopt '*voice*' or '*tongue*.'" STAUNTON.

P. 375. (83) "*extreme.*"  
So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "extremes."

P. 379. (84) "*are*"  
Omitted by Pope; and rightly perhaps.

P. 380. (85) "*apoplex*"  
The old eds. have "apoplexi" and "apoplexie." (The form "*apoplex*" is very common both in the poets and prose-writers of Shakespeare's days.)

P. 380. (86) "*Into some other chamber: softly, pray.*"  
[They place the King," &c.]

Here the old eds. have no stage-direction. In fact, the audience of Shakespeare's time were to suppose that a change of scene took place as soon as the King was laid on the bed.—1864. The Cambridge Editors make the following very odd alteration (marking a new scene, without an *Exeunt* preceding it);

"Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

Scene V. *Another Chamber.*

*The KING lying on a bed: CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others in attendance.*

*King.* Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends," &c.  
(Perhaps it is hardly worth noticing that in the acting-copy of the play the passage stands thus;

"*K. Hen.* I pray you, bear me to my couch, my sons.  
[*They support the King to his couch—the Chief-Justice lays the King's pillow, and Westmoreland goes behind, and lays the mantle over him, then goes to L. of Chief-Justice—the Princes are L. of the couch.*

Softly, pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends," &c.)

P. 382. (87) "*Have broke their sleeps with thought,*"

The old eds. have "—*with thoughts.*" (Here the quarto has "*sleeps:*" but compare *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7, "*Break not your sleeps for that.*")

P. 382. (88)

"*Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,*"

The old eds. have "*Our thigh* (and "*thighes*") *packt with waxe our mouths with hony.*"

P. 384. (89) "*Which my most inward true and duteous spirit*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit.*"

P. 385. (90)

"*might*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "weight."

P. 385. (91)

"*purchas'd,*"

"*i. e.* acquired by unjust and indirect methods. *Purchase*, in Shakespeare, frequently means *stolen goods* or goods dishonestly obtained." MASON. Here Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read, with Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*purchase.*"

P. 385. (92)

"*my foes,*"

The old eds. have "thy friends" (an error most probably caused by the occurrence of the words "*thy friends*" at the end of the line).—Tyrwhitt and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*my friends;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 300), "*thy foes.*"—In confirmation of the reading which I have given (and which Mr. W. N. Lettsom also suggested), compare the following passage of *King Henry V.* act ii. sc. 2, in which Grey addresses that prince;

*"those that were your father's enemies  
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal."*

P. 386. (93)

"*some*"

So Mason and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "them."

P. 389. (94)

"*good morrow.*"

Seems to be an interpolation.

P. 391. (95)

"*So great*"

"*'So gross,'* I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 289.

P. 392. (96)

"*so*"

The old eds. have "soft."—When Mr. Collier proposed to substitute "*so,*" he was not aware that the alteration had been made by Theobald.

- P. 393. (97) "*And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shalt have just cause to say,  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!*"

As in most of the modern editions the reader will find, "*God consigning*," &c. and "*Heaven shorten*," &c., I think it right to mention that, while the quarto has "*God consigning*," &c. and "*God shorten*," &c., the folio has "*heauen consigning*," &c. and "*Heauen shorten*," &c.

- P. 393. (98) "*husband.*"

Altered in the third folio to "*husbandman*;" which was given by Rowe, &c., who did not know how common the word "*husband*" formerly was in the sense of *husbandman*. (We find it in use long before the days of Shakespeare: so in *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*;

"But loke ye do no *housbonde* harme  
That tylleth with his ploughe." Fytte i.)

- P. 394. (99) "*my wife has all*;"

Farmer would read "*my wife's as all*," i. e. my wife is as all women are.

- P. 394. (100) "*And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet o' the night.*"

So the quarto.—The person who made the transcript of this play used for the folio, being accustomed *passim* to alter "*and*" (i. e. *an*) to "*if*," misunderstood the force of the word in the present passage, and wrote "*If we shall be merry*," &c.; but here the "*And*" of the quarto is not equivalent to *An* (if),—it is the copulative conjunction.

- P. 396. (101) "*no man to good.*—"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*none to good*."—Pope gave "*no man good*."—(Malone quotes from *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyne, 1564, sig. F 5,

"No winde but it doth turn some man to good.")

- P. 396. (102) "*foutra*"

The Cambridge Editors here and in a subsequent speech print "*foutre*" (the quarto having "*footre*" and "*fowtre*"). But compare "*A foutra* for promoters!" Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 88, ed. Dyce; and

"Fontra [*Foutra*] for you!

Moun. Fontra [*Foutra*] for mee? *futtra*, *futtra*, *futtra*, flue towсанд  
*futtra's* for you!" *Jacke Drvm's Entertainment*, &c. sig. E, ed. 1616

- P. 397. (103) "*Bard. O joyful day!*—  
*I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.*"

So this speech stands in the folio; and so, most probably, Shakespeare intended it to stand.—We have before had blank verse from Bardolph, when he was not under such excitement as at present: see p. 351.

P. 397. (104) "this pleasant day!"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (a couplet having been evidently intended here).—The old eds. have "these (and "those") pleasant dayes."

P. 398. (105)

"First Groom. *More rushes, more rushes.*

Sec. Groom. *The trumpets have sounded twice.*

Third Groom. *'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.*

First Groom. *Dispatch, dispatch.*"

So the quarto, except that it gives the words "*Dispatch, dispatch*" to the Third Speaker.—The folio omits these words, and divides the dialogue between two Grooms.

P. 399. (106)

"Shal. *It doth so.*

. . . . .

Shal. *It doth so.*

. . . . .

Shal. *It doth, it doth, it doth.*"

In the quarto the prefix to these three speeches is "*Pist.*" In the folio the first of them is rightly assigned to Shallow; but, by an oversight, the two others are left with the old prefix.

P. 401. (107)

"*Lieutenant Pistol,*"

See note 34 on the next play.

P. 401. (108)

"*Se fortuna,*" &c.

See note 36.

P. 401. (109)

"*should*"

"Surely '*shall*;' both the word '*indeed*' and the context seem to demand this." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 139.

P. 402. (110)

"*Oldcastle*"

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p. 205.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.



# KING HENRY V.

A PASSAGE of the Chorus before act v. evidently refers to Essex ;

“Were now the general of our gracious empress—

As in good time he may—from Ireland coming,” &c. ;

and Malone remarks ; “Lord Essex went to Ireland April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 28th of September in the same year. So that this play (unless the passage relative to him was inserted after the piece was finished) must have been composed between April and September 1599. Supposing that passage a subsequent insertion, the play was probably not written *long* before ; for it is not mentioned by Meres [in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c.] in 1598.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 360. It was first printed in 1600, 4to, with a text wretchedly disfigured and incomplete ; nor did it appear in its genuine form till the publication of the folio of 1623. According to Malone, “the fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious ; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.” *Ubi supra*, p. 365. Mr. Collier, however,—while he allows that the quartos “bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud,”—is of opinion “that Shakespeare did not originally write his ‘Henry V.’ by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623, and that it was first produced without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced.” *Introd. to King Henry the Fifth*.—Concerning the earlier anonymous play, entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, &c., see *ante*, p. 205.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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KING HENRY the Fifth.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, } brothers to the King.  
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

EARL OF WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,  
officers in King Henry's army.

JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, MICHAEL WILLIAMS, soldiers in  
the same.

PISTOL.

NYM.

BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, king of France.

LOUIS, the Dauphin.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

DUKE OF BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES, GRANDPRE, French lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap (formerly Mistress Quickly, and  
now married to Pistol).

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE—*During the earlier part of the play in England, afterwards in France.*

## KING HENRY V.

---

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,—  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leash'd-in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraisèd spirits that have dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object: can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields<sup>(1)</sup> of France? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crookèd figure may  
Attest in little place<sup>(2)</sup> a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high-uprearèd and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:  
Piece-out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance;  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;—

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times,  
Turning th' accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history ;  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.]

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY.*

*Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possessions ;<sup>(3)</sup>  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us ; being valu'd thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;  
And, to relief of lazars and weak ago,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;  
And to the coffers of the king, beside,  
A thousand pounds by th' year : thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention ?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace and fair regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration, like an angel, came,  
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made;  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current,<sup>(4)</sup> scouring faults;  
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessèd in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You'd say it hath been all-in-all his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter:—that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;  
So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoric:<sup>(5)</sup>  
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain;  
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;  
And never notèd in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.  
*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;  
 And therefore we must needs admit the means  
 How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
 How now for mitigation of this bill  
 Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty  
 Incline to it, or no ?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent ;  
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part  
 Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us :  
 For I have made an offer to his majesty ;—  
 Upon our spiritual convocation,  
 And in regard of causes now in hand,  
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty ;  
 Save that there was not time enough to hear—  
 As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done—  
 The severals and unhidden passages<sup>(6)</sup>  
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was th' impediment that broke this off ?

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that instant  
 Crav'd audience ;—and the hour, I think, is come  
 To give him hearing : is it four o'clock ?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy ;  
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear it. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The presence-chamber in the same.*

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WEST-MORELAND, *and* Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin : we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY.*

*Cant.* God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it !

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And justly and religiously unfold  
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim :  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth ;  
For God doth know how many, now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,  
How you awake the sleeping sword of war :  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed  
For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint  
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword  
That makes such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord ;  
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign, — and you  
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services  
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedunt,*  
“No woman shall succeed in Salique land :”  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe ;  
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French ;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land :  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devisèd for the realm of France :  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of King Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown



Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—  
To fine his title<sup>(8)</sup> with some show of truth,  
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,  
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Louis the emperor, and Louis the son  
Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine :  
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great  
Was re-united to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Popin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Louis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female :  
So do the kings of France unto this day ;  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law  
To bar your highness claiming from the female ;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net  
Than amply to imbare<sup>(9)</sup> their crookèd titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience make this  
claim ?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !  
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter.<sup>(10)</sup> Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors :  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,  
From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France,  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France,  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work and cold for action!

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats :  
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;  
The blood and courage that renownèd them  
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant lioge  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Ens.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood :  
They know your grace hath cause and means and might.<sup>(11)</sup>

*West.* So hath your highness ; never king of England  
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood and sword and fire to win your right :  
In aid whereof we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm t' invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,  
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy<sup>(12)</sup> neighbour to us ;  
For you shall read that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;  
Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my  
liege ;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself :—  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended  
But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
The King of Scots ; whom she did send to France,  
To fill King Edward's fame<sup>(13)</sup> with prisoner kings,  
And make her<sup>(14)</sup> chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“ If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin :”

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows, then, the cat must stay at home :  
Yet that is but a curst<sup>(15)</sup> necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
And pretty<sup>(16)</sup> traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,  
Th' advisèd head defends itself at home ;  
For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Cant.* True : therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;  
To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,

Obedience : for so work the honey-bees ;  
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
 The art of order<sup>(17)</sup> to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king, and officers of sorts :  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;  
 The civil citizens kneading-up the honey ;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;  
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
 That many things, having full reference  
 To one concent, may work contrariously :  
 As many arrows, loosèd several ways,  
 Fly to one mark ;  
 As many several streets meet in one town ;  
 As many fresh streams run in one salt sea ;<sup>(18)</sup>  
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ;  
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.  
 Divide your happy England into four ;  
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose  
 The name of hardiness and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

Now are we well resolv'd ; and, by God's help,  
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,



When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chases. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;  
And therefore, living here,<sup>(22)</sup> did give ourself  
To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state ;  
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,<sup>(23)</sup>  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :  
For that<sup>(24)</sup> I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working-days ;  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul  
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,  
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.  
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour  
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;  
For we have now no thought in us but France,  
Save those to God, that run before our business.  
Therefore let our proportions for these wars  
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon  
That may with reasonable swiftmess add  
More feathers to our wings ;<sup>(25)</sup> for, God before,  
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
That this fair action may on foot be brought.  
*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

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*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :  
Now thrive<sup>(26)</sup> the armorers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air ;  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.  
The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England !—model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural !  
But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,—  
One, Richard earl of Cambridge ; and the second,  
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third,

Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the guilt of France—O guilt indeed!—  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 If hell and treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on ; and well digest  
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.<sup>(27)</sup>  
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;  
 The king is set from London ; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,—  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,<sup>(28)</sup>  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. Before the Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

*Enter, severally, NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites ;<sup>(29)</sup>—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron : it is a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will : and there's an end.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers in<sup>(30)</sup> France : let 't be so, good Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-



tain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will die<sup>(31)</sup> as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell:—things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Bard.* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.

*Enter PISTOL and Hostess.*<sup>(32)</sup>

How now, mine host Pistol!

*Pist.* Base tike, call'st thou me host?  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Host.* No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn! [*Pistol also draws his sword.*] Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.<sup>(33)</sup>

*Bard.* Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.<sup>(34)</sup>

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

*Host.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggart vile, and damnèd furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale.

[*Nym draws his sword.*]

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[*Draws his sword.*]

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.—  
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:  
Thy spirits are most tall.

[*They sheathe their swords.*]

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe la gorge!*

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Go to.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess:<sup>(35)</sup>—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.—Faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue!

*Host.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on !

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have : that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound : push home.

[*Pistol and Nym draw their swords.*]

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will. [Draws his sword.]

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Pri-  
thee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;  
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood ;  
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ;—  
Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand. [They sheathe their swords.]

*Nym.* I shall have my noble ?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly<sup>(86)</sup> to Sir John. Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;  
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ;  
he passes some humours and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight ; for lambkins we will live.<sup>(87)</sup> [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.**Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.**Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves !As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crown'd with faith and constant loyalty.*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of.*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !*Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY,  
Lords, and Attendants.**K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.  
My Lord of Cambridge,—and my kind Lord of Masham,—  
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts :  
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France,  
Doing the execution and the act  
For which we have in head assembled them ?*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.*K. Hen.* I doubt not that ; since we are well persuaded  
We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair concent with ours,  
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd  
Than is your majesty : there's not, I think,<sup>(38)</sup> a subject  
That sits in heart-grief and uncasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.*Grey.* True : those that were your father's enemies  
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;  
And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit  
According to their weight<sup>(39)</sup> and worthiness.

*Scriop.* So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person: we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on;  
And, on our more advice, we pardon him.<sup>(40)</sup>

*Scriop.* That's mercy, but too much security:  
Lethim be punish'd, sovereign; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir,  
You show great mercy, if you give him life,  
After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,  
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scriop, and Grey, in their dear care  
And tender preservation of our person,  
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:<sup>(41)</sup>  
Who are the late<sup>(42)</sup> commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord:  
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scriop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And me, my royal sovereign.<sup>(43)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Thon, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is  
yours;—

There yours, Lord Scriop of Masham;—and, sir knight,  
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—  
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—  
My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—  
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!  
What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change !  
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
 Out of appearance ?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault ;  
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey.* }  
*Scroop.* } To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was quick in us but late,  
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :  
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;  
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—  
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
 These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here,—  
 You know how apt our love was to accord  
 To furnish him<sup>(44)</sup> with all appertinents  
 Belonging to his honour ; and this man  
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
 And sworn unto the practices of France,  
 To kill us here in Hampton : to the which  
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O,  
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,  
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !  
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy usc,—  
 May it be possible, that foreign hire  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
 That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Treason and murder ever kept together,  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,<sup>(45)</sup>  
 That admiration did not whoop at them :  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder :

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :  
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
From glistening semblances of piety ;  
But he that tempted<sup>(46)</sup> thee bade thee stand up,  
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,  
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,  
He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions, " I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."  
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affianced ! Show men dutiful ?  
Why, so didst thou : seem<sup>(47)</sup> they grave and learned ?  
Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?  
Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?  
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet ;  
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger ;  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;  
Not working with the eye without the ear,  
And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither ?  
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man<sup>(48)</sup> and best indu'd  
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open :  
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;—  
And God acquit them of their practices !  
*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Rich-  
ard earl of Cambridge.  
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord  
Scroop of Masham.  
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas  
Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;  
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;  
 Although I did admit it as a motive  
 The sooner to effect what I intended :  
 But God be thankèd for prevention ;  
 Which I<sup>(49)</sup> in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damnèd enterprise :  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.  
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers<sup>(50)</sup>  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death :  
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give  
 You patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences !—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof  
 Shall be to you as us like glorious.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way  
 To hinder our beginnings ; we doubt not now  
 But every rub is smoothèd on our way.  
 Then, forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver



Our puissance into the hand of God,  
Putting it straight in expedition.  
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance :  
No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.

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SCENE III. *London. Before the Boar's-head Tavern,  
Eastcheap.*

*Enter* PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

*Host.* Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—  
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—  
Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either  
in heaven or in hell!

*Host.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine end,<sup>(51)</sup> and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.<sup>(52)</sup> "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward,<sup>(53)</sup> and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of sack.

*Host.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Host.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Host.* 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Host.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables:

Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and pay;"

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy.* And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

*Host.* Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *France. A room in the French King's palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power upon us;  
And more than carefully it us concerns  
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,—  
And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,  
To line and new repair our towns of war  
With men of courage and with means defendant;  
For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.  
It fits us, then, to be as provident  
As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
And let us do it with no show of fear;  
No, with no more than if we heard that England  
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, Prince Dauphin!  
You are too much mistaken in this king:  
Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
With what great state he heard their embassy,  
How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution,—  
And you shall find his vanities forespent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high-constable;

But though we think it so, it is no matter :  
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems :  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
Which, of<sup>(54)</sup> a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong ;  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain  
That haunted us in our familiar paths :  
Witness our too-much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales ;  
Whiles that his mountain sire,<sup>(55)</sup>—on mountain standing,  
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—  
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry king of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. Go, and  
bring them.

*[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.]*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten  
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England?<sup>(56)</sup>

*Eve.* From him; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature and of nations, 'long  
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretchèd honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know  
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a paper.  
In every branch truly demonstrative;  
Willing you overlook his<sup>(56\*)</sup> pedigree:  
And when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Eve.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
Therefore in fiery<sup>(57)</sup> tempest is he coming,  
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy  
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head  
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.<sup>(58)</sup>

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further :  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

*Exe.* Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king : an if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordnance.<sup>(59)</sup>

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will ; for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days  
And these he masters now : now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain :—that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

*Exe.* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay ;  
For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair condi-  
tions :

A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

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*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier<sup>(60)</sup>  
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning :<sup>(61)</sup>  
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaden sails,  
Borne<sup>(62)</sup> with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing ;  
For so appears this fleet majestic,  
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !  
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy ;  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance ;  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back ;  
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  
[*Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*  
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;

Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility :  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon<sup>(63)</sup> up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height !—On, on, you noble English,<sup>(64)</sup>  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !—  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument :—  
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !  
Be copy now to men<sup>(65)</sup> of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war !—And you, good yemen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,



Straining<sup>(66)</sup> upon the start. The game's afoot:  
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,  
 Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"  
*[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off, within.]*

*Enter NYM, BARDOLPE, PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal,<sup>(67)</sup> stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come;<sup>(68)\*</sup> God's vassals drop and die;  
 And sword and shield,  
 In bloody field,  
 Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

*Pist.* And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,  
 My purpose should not fail with me,  
 But thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As dully, but not as truly,  
 As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's plood!<sup>(69)</sup>—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches? *[Driving them forward.]*

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!  
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!  
 Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours. *[Exeunt Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, followed by Fluellen.]*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three,

\* *Knocks go and come, &c.*] This fragment, and the fragments which follow, belong to some ballad (or ballads) no longer extant.

though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing-up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars:<sup>(70)</sup> the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss unto the duke, look you—is diggt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman,—a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld:<sup>(71)</sup> I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the

true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY.*

*Jamy.* I say gude-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* Got-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.<sup>(72)</sup>

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish, la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be vary gude, gude feith, gude captains baith: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, mary.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes:<sup>(72\*)</sup> it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trompet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ai'l do gudo service, or ai'l lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ai'l pay 't<sup>(73)</sup> as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard<sup>(74)</sup> some question 'tween you 'tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation!<sup>(75)</sup> What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will<sup>(76)</sup> mistake each other.

*Jamy.* A! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the town?  
This is the latest parle we will admit:  
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;  
Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,<sup>(77)</sup>  
A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,  
If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achievèd Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lie burièd.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;  
And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell ; mowing like grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?  
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation ?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon th' enragèd soldiers in their spoil,  
As send précepts to the leviathan  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town and of your people,  
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady murder,<sup>(78)</sup> spoil, and villany.  
If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile<sup>(79)</sup> the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;  
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And their most reverent heads dash'd to the walls ;  
Your naked infants spilted upon pikes,  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?  
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?  
*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end :  
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.  
Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;  
For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,  
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;  
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish.* *The King, &c. enter the town.*]

SCENE III. Rouen. A room in the palace.

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath.* Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

*Alice.* Un peu, madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie m'enseigner ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler.  
Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?

*Alice.* La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. Et les doigts ?

*Alice.* Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres.

*Kath.* La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite-ment. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

*Alice.* Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

*Alice.* C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglais.

*Kath.* Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.

*Alice.* De arm, madame.

*Kath.* Et le coude ?

*Alice.* De elbow.

*Kath.* De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

*Kath.* Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

*Alice.* De elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

*Alice.* De neck,<sup>(80)</sup> madame.

*Kath.* De nick. Et le menton ?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

*Alice.* Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

*Kath.* Non, je réciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

*Alice.* Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

*Kath.* Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

*Alice.* De foot, madame ; et de coun.

*Kath.* De foot et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot et de coun néanmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

*Alice.* Excellent, madame !

*Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!  
*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* whence have they this mettle?<sup>(81)</sup>  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch,<sup>(82)</sup> whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,—  
Poor we may<sup>(83)</sup> call them in their native lords!

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say  
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth  
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;  
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:  
Charles Delabreth,<sup>(84)</sup> high-constable of France;  
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,



Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
 Foix,<sup>(85)</sup> Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,<sup>(86)</sup>  
 For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.  
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:  
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;  
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.<sup>(87)</sup>

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;  
 And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—  
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient; for you shall remain with us.—  
 Now forth, lord constable, and princes all,  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The English camp in Picardy.*

*Enter, severally, GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—Got be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient there at the pridge,<sup>(88)</sup>—I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called Auncient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Enter Pistol.*

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of<sup>(89)</sup> buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;\*  
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hangèd must 'a be,—  
A damnd death!

\* *Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;*] “Conveys an allusion to the famous old ballad, ‘Fortune my foe,’—

‘*Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me?*’” STAUNTON.

Let gallows grin for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hump his windpipe suffocate  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For pax of little price  
Therefore, go speak,—the duke will hear thy voice,  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu* Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning

*Pist* Why, then, rejoice therefore

*Flu* Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at  
for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke  
to use him good pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline  
ought to be used

*Pist* Die and be damn'd! and flee for<sup>(90)</sup> thy friendship!

*Flu* It is well

*Pist* The flig of Spain!

[*Exit.*

*Flu* Very good.

*Glow* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

*Flu* I'll assure you, 'a uttered as grave 'ords at the bridge  
as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what  
he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is  
serve

*Glow* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and  
then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return unto  
London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are  
perfect in the great commanders' names and they will learn  
you by rote where services were done,—at such and such a  
moment, at such a breach, at such a convoy, who came off  
bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy  
stool on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war,  
which they trick up with new-tuned oaths<sup>(91)</sup> and what a  
beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp,  
will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonder-  
ful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such  
landlarks of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu* I tell you what, Captain Gower,—I do perceive he  
is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld

he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.  
[*Drum within.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the bridge.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the bridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the bridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the bridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a pravo man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church,—one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to

bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,  
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,—  
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—  
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
Almost no better than so many French;  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march<sup>(92)</sup> three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,  
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France  
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.  
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;  
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;  
My army but a weak and sickly guard:  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,  
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,  
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

[*Gives a purse.*]

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this :  
 We would not seek a battle, as we are ;  
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it :  
 So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.  
 March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night :—  
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;  
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of ORLEANS, the Dauphin, and others.*

*Con.* Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—Would it were day !

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning ?

*Dau.* My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high-constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this !—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.<sup>(93)</sup> *C'est lui !* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs ; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu !* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.<sup>(94)</sup>

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him : he is, indeed, a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of nature,"—

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* *Ma foi*,<sup>(95)</sup> methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O, then, belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her<sup>(96)</sup> own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of any thing.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night,—are those stars or suns upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert!—Will it never be day?—I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

*Orl.* He will never said well.



*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high-constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Rum.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and stool, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock : but, let me see,—by ten  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation :  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.<sup>(97)</sup>  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemn'd English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,<sup>(98)</sup>  
Presenteth<sup>(99)</sup> them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head !"   
For forth he goes and visits all his host ;  
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,

And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night ;  
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,<sup>(100)</sup>  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night :  
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;  
Where—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,  
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see ;  
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *France. The English camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter* King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger ;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.—  
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out ;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry :  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all ; admonishing  
That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd :  
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.*

No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

*[Exeunt Gloster, Bedford, and Erpingham.]*

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Pist.* *Qui va là?*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so. What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.

*Pist.* The king's a ~~king's~~ *hawcock*, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully.—What is thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry *le Roi*.

*Pist.* Le Roy!

A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate  
Upon Saint Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that  
day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The fico<sup>(101)</sup> for thee, then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you: God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Chesu Christ, speak lower.<sup>(102)</sup>

It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the  
true and auncient prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not  
kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of  
Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there  
is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I  
warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and  
the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and  
the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating cox-  
comb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be  
an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,—in your own con-  
science, now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which  
breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire  
the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I  
think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas<sup>(108)</sup> Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most kind gentleman:  
I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to  
be washed off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though  
I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the  
violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to  
him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human condi-  
tions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but  
a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than  
ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.  
Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears,  
out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason,  
no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest  
he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will; but  
I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in  
Thames up to the neck;—and so I would he were, and I by  
him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the  
king: I think he would not wish himself any where but  
where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should he be  
sure to be ransomed, and a many-poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him  
here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's

minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company,—his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more<sup>(104)</sup> than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle,<sup>(105)</sup> shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, "We died at such a place;" some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle;<sup>(106)</sup> for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his ven-

geance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain,<sup>(107)</sup> every man that dies ill, the ill is<sup>(108)</sup> upon his own head,—the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my helmet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove: give me another of thine.



*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap : if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word : fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends : we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us ; for they bear them on their shoulders : but it is no English treason to cut French crowns ; and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king !—let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king !

We must bear all. O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own wringing !

What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy !

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony,—save general ceremony ?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?

What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth !

What is thy soul, O adoration ?<sup>(109)</sup>

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men ?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose :  
 I am a king that find thee ; and I know  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farc'd title running 'fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched<sup>(110)</sup> slave,  
 Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;  
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;  
 And follows so the ever-running year,  
 With profitable labour, to his grave :  
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent :

*I'll be before thee.*

*Erp.* I shall do't, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;  
 Possess them not with fear ; take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposèd numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them !<sup>(111)</sup>—Not to-day, O Lord,  
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown !  
 I Richard's body have interrèd new ;  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
 Than from it issu'd forcèd drops of blood :  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built  
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;  
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
 Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege !

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;<sup>(112)</sup>  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The French camp.*

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords !

*Dau.* *Montez à cheval !*—My horse ! *varlet,*<sup>(113)</sup> *laquais !* ha !

*Orl.* O brave spirit !

*Dau.* *Via !—les eaux et la terre,—*

*Orl.* *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu,—*

*Dau.* *Ciel !* cousin Orleans.

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord constable !

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh !

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha !<sup>(114)</sup>

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?  
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !  
Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands ;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins  
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheathe for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,  
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,—  
Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enow  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation,—  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonance<sup>(115)</sup> and the note to mount:  
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?  
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And ~~finds~~ <sup>finds</sup> through a rusty beaver peeps:  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
And in their pale dull mouths<sup>(116)</sup> the gimmel-bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;  
And their exécutors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words  
To démonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon:—to the field!—  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste.<sup>(117)</sup> Come, come, away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The English camp.*

*Enter the English host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,  
and WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting-men they have full three-score thousand.

*Exc.* There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—

My dear Lord Gloucester,—and my good Lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

*Exc.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.<sup>(118)</sup>

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*Enter King Henry.*

*West.* O, that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,<sup>(119)</sup>  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian:"  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."<sup>(120)</sup>

Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember with advantages  
 What feats he did that day : then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.<sup>(121)</sup>  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered,—  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition :  
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :  
 The French are bravely in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from England,  
 coz ?

*West.* God's will ! my liege, would you and I alone,  
 Without more help, might fight this battle out !

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand  
 men ;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.—  
 You know your places : God be with you all !

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,  
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
 Before thy most assur'd overthrow :  
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind  
 Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls  
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies  
 Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.* Who hath sent thee now ?

*Mont.* The constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back :  
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
 Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?  
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt  
 Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in Franco,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
 Mark, then, abounding<sup>(122)</sup> valour in our English ;  
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,<sup>(123)</sup>  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse<sup>(124)</sup> of mortality.  
 Let me speak proudly :—tell the constable  
 We are but warriors for the working-day ;  
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,—  
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,—  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;  
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or<sup>(125)</sup> they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,—  
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then  
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou<sup>(126)</sup> thy labour ;



Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :  
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—  
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well :  
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.<sup>(127)</sup>

*Enter the Duke of York.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
 The leading of the vaward.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march  
 away :—  
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

*Alarums : excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur !

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

*Pist.* Quality ! *Callino, castore me !*<sup>(128)</sup> art thou a gentleman ? what is thy name ? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O Seigneur Dieu !*

*Pist.* O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—  
 Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark ;—  
 O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,  
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
 Eggregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moi !*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve ; I will have forty moys ;  
 Or<sup>(129)</sup> I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat  
 In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur !  
 Thou dammed and luxurious mountain-goat,  
 Offer'st me brass ?

*Fr. Sol.* *O, parlez-moi !*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—  
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French  
What is his name.

*Boy.* *Ecoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé?*

*Fr. Sol.* *Monsieur le Fer.*

*Boy.* He says his name is Master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

*Boy.* *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*

*Pist.* *Oui, couper la gorge, par ma foi,*  
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*

*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

*Boy.* *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

*Fr. Sol.* *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très-distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—  
Follow me, cur. [*Exit.*

*Boy.* *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exit French Soldier.*]  
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart:  
but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest  
sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than  
this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his  
nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and  
so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously.  
I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp:  
the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it;  
for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field of battle.*

*Alarums.* Enter Constable, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Dauphin,  
RAMBURES, and others.

*Con.* *O diable!*

*Orl.* *O Seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

*Daup.* *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame<sup>(130)</sup>

Sit mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune!*—

Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Daup.* *O perdurable shame!*—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?<sup>(131)</sup>

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour: once more back again;<sup>(132)</sup>

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminatè.<sup>(133)</sup>

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.<sup>(134)</sup>

*Orl.* We are enow, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:<sup>(135)</sup>  
Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces, EXETER, and others.*

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:  
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour  
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding the plain;<sup>(136)</sup> and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company<sup>(137)</sup> to heaven;  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;  
As in this glorious and well-foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry!"

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign."

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;  
But I had not so much of man in me,

And<sup>(138)</sup> all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.*

I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful<sup>(139)</sup> eyes, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—

The French have reinfo'ed their scatter'd men:—

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against  
the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you  
now, as can be offered; in your conscience, now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the  
cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this  
slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all  
that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most wor-  
thily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.  
O, 'tis a gallant king!

*Flu.* Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower.  
What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig  
was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the Great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the  
great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are  
all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon:  
his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born.  
I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I  
warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Mace-  
don and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both  
alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also more-  
over a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth;  
but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other

river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—Got knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that : he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it : as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-pelly doublet :<sup>(140)</sup> he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he :—I'll tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum.* Enter King HENRY with a part of the English forces ;  
WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France  
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald ;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill :  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight :  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,  
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones  
Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings :  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have ;  
And not a man of them that we shall take  
Shall taste our mercy :—go, and tell them so.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*Enter MONTJOY.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.*

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license

That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To look our dead,<sup>(141)</sup> and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes—woe the while—

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes; and their<sup>(142)</sup> wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yerk out their arm'd heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies!

*K. Hen.*

I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer

And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.*

The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Prais'd be God, and not our strength, for it!—  
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please  
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince  
of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most  
prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: if your majesty is  
remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden  
where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;  
which, your majesty knows,<sup>(143)</sup> to this hour is an honourable

padge of the service; and I do pelieve your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour;  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*]

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,<sup>(144)</sup> I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.



*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please Got of his grace that I might see.<sup>(145)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him,—as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Before King HENRY's pavilion.**Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.**Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.*Enter FLUELLEN.**Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king : there is more goot toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?*Flu.* Know the glove ! I know the glove is a glove.*Will.* I know this ; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*]*Flu.* 'Splood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England !*Gow.* How now, sir ! you villain !*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn ?*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows,<sup>(146)</sup> I warrant you.*Will.* I am no traitor.*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him : he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.**War.* How now, how now ! what's the matter ?*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be Got for it !—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.—Here is his majesty.*Enter King HENRY and EXETER.**K. Hen.* How now ! what's the matter ?*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.*Will.* My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap : I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's man—

hood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove,<sup>(147)</sup> soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;

And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald,—are the dead number'd?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*]

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

*Eve.* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;  
John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French  
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—  
Charles Delabreth,<sup>(148)</sup> high-constable of France;  
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;  
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;  
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin;  
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,  
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;  
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,  
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,  
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.  
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—  
Where is the number of our English dead?—

*[Herald presents another paper.]*

Edward the duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,  
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;  
None else of name; and of all other men  
But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here;  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,  
But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss  
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,  
For it is only thine!

*Eve.*

'Tis wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village :  
And be it death proclaimèd through our host  
To boast of this, or take that praise from God  
Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how  
many is killed?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,  
That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites :  
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
We'll then to Calais ; and to England then ;  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*]

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*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,<sup>(149)</sup>  
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their hugo and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,<sup>(150)</sup>  
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts  
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with<sup>(151)</sup> wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,  
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;  
And solemnly see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath ;  
Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
His bruised helmet and his bended sword  
Before him through the city : he forbids it,  
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,

Quite from himself to God. But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens !  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :  
 As, by a lower but loving<sup>(152)</sup> likelihood,  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress—  
 As in good time he may—from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;—  
 As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the King of England's stay at home ;  
 The emperor<sup>(153)</sup> coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them ;—and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France :  
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance,  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

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## ACT V.

SCENE I. *France. An English court of guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower :—the rascally, scald, peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, —which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no

petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.

*Enter Pistol.*

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave,—when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:  
I eat and eat, I swear—(164)

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, sculd knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is goot for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot :—hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat !

*Flu.* Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels : you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*]

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*]

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now ?

News have I, that my Nell<sup>(155)</sup> is dead i' the spital

Of malady<sup>(156)</sup> of France ;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, hawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.<sup>(157)</sup>

[*Exit.*]



SCENE II. *Troyes in Champagne. An apartment in the  
French King's palace.*

*Enter, from one side, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; from the other side, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, ALICE, other Ladies, and Lords; the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!  
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—  
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,<sup>(158)</sup>  
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality;<sup>(159)</sup> and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great Kings of France and England! That I've labour'd,  
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness' on both parts best can witness.  
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,  
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub or what impediment there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenty,<sup>(160)</sup> and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,  
That should deracinate such savagery;  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all<sup>(161)</sup> uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.  
And as<sup>(162)</sup> our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,  
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country;  
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favour,  
You are assembled: and my speech entreats  
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences,  
And bless us with her former qualities.  
*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,  
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which as yet  
There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye  
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
T' appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us<sup>(163)</sup> once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept<sup>(164)</sup> and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—  
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king;  
And take with you free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in or out of our demands;  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them:  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:  
She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*]

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak  
your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly  
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it  
brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell what is "like me."

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*

*Alice.* *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits,—dat is de princess.*<sup>(165)</sup>

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you:" then, if you urge me further than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.*<sup>(166)</sup>

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a juck-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there,—let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say

to thee that I shall die, is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no, yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kato, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places;<sup>(107)</sup> for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prator, a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow—but a good heart, Kato, is the sun and the moon, or, rather, the sun, and not the moon,—for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me—and take me, take a soldier, take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath* Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?

*K Hen* No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kato; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine—and, Kato, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

*Kath* I cannot tell what is that.

*K Hen* No, Kato? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession<sup>(108)</sup> de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*comme votre est France et vous êtes mien*. It is as easy for me, Kato, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath* *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle*.

*K Hen* No, faith, is't not, Kato; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I think, most truly—sincerely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kato, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

*Kath* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très-chère et divine déesse*?

*Kath.* Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting<sup>(169)</sup> effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better:—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine:" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine,

France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;" who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all Katharines,<sup>(170)</sup> break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate,—it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur;*<sup>(171)</sup> *excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell vat is *baiser en* English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Oui, vraiment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,—as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.—Here comes your father.

*Re-enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD,  
GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, &c.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty! my royal cousin,  
Teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how  
perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is  
not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart  
of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love  
in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you  
for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a  
circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must  
appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a  
maid yet rosed-over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if  
she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked  
seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid  
to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink and yield,—as love is blind  
and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not  
what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to con-  
sent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will  
teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered  
and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind,  
though they have their eyes; and then they will endure hand-  
ling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time and a hot sum-  
mer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter  
end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love  
for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for  
one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the



cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never<sup>(172)</sup> entered.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife ?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her : so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England ?

*West.* The king hath granted every article :—

His daughter first ; and then,<sup>(173)</sup> in sequel, all,  
According to their firm proposèd natures.

*Exc.* Only, he hath not yet subscribèd this :—

Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très-cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France* ; and thus in Latin, *Precclarissimus*<sup>(174)</sup> *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest ;  
And thereupon give me your daughter.<sup>(175)</sup>

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up  
Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that ne'er war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Now, welcome, Kate ;—and bear me witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessèd marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction<sup>(176)</sup> of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our league.—<sup>(177)</sup>  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

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*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.  
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd  
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;  
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King  
Of France and England, did this king succeed;  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:  
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

P. 421. (1) "fields"

Altered in the second folio to "field;" which some modern editors prefer.—  
This is not in the quartos.

P. 421. (2) "place"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "space."

P. 422. (3) "possessions;"

So Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Possession."—  
This is not in the quartos.

P. 423. (4) "current,"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "currance."—This is not in the  
quartos. ("Knight and Grant White derive '*currance*' from the old French  
*courance*, but this (see Cotgrave) means *a flux*; and, though Macbeth talks  
of *scouring* the English out of Scotland with purgative drugs, it is plain  
from the context that in our passage *the scouring of a river* is meant. '*Cur-*  
*rent*,' therefore, seems much the safer reading." W. N. LETTSOM.)

P. 423. (5) "this theoria:"

"Possibly [with the third folio] '*his theoric*;' at any rate, '*this*' seems odd."  
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 222.

P. 424. (6) "The severals and unhidden passages"

"This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained:  
the *passages* of his *titles* are the *lines of succession* by which his claims de-  
scend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear*." JOHNSON.—Pope printed "*The several*  
*and*," &c.

P. 425. (7) "sword"

The folio has "Swords."—This is not in the quartos.—Compare just above,  
"The sleeping *sword* of war."

P. 427. (8) "To find his title"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*To find his Title*."—Very probably the right  
reading is "*To find his title*,"—which was first suggested by Johnson.

P. 427. (9) "Than amply to imbar their crook'd titles"

The first two quartos have "*Then amply to imbace*," &c.; the third quarto  
has "*Then amply to embrace*," &c.—The folio has "*Then amply to imbarre*,"

&c.—Rowe, in his first ed., printed "*Than amply* to make bare," &c., but in his second ed. restored the reading of the folio.—Pope substituted "*Than* openly imbrace," &c.—Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, gave "*Than amply* to imbare [*i. e.* lay bare]," &c.,—which lection I adopt for want of a better. Nor is it the only doubtful reading in this line: indeed, Mr. W. N. Lettsom pronounces "*amply*" to be "as sheer nonsense as '*imbarre*.'"

P. 427. (10) "*For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter.*"

By the second line we are to understand,—When the man dies, *and has no son*, let the inheritance, &c. The usual modern reading is that of the quartos, "*When the sonne dyes*," &c.: but, whatever had been the authority of the quartos (and they present only a skeleton of the play, though their assistance on some occasions is by no means to be slighted), I should have adopted, with Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, the reading of the folio. The passage in *Numbers* as cited by Holinshed is, "*When a man dieth* without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter" (*Chron.* vol. iii. p. 66, ed. 1808); and, as given in our common version, "*If a man die*, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter," Chap. xxvii. 8. There is not a word in Scripture about the contingency of *the son dying*; and the law was declared in consequence of a claim put in by the daughters of Zelophehad, "who had no sons."—1864. Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors agree with me in reading "*When the man dies*," &c.

P. 428. (11) "*They know your grace hath cause and means and might.*"

The folio, which alone has the present passage, makes this line the beginning of the next speech.—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 186).

P. 428. (12) "*giddy*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "greedy."

P. 429. (13) "*fame*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "train."

P. 429. (14) "*her*"

The quartos have "your;" the folio has "their."

P. 429. (15) "*ourst*"

So the quartos.—"*i. e.*" says Walker, "froward, perverse." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 139.—The folio has "crush'd."

P. 429. (16) "*pretty*"

Steevens proposes "petty."

P. 430. (17)

"The art of order"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*The Act of Order*;" in defence of which Malone cites the corresponding passage of the quartos;

"creatures that by awe

*Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome.*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks; "Malone's quotation merely shows that the corruption is an old one; but what can we think of a critic who imagines that the phrase '*ordain an act*' justifies the phrase '*teach the act*'?"

P. 430. (18)

"*As many arrows, loosed several wayes,  
Fly to one mark;  
As many several streets meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams run in one salt sea;*"

The quartos have

"*As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes, flye to one marke:  
As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne:  
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea;*"

The folio has

"*As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes  
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,  
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea.*"

That in this passage the word "wayes" was repeated by mistake can hardly be doubted; and I have substituted "*streets*" at the suggestion of Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who compares Fletcher and Shakespeare's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act i. ad fin.;

"This world's a city full of straying *streets*,  
And death's the market-place where *each one meets*."

I may add that "*run in one self sea*" is good old English,—"*in*" being formerly often used as equivalent to "into:" see note 39 on *As you like it*, vol. iii. p. 84.

P. 431. (19)

"there"

The folio has "Or *there*" (the "Or" having been repeated by mistake).—This is not in the quartos.

P. 431. (20)

"*or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a wawen epitaph.*"

So the folio, except that it has "*Like Turkish mute*."—The quartos have

"*Or else like toonglesse mutes  
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph.*"—

"Read '*mutes*,' as the old grammar requires." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 263.

P. 431. (21) " *King Edward the Third.*"

Pope omitted "*King.*"—"I would expunge '*the,*' and perhaps '*King.*'"  
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 140.

P. 432. (22) " *living here,*"

The folio has "*living hence,*" which Mason was quite justified in saying "cannot be reconciled to sense."—This is not in the quartos.—I give Hanmer's reading.—"Henry," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "means that poor beggarly England was not his home, but that France was."—The Ms. no doubt had "*heere,*" which the compositor mistook for "*hence.*"

P. 432. (23) " *Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "— *my soul of greatness,*;"—to which Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 123) says "there is little objection :;" but may not the metaphorical use of "*sail*" in the present line be defended by the following passage concerning another royal personage in *Henry VI. Part Third*, act iii. sc. 8;

"now Margaret  
Must *strike her sail*, and learn awhile to serve,  
Where kings command?"

P. 432. (24) " *For that,*" &c.

"To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character." JOHNSON.—The quartos have "*For* this," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*For* here," &c.—" '*That,*' " says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "seems to be a misprint for '*yet,*' i. e. *as yet (that—y).*"

P. 433. (25) " *That may with reasonable swiftness add  
More feathers to our wings;*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector read "— *with seasonable swiftness,*" &c. : but compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 2 ;

"Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very *wings of reason* to his heels," &c.

P. 433. (26) " *thrive*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*strive,*"

P. 434. (27)

" *Linger your patience on ; and well digest  
Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.*"

The folio has

“ — and wee'l digest  
*The abuse of distance; force a play.*”

I give Pope's reading; which is at least as good as that of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, “ — distance, and so *force a play*.”—These two lines seem strangely out of place; and perhaps Mr. Knight is right in supposing that they “were intended to be erased from the author's copy.”—The Chorus is not in the quartos.—1864. “These two lines are corrupt and unintelligible: but they appear to have formed a portion of the close of this Chorus, and to have been replaced by the eight lines beginning with ‘The sum is paid.’” W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 434. (28) “*But, till the king come forth, and not till then,*”

Hanmer printed “*But when the king comes forth, and not till then.*”—Malone proposes “*Not till the king come forth, and but till then.*”—“This line, as it stands, involves a contradiction; but probably the scribbler who wrote it gave it as it is given by Hanmer. It seems to me (with the next line) to be an awkward attempt (certainly not by Shakespeare) to account for the very next scene being laid in Eastcheap instead of Southampton. This Chorus, in fact, should be placed immediately after what is now the first scene of the second act, as Pope saw; and I do not see why Theobald's opinion should have been preferred.” W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 434. (29) “*smiles;*”

The folio has “smiles.”—This is not in the quartos.—“Dr. Farmer, with great probability, would read ‘*smiles*,’ i.e. *blows*, a word used in the midland counties.” STEEVENS.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes the same alteration; and that it is absolutely necessary we have proof in the strange attempts of the commentators to explain “smiles.”

P. 434. (30) “*in*”

The folio has “to” (which the compositor's eye caught from the line above).—This is not in the quartos.

P. 435. (31) “*do*”

The old eds. have “do (*and doe*).”—Corrected by Mason; and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 141).

P. 435. (32) “Hostess.”

Here the quartos have “*Hostes* Quickly, his wife:” the folio has “Quickly.”—Of course, “*Hostess*” is now the only proper appellation for “the quondam Quickly.”

P. 435. (33) "*O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn! . . . Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.*"

The folio has "*— if he be not hewne from us,*" &c.—When, in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 117, I substituted "*drawn*" for "*hewne*," I was not aware that Theobald had anticipated me.—Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1 ;

"What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?"

and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, act iv. sc. 4 ;

"He's drawn ;

By heaven, I dare not do it!"—

The quartos have "*O Lord heeres Corporall Nims (and "Nim"), now shall we haue wilful adultery,*" &c.

P. 435. (34)

"Bard. *Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.*"

Malone very hastily made this a portion of the preceding speech, printing "*Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here :*"—and I have now [1857] to regret that in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 117, I found fault with Mr. Collier for adhering to the old text,—the inconsistency of which may perhaps, after all, be attributed to the author himself, for he has other passages which exhibit the like inconsistency. Here, of course, the difficulty lies in the word "*lieutenant*,"—for which Capell substituted "*ancient*:" but it seems to have escaped the notice of all the editors that a similar impropriety occurs in the *Sec. Part of Henry IV.*, towards the close of which (p. 401) Falstaff says, "*Come, Lieutenant Pistol,*" though earlier in that play Pistol is "*ancient*." Again, in the present play Bardolph's military title is unaccountably varied: at the commencement of this scene Nym calls him "*Lieutenant*," but in act iii. sc. 1 (p. 451) addresses him as "*corporal*" (which "*corporal*" is certainly not to be explained away on the supposition of Mr. Knight, or rather, of Zachary Jackson, that "*Nym, in his fright, forgets his own rank and Bardolph's also*"). Since, therefore, there is a probability that these inconsistencies may have arisen from some inattention on the part of Shakespeare himself, I doubt if an editor be justified in doing more than pointing them out to the reader.

P. 436. (35) "*Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess :*"

The folio has "*—and your Hostesse :*"—The quartos have "*Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister, and you Host Pistoll.*"

P. 437. (36) "*Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly*"

The folio has "*— come of women,*" &c. ; which is corrected in the second folio.—The quartos have "*Hostes. As ever you came of men come in,*" &c.—I should not have noticed this, had not Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier replaced in the text the reading of the folio.



P. 437. (37) "for lambkins we will live."

i. e., says Malone, "we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins."—So the words stand in the quartos.—They are given in the folio thus; "*for (Lambekins) we will live.*"

P. 438. (38) "I think,"

Omitted by Pope.

P. 439. (39) "their weight"

The quartos have "*their cause*:" the folio has "*the weight*."

P. 439. (40) "*And, on our more advice, we pardon him.*"

The old eds. have "*And on his more advice*," &c.—"Read, with Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, '*our*.' The error proceeded from '*him*' and '*his*' occurring in the neighbourhood. Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 4;

'How shall I dote on her with *more advice*,  
That thus without advice begin to love her?'

and *Measure for Measure*, v. 1;

'Yet did repent me after *more advice*.'

In both these passages '*more advice*' means *further consideration*, i. e. further consideration *in the mind of the speaker*. Singer, therefore, should not have quoted the latter of these passages in defence of '*his*' in the present passage."  
W. N. LETTSON.

P. 439. (41) "causes."

Mr. W. N. Lettson suggests "cause."

P. 439. (42) "late"

Is explained "lately appointed."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "state."

P. 439. (43) "Cam. I *one*, my lord:  
*Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.*  
Scroop. *So did you me, my liege.*  
Grey. *And me, my royal sovereign.*"

The last of these speeches stands in the folio, "*Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne*;" in the quartos, "*Gray. And me my Lord*." The reading of the folio (which Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier have restored) is a very improbable one, and hardly to be defended, either on the plea that there is an ellipsis, "*And I am one, my royal sovereign*," or that "*I*" was formerly sometimes used inaccurately for "*me*." When Shakespeare had once made Scroop say, "*So did you me*," &c., it was altogether unlikely that he should fail to write in the next speech, "*And me*," &c.—1864. Yet Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors print here, with the folio, "*And I*," &c.

P. 440. (44) "him"

Added in the second folio. (The quartos have

"You know how apt we were to grace him,  
In all things belonging to his honour," &c.)

P. 440. (45) "course,"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "course,"—rightly perhaps.

P. 441. (46) "tempted"

Johnson's conjecture.—The folio has "temper'd."—This is not in the quartos.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "Stevens's note on this word is no answer to Johnson's. The context requires 'tempted.'"—Compare note 169.

P. 441. (47) "seem"

Pope printed "or seem."

P. 441. (48) "To mark the full-fraught man"

The folio has "To make the full fraught man," &c.—Theobald substituted "mark" for "make."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 442. (49) "I"

Added in the second folio.

P. 442. (50) "proclaim'd, and from his coffers"

Pope threw out "proclaim'd."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "proclaim'd, from's coffers."

P. 443. (51) "a fine end,"

The folio has "a finer end."—This is not in the quartos.—Corrected by Capell.—"He made a fine end" is at this day a vulgar expression, when any person dies with resolution and devotion." MASON.—"The comparative degree was evidently a mistake by the printer." COLLIER.—"Surely 'fine' is the right reading." Walker's *Crit. Essay*, &c. vol. ii. p. 56.

P. 443. (52)

"for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babble of green fields."

The folio has "— as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields" (the corresponding passage in the quartos is merely "*His nose was as sharpe as a pen*").—I adopt as a matter of course Theobald's emendation, which has now become a portion of the established text of Shakespeare; and since there is no probability that its place will ever be usurped by the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "— as a pen on a table of greene frieze," I refrain from stating the objections to which I conceive the latter variation is liable. Let

me only observe, that, while Theobald does no more than change "table" to "babbled," the Ms. Corrector, with comparative license, substitutes "on" for "and," and "frieze" for "fields."—1864. It may be well to subjoin Theobald's account of the origin and progress of this very celebrated emendation: "I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjectures of a gentleman sometime deceas'd, and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus ;

*'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a talked of green fields.'*

It is certainly observable of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of moving ; as it is of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. The variation from '*Table*' to '*talked*' is not of a very great latitude ; though we may still come nearer to the traces of the letters by restoring it thus ;

*'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.'*

To *babble*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like children that cannot yet talk, or dying persons when they are losing the use of speech." *Shakespeare restored*, §v. (*Appendix*), p. 138.

P. 443. (53) "upward and upward,"

Mr. Grant White prints "up'ard, and up'ard;" and adds in a note, "Thus the original, very characteristically." *What* original?

P. 446. (54) "Which, of"

Not to mention other alterations made or proposed here, Malone conjectures "While oft."

P. 446. (55) "Whiles that his mountain sire,—"

Altered by Theobald to "*Whiles that his mounting sire*," by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*Whiles that his mighty sire*."—"Drayton, in the 18th Song of his *Polyolbion*, has a similar thought ;

*'Then he, above them all, himself that sought to raise,  
Upon some mountain top, like a pyramides.'*

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. i. c. xi. ;

*'Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side  
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill.'*" STEEVENS.

P. 446. (56) "As self-neglecting.

Re-enter *Lords*, with *Exeter* and *Train*.

Fr. King. *From our brother England?*"

Here the folio has "*From our Brother of England?*"—as it has again in the next page ;

"Back to our Brother of England.  
*Dolph.* For the *Dolphin*," &c.

In both passages I have omitted "of" with the two earliest quartos ;—and I have done so, because the folio afterwards, act v. sc. 2 (p. 499), has

"Unto our *brother France*, and to our Sister," &c.

"Most worthy *brother England*."

"So happy be the Issue *brother Ireland* (sic)," &c.

P. 447. (56\*) "his"

So Rowe.—The old eds. have "this."

P. 447. (57) "fiery"

The old eds. have "fierce" (a mistake for "*fervie*").—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 142).

P. 447. (58) "*To whom expressly I bring greeting too*,"

The folio has "*To whom — greeting to*,"—which, if the line be taken without consideration of the context, is right enough according to a phraseology not unfrequent in Shakespeare's time. But Exeter has already delivered Henry's greeting to the King—"thus he greets your majesty," p. 447; and he now inquires for the Dauphin, to whom he brings "*greeting too*" (so the quartos).

P. 448. (59) "*ordnance*."

"Is here used as a trisyllable; being, in our author's time, improperly written *ordnance*," MALONE.

P. 449. (60) "*at Hampton pier*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*at Douer Peer*,"—The Chorus is not in the quartos.

P. 449. (61) "*fayning*:"

The folio has "fayning."

P. 449. (62) "*Blown*"

"In spite of Singer's hard words, I believe that Collier's Corrector was right in reading '*Blown*.' For '*Blown*' in this sense see particularly *Pericles*, v. 1,

'toward Ephesus

Turn our *blown* sails."

W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 450. (63) "*summon*"

Rowe's correction.—The folio has "*commune*,"—This is not in the quartos.

P. 450. (64) "*On, on, you noble English*,"

The folio has "*— Noblish English*,"—a mistake occasioned by the termination of the second word having caught the compositor's eye.—The editor of the second folio substituted "*— noblest English*,"—Mr. Knight prints,

most preposterously, "*On, on, you nobles English.*"—The expression "*noble English*" is quite strong enough as opposed to "*good yemen.*"—(In *King John*, act v. sc. 4, Molun says to the revolted lords of England, "*Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold.*")—This is not in the quartos.

P 450. (65)

"men"

The folio has "me"—Corrected in the fourth folio.—This is not in the quartos.

P 451. (66)

"Straining"

The folio has "Straying"—This is not in the quartos.

l 451. (67)

"Nym. Pray thee, corporal,"

See note 34.

P 451. (68)

"Knocks go and come, &amp;c.

Of the fragments of the ballad (or ballads) quoted here by Pistol and the Boy, Mr. Gulliver's Mr. Corrector has given, as might be expected, a complete rhymemeter,—which I do not think it necessary to transcribe.—One of the editors talks of "*Pistol's song*;" but, though I have quoted the words of a ballad, he is too dignified to sing them.

P 451. (69)

"Flu Get a plaid!" &amp;c.

This being the first appearance of Fluellen, I may observe that the old copies are quite inconsistent in marking his Welsh pronunciation; that the modern editors could not with any propriety allow him to say "*bridge*" and "*plaid*" almost in the same breath,—"*world*" in one scene and "*erid*" in another; and,—not to mention other changes of letters,—that their substituting throughout his speeches "*Get*" and "*good*" for "*God*" and "*good*" is warranted by the dialect of Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.—In the present speech I follow the quartos.—The folio has

"*Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; answere you Cullions,*"—

on which Walker (who takes no notice of the reading of the quartos) remarks; "*This speech does not seem particularly in Fluellen's manner; nor is blank verse much in his way.*" The folio, too, has "*breach*" (this, it is true, proves little, as the folio is not very accurate in regard to Fluellen's dialect). Fluellen, too, was not likely thus to address Pistol, whom he considered 'as vallant a man as Mark Antony' (III. 6), in such vituperative terms. May not this speech belong to some one else—perhaps to the Duke of Exeter or of Bedford, which would give an additional and whimsical aptness to Pistol's quotation?" *Orif. Hoem*, &c. vol. II. p. 180

P 452. (70)

"warre"

Here the folio has "*Warre*," as it has also in three subsequent speeches of Fluellen in the present scene.—This is not in the quartos.

P. 452. (71) "as in the 'orld."

"Qu. 'as *is* in the 'orld,' or 'as *any* in,' &c."—asks Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii, p. 280).—The first of these proposed emendations is no novelty.

P. 453. (72) "Jamy."

The folio has "Iames,"—This is not in the quartos.

P. 453. (72\*) "dukes."

Altered in the fourth folio to "duke,"—rightly perhaps, meaning the Duke of Gloster, who, as Gower tells us in the preceding page, was "altogether directed" by Macmorris.

P. 454. (73) "ai'l do gode service, or ai'l lig . . . and ai'l pay't"

The folio has "*ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge . . . and Ile pay't*:" but just after it has "*do*."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 454. (74) "heard"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii, p. 69) thinks that this is a mistake for "heare:" but is it not equivalent to "*have heard*"? (Macmorris has just said, "It is no time to discourse.")

P. 454. (75) "Mac. Of my nation!" &c.

The folio has

*"Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a  
Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What  
ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?"*—

Here I follow Mr. Knight in the transposition which he made at the suggestion of a friend. "This," he observes, "is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing. The second and third lines changed places, and the 'Ish a' of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst 'What' of the second line should have gone at the end of the first."—There is nothing of this in the quartos.—1864. Mr. Grant White aptly remarks; "The change, which the sense requires, is supported by the fact that while all the other clauses are marked as interrogations, the transposed clause has a full-point after it."

P. 454. (76) "will"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii, p. 143) would read "still."

P. 454. (77) "for, as I am a soldier,"

Pope gave "*as I'm a soldier*."

P. 455. (78) "Of heady murder,"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Of headly Murther*."—Malone reads "*Of deadly murder*" (Capell's conjecture); which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii, p. 143) pronounces to be "insufferably flat."

P. 455. (79) "Defile"

So Rowe (in his sec. ed.).—The folio has "Desire."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 457. (80) "Alice. *De neck*," &c.

It is hardly worth mentioning that here the folio has "Alice. *De Nick*," &c.; but Alice evidently was not intended to blunder in the word: *she* says "neck" (as the quartos have it) and "chin,"—the Princess "*nick*" and "*sin*."

P. 458. (81) "Dieu de batailles! *whence have they this mettlo?*"

So the folio, except that by mistake it has "where" for "*whence*."—The quartos have merely "Why *whence have they this mettall?*"—Here "*batailles*" is a trisyllable.

P. 458. (82) "*houses' thatch*,"

Steevens supposes that Shakespeare wrote "house-*thatch*."

P. 458. (83) "*may*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 458. (84) "*Charles Delabroth*,"

Ought properly to be "*Charles D'Albret*,"—which the metre will not allow. "Shakespeare," as Malone observes, "followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Delabroth*, as he here is in the folio."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 459. (85) "*Eviz*,"

The folio has "Loys."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 459. (86) "*knights*,"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "Kings."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 459. (87) "*And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.*"

"That is, *instead* of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a certain sum as a ransom." MALONE.—"Should we not read, '*And fore achievement?*' The import being, At sight of our army he will be so intimidated as to offer us his ransom *before* we have captured him." STAUNTON.

P. 460. (88) "*There is an auncient there at the pridge*,"

The folio has "*There is an aunchient Lieutenant there*," &c.: but both titles cannot stand. See note 34.—The quartos have "*There is an ensigne there*," &c. (In the dialogue which presently follows Fluellen three times calls Pistol "*Auncient*.")

P. 460. (89)

"Of"

The folio has "And of."—In the quartos this speech is somewhat different.

P. 461. (90)

"and figo for"

The quartos have "and figa for," "and a fig for," the folio has "and Figo for." But compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 3, where Pistol exclaims, "a figo for the phrase!"

P. 461. (91)

"new-turned oaths:"

Though the more recent editors, Malone, &c. testify no dislike to this reading, I think it a very doubtful one.—Pope printed "*new-turned oaths*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*new-coined oaths*." (In *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 4, we have "new-found oaths.")

P. 463. (92)

"match"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "match."

P. 464. (93)

"pasterns."

The folio has "postures."—Corrected in the second folio.—This is not in the quartos.

P. 464. (94)

"He's of the colour of the nutmeg."

"Is this part of the Dauphin's speech?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 186.

P. 465. (95)

"Ma foi,"

So the quartos; which reading the folio misprints "Nay, for."

P. 465. (96)

"her"

So the quartos.—The folio has "his."—(I mention this variation only in consequence of a mis-statement in Mr. Collier's note *ad l.*)

P. 468. (97)

"name."

So Tyrwhitt.—The folio has "nam'd."—The Chorus is not in the quartos.

P. 468. (98) "Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,"

Hanmer reads "In wasted lank-lean," &c.; Warburton, "Invest in lank-lean," &c.; Capell, "And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks;" Heath conjectured "In fasting lank-lean," &c.; Mr. Staunton proposes "Infestive, lank-lean," &c.

P. 468. (99)

"Presenteth"

The folio has "Presented."—This is not in the quartos.



P. 469. (100) "*Thaving cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,*"

The folio has "*Thaving cold feare, that meane and gentle all.*"—This is not in the quartos.—"As this stood, it was a most perplex'd and nonsensical passage; and could not be intelligible but as I have corrected it. The poet first expatiates on the real influence that Harry's eye had on his camp; and then addressing himself to every degree of his audience, he tells them, he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch or sketch of this hero in the night; a faint resemblance of that cheerfulness and resolution which this brave prince expressed in himself and inspired in his followers." THEOBALD.—"Theobald supports his reading by two quotations from previous speeches of the Chorus, in which the audience are addressed as 'gentles;' but this does not justify the supposition that he would address any of them as 'mean.' The phrase 'mean and gentle' appears to us to refer to the various ranks of the English army who are mentioned in the previous line. Delius's conjecture that a line is lost after the word 'all' seems very probable." THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS.

P. 471. (101) "*The fico*"

The quartos have "Figa;" the folio has "*The Figo.*"—See note 90.

P. 471. (102) "*lower.*"

So the third quarto.—The two earlier quartos have "lower."—The folio has "fewer."

P. 472. (103) "*Thomas*"

The folio has "Iohn."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 473. (104) "*Ay, or more,*" &c.

"This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said. The speech, I believe, should be given to *Court.*" MALONE.

P. 473. (105) "*in battle,*"

The folio "*in a Buttaile.*"—Corrected in the second folio.—Here the text of the quartos is different.

P. 473. (106) "*in battle;*"

Corrected, as before, in the second folio.

P. 474. (107) "*'Tis certain,*" &c.

Capell conjectures that this speech should be transferred to Court or Bates; Malone thinks it might with propriety be given to Court.

P. 474. (108) "*ill is*"

Here the "*is*" was added in the fourth folio. (The two earliest quartos have "fault on;" the third quarto has "fault *is* on.")

## P. 475. (109) "What is thy soul, O adoration?"

The folio has "*What? is thy Soule of Odoration?*"—The last word is corrected in the second folio.—This is not in the quartos.—I have adopted Johnson's reading, which, if not altogether satisfactory, is at least preferable to any of the other attempts to amend the passage.

## P. 476. (110) "wretched"

"My knowledge of Shakespeare's manner makes me more than suspect that he wrote '*wretched'st*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 144.

## P. 476. (111)

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposèd numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them!"

In the third line I adopt the slight alteration proposed by Tyrwhitt: for, point the passage as we will, how can the reading of the folio,—

"The SENCE OF RECKNING of th' opposèd numbers,"—

be otherwise than wrong?—(The quartos have

"O God of battals steele my souldiers harts,  
Take from them now the sence of rekconing,  
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,  
May not appall their courage.")—

Mason objected to Tyrwhitt's alteration, that "if the opposèd numbers did actually pluck their hearts from them, it was of no consequence whether they had or had not the sense of reckoning." But, as Steevens observes, Mason forgot that "if the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the king's petition, was taken from them, the numbers opposèd to them would be no longer formidable: when they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them."

## P. 477. (112)

"Ay,"

Qy. "Ay, ay"?

## P. 477. (113)

"varlet,"

Most of the modern editors print, with the second folio, "valet;" forgetting that "*varlet*" is "nom synonyme de celui de page, dans les temps de notre ancienne chevalerie."

## P. 477. (114)

"Mount them, and make incision in their hides,  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!"

Here the folio has the spelling "doubt them," &c.; "which," says Mr. Collier *ad l.*, "taken in the sense of making them doubt, or alarming them

for the issue, is quite as intelligible as *dout* or *do out*, *extinguish*," &c. But "*English eyes*" would hardly be "alarmed for the issue:" and that by "*them*" we are to understand "*English eyes*," the context shows as distinctly as language can show.—Mr. Knight, too, in the present passage retains "doubt"—"equivalent to *awe*:" yet in *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7, *where again the folio has the same spelling*, "doubts," he inconsistently prints

"I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly *douts* it."—

This is not in the quartos.

P. 478. (115)

"*The tucket-sonance*"

The folio has "*The Tucket Sonuance*,"—a misprint, it would seem, either for "*— Sonuance*," or for "*— Sonnance*" (so, earlier in this play, p. 462, the folio has "for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome," &c.). We find "*sonance*" and "*sonizance*" in our old writers; but never, I believe, "*sonuance*."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 479. (116)

"*pale dull mouths*"

Here "*pale*" would seem to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.—Capell printed (not happily) "*palled mouths*,"

P. 479. (117)

"Con. *I stay but for my guidon:—to the field!—*  
*I will the banner from a trumpet take,*  
*And use it for my haste."*

The folio has

"Const. *I stay but for my Guard: on*  
*To the field, I will,*" &c.

This passage is not in the quartos.—"The conjectural reading, '*guidon*,' which is attributed by recent editors to Dr. Thackeray, late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached. Dr. Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently. We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of Nares's *Glossary*, under the word 'Guard.' " THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS.—This correction has the full approbation of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 145).—The word "*guidon*," (which Cotgrave explains a "standard, ensigne, or banner, . . . also, he that beares it") is frequently used by our old writers: and the passage of Holinshed, which Shakespeare certainly had in his thoughts, runs thus; "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diuerse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell, that they left manie of their seruants and men of warre behind them, and some of them would not once *staiue* for their standards; as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *baner* to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him in sleet of his standard." *Chron.* vol. iii. p. 80, ed. 1808.

## P. 479. (118)

"Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!  
 Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour."

The folio has

"Bedf. Farewell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee:  
 And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
 For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.  
 Exe. Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day."

The transposition was made by Thirlby; and the corresponding passage of the quartos confirms it.

## P. 480. (119)

"He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 . . . . .  
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,"

The second of these lines stands in the folio thus;

"He that shall see this day, and live old age."

Pope made the transposition.—(The quartos have

"He that outlives this day, and sees old age,  
 . . . . .  
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home.")

## P. 480. (120)

"Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
 And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'"

The second line is not in the folio.—Mr. Collier thinks "it is quite unnecessary to the completeness of the sense, the defectiveness of which could form the only excuse for such an insertion." But the passage is so abrupt without it, that, doubtless, it was omitted in the folio by mistake.—Mr. Knight's statement that "the line is found in the quarto entirely in a different place, AFTER 'shall gentle his condition,'" is incorrect. In the quartos it immediately follows "Then shall he strip his sleeves, and shew his scars;" and, what is more, in the quartos these two lines are accidentally shuffled out of their proper place;

"We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,  
 For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,  
 Shalbe my brother, be he nere so base,  
 This day shall gentle his condition.  
 Then shall he strip his sleeves, and shew his scars,  
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:  
 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,  
 Shall thinke themselves accurst," &c.

P. 481. (121)

"Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd."

In the fourth line the folio has "*Familiar in his mouth as*," &c.—I adopt, with Malone and Mr. Collier [1864, and Mr. Staunton], the far more natural reading of the quartos,—"*Familiar in their mouths*," writes Malone, "*i. e.* in the mouths of the old man ('who has outlived the battle and come safe home') and 'his friends.' This is the reading of the quarto, which I have preferred to that of the folio, '— *his mouth*,' because '*their cups*,' the reading of the folio in the subsequent line, would otherwise appear, if not ungrammatical, extremely awkward."—Mr. Knight prefers the reading of the folio: Shakespeare, he says, "altered '*their mouths*' of the quarto to '*his mouth*.' How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms, by this slight change! *His* mouth names 'Harry the king' as a *household word*; though in *their* cups the name shall be freshly remembered." For my own part, I believe that *Shakespeare* did *not* make the alteration; but that it must be attributed to the transcriber or printer,—the text of this play in the folio being by no means immaculate. Nor can I regard Mr. Knight's criticism on the passage as any thing else than mere sophistry: the NAMES at least of the chief warriors who fought at Agincourt must have been quite as familiar to the veteran's "neighbours" as to himself.

Since the preceding note was written, Mr. John Forster has remarked to me "that *the familiar utterance and the fresh remembrance* of the names constitute one and the same act, and that it is manifestly wrong to assign the former to a single person and the latter to many."

1864. My opinion of the reading of the folio remains unchanged, though Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors agree in proclaiming its superiority.

P. 482. (122)

"abounding"

Altered by Theobald to "a bounding;" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "rebounding" (a conjecture of Mr. Knight's).—The quartos have "abundant."

P. 482. (123)

"grazing,"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "crasing."

P. 482. (124)

"relapse"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "reflex."

P. 482. (125)

"or"

Altered by Hammer to "for."

P. 482. (126)

"thou"

An interpolation?

P. 483. (127) "I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom."

The folio has "— for a Ransome." but compare the words of Henry a little above, "Come thou no more for ransom," &c.; and at p. 489, "Com'st thou again for ransom?"—This is not in the quartos.

P. 483. (128) "Quality! Callino, castore me!"

The folio has "Qualitie calmie custure me."—This is not in the quartos.—Malone first pointed out, in Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584, "A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his Lady, to *Calen o custure me*, sung at every line's end:" and Boswell afterwards showed that "*Callino, castore me*" is an old Irish song preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673, the words meaning "Little girl of my heart for ever and ever." Boswell adds, "They [the words] have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a song."—Mr. Staunton pronounces all this to be "too preposterous," and adopts the reading of Warburton, "*Quality! cality! construe me.*"

P. 483. (129)

"Or"

The folio has "For."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 485. (130) "Reproach and everlasting shame"

"I suspect that another substantive (*contempt?* or possibly some word beginning with *re*) has dropt out after '*reproach.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 17.—Capell prints "*Reproach, reproach, and,*" &c.

P. 485. (131)

"for?"

Perhaps, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests, this word should be omitted: compare, in the Chorus, p. 468,

"The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice."

P. 485. (132) "Let's die in honour: once more back again;"

The folio has "*Let vs dye in once more backe againe.*"—I adopt the reading of Mr. Knight, which is probably the true one, since the words "*Lets die with honour*" occur in the corresponding scene of the quartos.

1864, Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, speaks with great contempt of my "advocating the insertion of 'honour' here: but Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors have adopted it.

P. 485. (133)

"contaminate."

The quartos have "*contamuracke*;" the folio has "*contaminated.*"

P. 485. (134) "*Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.*"

After this line Steevens added from the quartos "Unto these English, or else die with fame;" which in my former edition I also adopted: but I now think it an objectionable insertion.

P. 486. (135) "*in our throngs,*

*I'll to the throng."*

"The repetition is anti-Shakespearian." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 300.

P. 486. (136) "*In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding the plain;*"

Need I observe that the alteration made here by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*Loading the plain,*" is utterly wrong, and that "*Larding*" means, as Mr. Singer explains it (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 132), "enriching, manuring the plain with his blood"?—(In *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2, the Ms. Corrector, with equal impropriety, changes "*He being thus lorded,*" &c. to "*He being thus loaded,*" &c.)

P. 486. (137) "*shall thine keep company*"

"Perhaps, 'shall keep thine company.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 249.

P. 487. (138)

"*And*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "But."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "For."

P. 487. (139)

"*mistful*"

The folio has "mixfull."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 488. (140)

"*great-polly doublet:*"

*i. e.* great-bellied doublet. See note 38 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 242.

P. 489. (141)

"*To look our dead,*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*To booke our dead.*"—This is not in the quartos.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 133) very rashly remarks that, "unless Shakespeare meant to make Montjoy here speak broken English, to *look* our dead would be indeed a strange phrase." But so far from being strange, the phrase was very common. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 2, we have "Mistress Page and I will *look some*

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*linen* for your head :” and in *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 5, “He hath been all this day to *look you*.” Compare, too, Beaumont and Fletcher;

“—— why dost thou peep so ?  
*Short*. I am *looking birds’ nests*.”  
*Wit without Money*, act ii. sc. 4.

“Where is the body of my girl ?  
*Willb.* I know not;  
 I am no conjuror; you may *look the body*.”  
*The Night-Walker*, act iii. sc. 1.—

1864. Mr. Grant White, who prints here “*To look our dead*,” observes that “*To look our dead*” is “a phrase entirely inconsistent with the customs and necessities of the field of battle, and which is due only to the easy mistaking of *l* for *b*.” The Cambridge Editors also adopt the emendation “*look*.”

P. 489. (142) “*their*”

So Malone.—The folio has “with.”—This is not in the quartos.

P. 489. (143) “*if your majesty is remembered of it . . . your majesty knows*,”

The folio has “*If your Maiesties is remembered of it . . . your Majesty know*.”—The text of the quartos is different.

P. 490. (144)

“*who, if alive, and ever dare . . . he would wear if alive*,”

*i.e.* who, if alive and *he* ever, &c. The more recent editors alter [with Capell] the first “*alive*” to “*a live*,”—how improperly, the repetition of the word might have shown them.—1864. Since I wrote what precedes, a note on the passage, nearly in the same words, has appeared in Mr. Grant White’s *Shakespeare*: nevertheless, I am now inclined to believe that Capell’s alteration is right.

P. 491. (145) “*I would fain see the man, . . . that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see*.”

It is not safe to meddle with the language of Fluellen: but *gy*. “—— *that is all; I would fain but see it once*,” &c.? The corresponding passage in the quartos is;

“I would see that man now that should [the third quarto “*wold*”]  
 challenge this gloue:  
 And it please God of his grace. I would but see him,  
 That is all.”

P. 492. (146) “*into plows*”

Altered by Capell to “*in plows*.” (“Mr. Heath very plausibly reads ‘*in two plows*’.” JOHNSON.)



P. 493. (147)

*"Give me thy glove,"*

This reading having been questioned, Malone observes; "The text is certainly right. By '*thy* glove' the king means 'the glove that thou hast now in *thy* cap;' i.e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams (see act iv. sc. 1), and of which he had retained the fellow."

P. 494. (148)

*"Charles Delabreth,"*

See note 84.

P. 495. (149)

*"Vouchsafe to those . . .  
. . . and of such as have,"*

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

*"Vouchsafe all those . . .  
. . . and for such as have;"*

which last alteration is also made by Capell.

P. 495. (150)

*"there seen,"*Steevens conjectures *"there seen a while."*

P. 495. (151)

*"with"*

Was added in the second folio.

P. 496. (152)

*"but loving"*

The folio has *"but by loving."*—The quartos have no Chorus.—"Dele 'by'." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 122.

P. 496. (153)

*"emperor"*

The folio has "Emperour's."—I adopt Heath's conjecture: but surely the passage is, in other respects, corrupt, and probably mutilated.

P. 497. (154)

*"I eat and eat, I swear—"*

Johnson's emendation is *"I eat, and eke I swear—;"* Mr. Grant White's, *"I eat, and yet I swear—;"* and the Cambridge Editors propose *"I eat! an. I eat, I swear—"*.

P. 498. (155)

*"Nell"*

The old eds. have "Doll,"—a ridiculous blunder, which Mr. Collier retained in the first edition of his *Shakespeare*; and which the Cambridge Editors have not banished from their text because "it is probable that the mistake is the author's own." On the contrary, it is utterly improbable—or, rather, it is impossible—that the author could have made such a mistake: he might, indeed, have fallen into the mistake of varying the military titles of Pistol

and Bardolph (see note 34); but he never could have confounded Doll Tearsheet with Nell Quickly.—In *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*, when the Drawer announces that Pistol is below, Doll Tearsheet fires at the very name of “the swaggering rascal;” soon after his entrance she assails him with a torrent of abuse; nor is she satisfied till he has been thrust down stairs (act ii. sc. 4). In *the present play* Pistol figures as the husband of “the quondam Quickly;” he calls her “MY NELL” (act ii. sc. 1); scornfully bids Nym espouse Doll Tearsheet (*ibid.*); and takes a very affectionate leave of his own wife on departing for France (act ii. sc. 3). All this, however,—the enmity between Doll Tearsheet and Pistol, and the marriage of Pistol and Mrs. Quickly,—had, according to the Cambridge Editors, escaped the memory of Shakespeare while writing the passage now under consideration!

P. 498. (156)

“*Of malady*”

The quartos have “One [*a misprint for “on”=of*] *mallydie*.”—The folio has “*of a malady*.”

P. 498. (157) “*And patches will I get unto these scars,  
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.*”

So the couplet stands in the quartos (except that in the second line they have “gat”).—The folio has

“*And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,  
And swore I got them,*” &c.

P. 499. (158)

“*England,*”

The folio has “Ireland.”—Corrected in the second folio.—This is not in the quartos.

P. 499. (159) “*The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality;*”

See note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 251.

P. 500. (160)

“*plenty,*”

The folio has “plenties.”—“The error arose (*ut sæpe*) from contagion.” Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 254.—This is not in the quartos.

P. 500. (161)

“*all*”

The folio has “withall.”—This is not in the quartos.

P. 500. (162)

“*as*”

The folio has “all.” Corrected by Roderick.—This is not in the quartos.

P. 501. (163)

“*us*”

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes “ours.”

P. 501. (164) "Pass our accept," &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 352) quotes this as correct; and Mr. W. N. Lettsom pronounces it to be "right."—Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed "*Pass or accept*," &c. (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives).—Malone conjectured "*Pass or except*," &c.—Mr. Swynfen Jervis would read "*Pass our exact*," &c.

P. 502. (165) "dat is de princess."

"Surely this should be 'dat *says* de princess.' MASON.—"I believe the old reading is the true one. By 'dat is de princess,' the lady, in her broken English, means 'that is what the princess has said.' STEEVENS.

P. 502. (166) "understand voll."

Qy. "understand not well"?

P. 503. (167) "places."

It has been suggested to me that the right reading is "paces."

P. 503. (168) "Quand j'ai la possession"

The folio has "Je quand sur le *possession*."

P. 504. (169) "untempling"

So Warburton and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "untempering."—This is not in the quartos.—"Steevens's quotations [in support of the old reading] are nothing to the purpose." W. N. LETTSOM.—Compare note 46.

P. 505. (170) "queen of all Katharines,"

The folio has "*Queene of all, Katherine*."—This is not in the quartos.—The emendation now introduced (which is undoubtedly what the author wrote) occurred both to Capell and to Walker,—the latter observing, "he calls her before '*la plus belle Katharine du monde*' (or, as Petruchio hath it, '*the prettiest Kate in Christendom*')." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 265.

P. 505. (171) "d'une votre indigne serviteur;"

The folio has "*d'une nostre Seigneur indigne serviteur*."—The Cambridge Editors print "*d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur*,"—which sounds oddly.

P. 507. (172) "never"

This word, which is necessary for the sense, was inserted by Rowe.—Capell inserted "not;" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives.

P. 507. (173) "then,"

Added in the second folio.

P. 507. (174)

"Præclarissimus"

This word, which should, of course, be "*Præcarissimus*," Shakespeare copied from Holinshed,—who is not singular in the mistake. "But in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is styled *Præcarissimus*; and in the 22d article the stipulation is, that he shall always be called 'in lingua Gallicana, hoc modo, Nostre tres cher fils, Henry, &c., in lingua vero Latina, hoc modo, Noster *præcarissimus* filius Henricus,' &c. See Rymer's *Fœd.* ix. 895, 901." MALONE (the note somewhat altered).

P. 507. (175)

"your daughter."

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 206) remarks that, though the word "*daughter*" is sometimes a trisyllable," yet in the present passage "Shakespeare may possibly have written '*your daughter* here'."

P. 508. (176)

"paction"

The folio has "Pation;" which was altered in the third folio to "passion."  
—This is not in the quartos.—Corrected by Theobald.

P. 508. (177)

"league.—"

The folio has "Leagues."—This is not in the quartos.—"What '*leagues*'? Here, too [see note 16c], infection seems to have been at work." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 255.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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